

# MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE.

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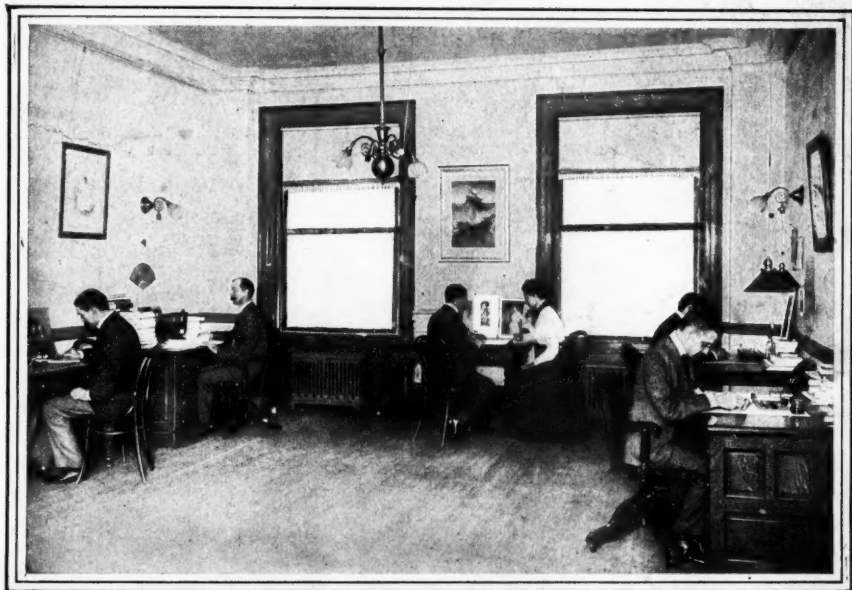
## THE MAKING AND MARKETING OF MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE.

BY FRANK A. MUNSEY.

DIFFICULTY OF MAGAZINE EDITING—THE BIGGEST AND MOST COMPLETE MAGAZINE EQUIPMENT IN THE WORLD—COST OF MAKING AND HANDLING REDUCED TO A MINIMUM—THE PIONEERING OF MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE—SIX YEARS OF UNINTERRUPTED DEVELOPMENT—A MILLION MAGAZINES A MONTH—THE POSSIBILITIES OF THE FUTURE.

IT is because of the many questions asked me about MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE and its history, and about the volume of business we are doing and how we do it, that I am led to write this article, if article it can really be termed. To give a categorical description of magazine making, starting with the editorial room and

ending with the completed product, would make mighty dull reading. There are some things which words cannot accurately picture; illustrations can do better, but only a little better at that. If one of our readers were to drop into my office and talk with me about this business, I should tell him about this thing and that



IN ONE OF THE EDITORIAL ROOMS, OVERLOOKING FIFTH AVENUE, WITH MEMBERS OF THE EDITORIAL STAFF AT THEIR DESKS.

and the other without regard to sequence. I should certainly not talk to him in any formal way. If this is the best way to talk to one reader, it is the best way to talk to four million readers. This article, then, is essentially chatty; it is meant to be nothing else.

The most difficult kind of journalism today is that of magazine editing. It is, doubtless, regarded as the easiest, but such a conception is very far from the truth. It is difficult because the magazine, and especially the magazine of national circulation, has no exclusive field. The modern daily paper, with its great Sunday issue, covers everything worth covering. The weekly journal makes an attempt at doing the same thing. The chief function of the magazine, then, the monthly magazine, is to do over what has already been

done, and do it better. To be sure, it can present exclusive fiction; and this is one of the mainstays of a magazine. Fiction, in fact—both the serial and the short story—is served better and more generously by the magazine than by either the daily or the weekly.

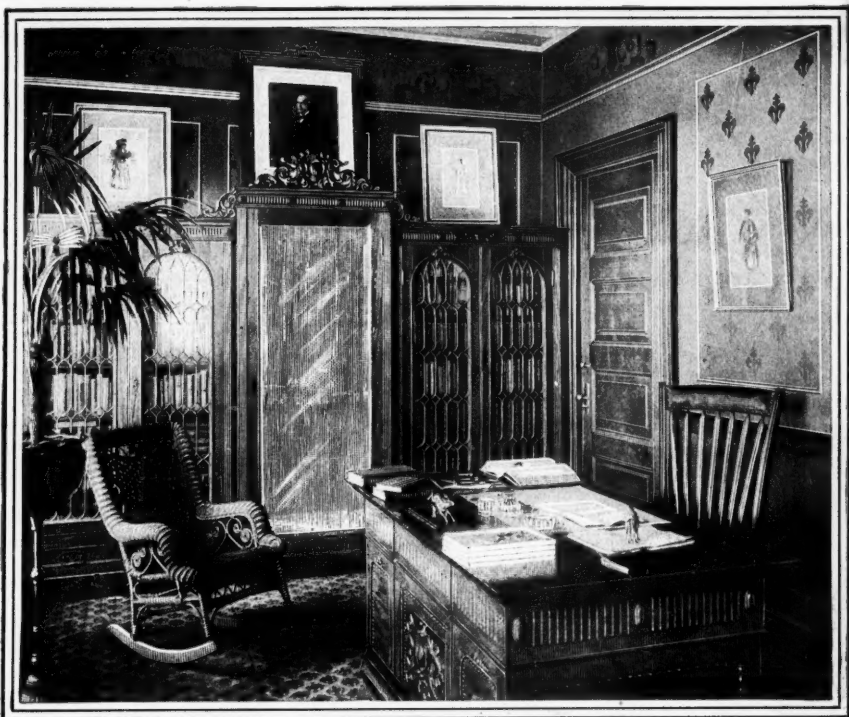
But the two greatest factors in journalism, and those on which more than ninety per cent of the periodical circulation of the land depends, are not possible to the magazine. I refer to news and to matters of local interest. It is obvious that a magazine which requires a month for the preparation of matter and illustrations, and another month for printing and binding, cannot do anything in the way of news. When news ceases to be news, it is about as useless as yesterday, and as to the matter of local interest—



IN THE COUNTING ROOM AND BUSINESS OFFICE—THE UPPER PICTURE SHOWS THE CASHIER'S DESK, WITH THE POSTMAN DELIVERING MAIL; THE LOWER PICTURE, MEMBERS OF THE BUSINESS AND ADVERTISING STAFF, BOOKKEEPERS, AND STENOGRAPHERS AT THEIR DESKS.







MR. MUNSEY'S PRIVATE OFFICE—THIS ROOM IS ON THE ELEVENTH FLOOR OF THE CONSTABLE BUILDING, AT THE CORNER OF FIFTH AVENUE AND EIGHTEENTH STREET, AND ITS WINDOWS COMMAND A WIDE VIEW OF NEW YORK, THE HARBOR, THE HUDSON RIVER, AND THE HILLS BEYOND.

well, San Francisco and Chicago and Philadelphia care mighty little about Tommy Jones of Fortieth Street and Third Avenue, New York—about him or his social aspirations and doings. Tommy is not nationally big, and other communities than his own little seven by nine world do not know or care whether he lives or dies. Depew and Croker and Platt, on the other hand, are nationally big. They give the magazine editor a sort of chance, but it is only a sort of chance at best.

The difficulty of magazine editing will be seen more clearly when I say that out of five hundred topics that would be appropriate for a great metropolitan daily, all news items and all local items included, perhaps not more than one or two would be suited to a magazine of national circulation. The magazine, then, must depend for its hold on the people upon its superior excellence throughout, both mechanical and literary; its superior illustrations, its more perfect letterpress, its more carefully selected and carefully written con-

tents, and upon its convenient and preservable shape.

The one point beyond all others where the magazine has a marked advantage over the daily and weekly is in its illustrations. The daily cannot produce the highest grade work, and the weekly rarely does.

It seemed to me, therefore, wise to seize upon this stronghold of magazines, and make it the leading feature of THE MUNSEY. This was my thought from the first, and I have steadily followed it, with the result that MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE has attained a reputation for picturesqueness wholly unequaled by any other magazine.

The first and most important step in making a magazine is to determine what to put into it. On this decision largely depends success or failure; on it depends a wide circulation or a very insignificant one. It matters little how well the work is done, or at how low a price the magazine sells, if it doesn't contain the things



IN THE SUBSCRIPTION DEPARTMENT—THE SUBSCRIPTION MANAGER AND STENOGRAPHERS.

that interest the people, the things the people want.

It is right here that the magazine editor finds himself working in the dark. He receives almost no suggestions from his readers reflecting their wishes. And when it is remembered that the magazine

of national circulation covers the entire territory of the United States and that of Canada as well, it is at least partially possible to realize the difficulty of making a publication to hit the fancy of these thousands of different communities, and the millions of individual tastes.



IN THE ART ROOMS—THE ART MANAGER AND HIS ASSISTANTS BUSY WITH THE CLERICAL WORK OF THE DEPARTMENT.

Study the problem however closely an editor may, he must do a good deal of guess work. It is a question of judgment, and judgment aided by but the fewest guiding lights.



IN THE ENGRAVING AND ART ROOMS—THE UPPER PICTURE SHOWS ENGRAVERS PUTTING THE FINISHING TOUCHES TO HALF TONE PLATES; IN THE LOWER, STAFF ARTISTS ARE WORKING AT THEIR DRAWING BOARDS.



Mr. McClure, the editor of *McClure's Magazine*, has told me that he meets the problem in an entirely different way from my own. He says he makes a magazine to suit his own taste, and thinks this a wiser plan than to guess at the taste of the public. He may be right. At all events, it is a lot easier than any other method. Other editors are guided largely by the literary atmosphere in which they themselves live. This is a little world, and quite apart from the great, big, every day world of the people—our eighty millions of people.

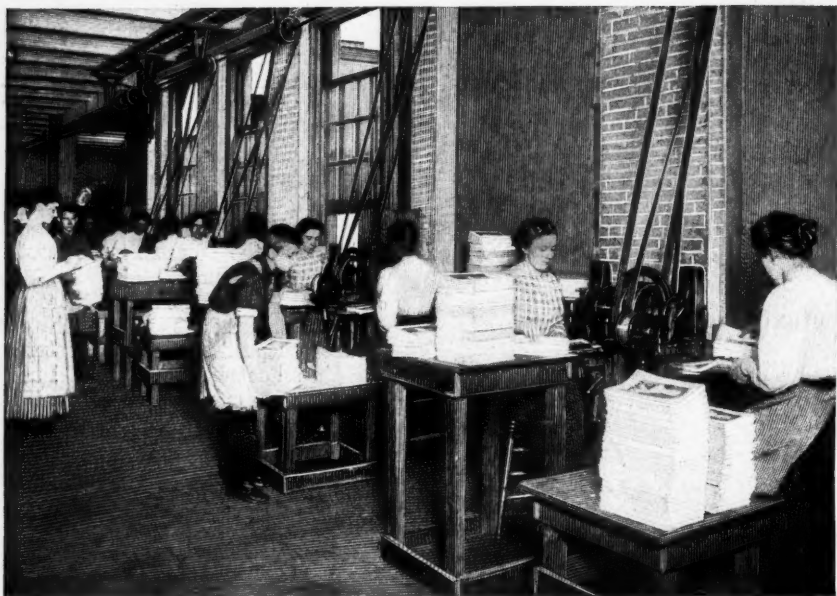
I have followed an entirely different

plan. I have not made a magazine for myself, nor for any particular set or faction, but for human nature as I understand it—for all the people everywhere. I have assumed, and I think I am right in the belief, that it matters little where one is, whether he be on Beacon Hill, Boston; Murray Hill, New York; in the mountains of the West, or on the plains of Texas, the human heart is pretty much the same.

It follows, then, that there are certain themes on which one can depend to awaken an interest in all communities alike. I need mention only one to substantiate this statement, and this is "ro-

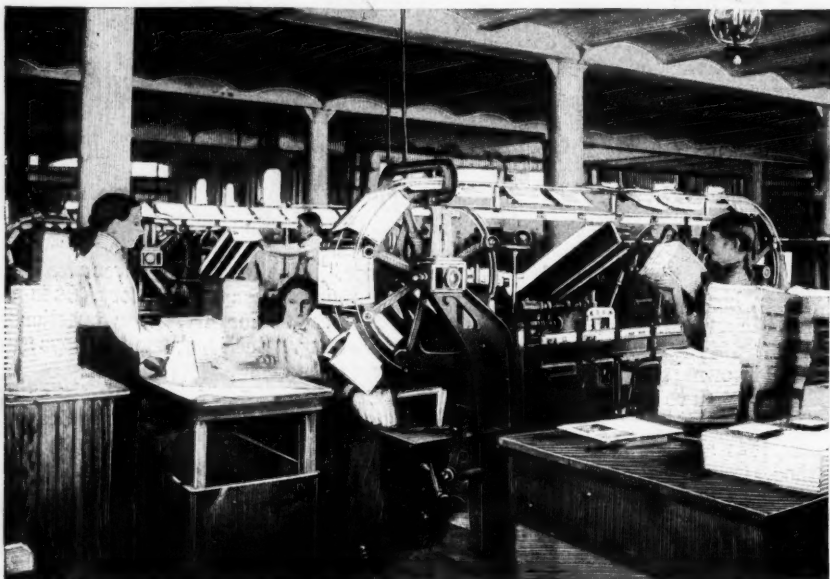
mance." The world will never tire of a true, pure, romantic love story. It is not a question of locality, not a question of nationality. Such a theme is always new, always absorbing.

In the making of a magazine, the securing of matter and its preparation for the printers are largely questions of detail. Only a fraction of the writing for our publications is at present done by our staff workers. The great percentage comes from outside contributors—from specialists well grounded in the themes they treat. As is the case with our writers, so with our artists. They are for the



A ROW OF WIRE STITCHING MACHINES, OPERATED BY GIRLS. HERE THE TWENTY ODD BOOKLETS MAKING UP A MAGAZINE ARE STITCHED TOGETHER WITH WIRE STAPLES. A GIRL CAN STITCH EIGHT THOUSAND MAGAZINES IN A DAY'S WORK.

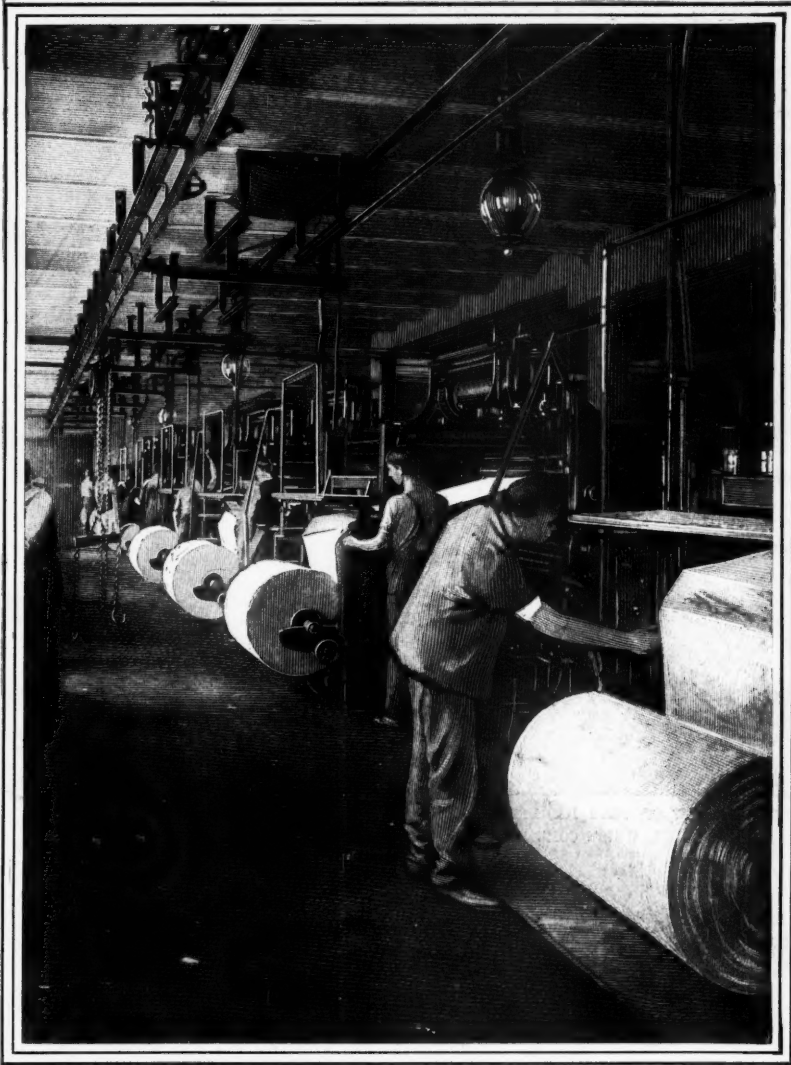
most part free lances, not salaried men. when and for whom they see fit. With Few first rate artists tie themselves down to any one house. They prefer to work the artist it is more a question of mood than of regular hours.



THE THREE COVERING MACHINES AT WORK. THESE MACHINES HAVE SUPERSEDED HAND COVERING WITH US, EACH MACHINE TURNING OUT TWENTY FIVE THOUSAND MAGAZINES IN TEN HOURS.

But at best there is not much of dramatic interest in an editorial office; not much worth lingering over. There are no wheels going round; in the manufacturing

tions give a very faint conception of what the place is really like. The engravings are from photographs taken during a working day, without the slightest at-



THE ROW OF TEN BIG ROTARY PRESSES—VIEW FROM THE BACK, SHOWING THE ROLLS OF PAPER AS THEY FEED INTO THE MACHINES, AND THE OVERHEAD TROLLEY SYSTEM BY WHICH THE HEAVY ROLLS ARE HANDLED.

department there are any number of wheels going round. There is something for the eye to see here—to get a grip on. The few glimpses of our printing plant presented in the accompanying illustra-

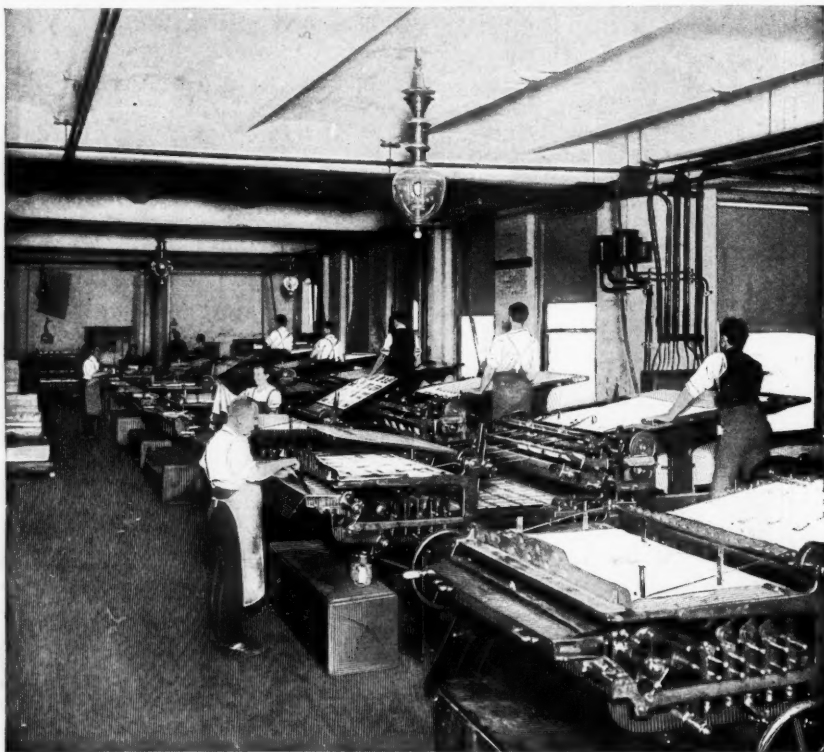
tempt to show anything but what is to be seen there on any and every working day.

Our offices are at 111 Fifth Avenue, at the corner of Eighteenth Street. Our manufacturing department is at 141 East



Twenty Fifth Street, just off Lexington Avenue. The building in which it is located occupies a plot of ground two hundred feet square, running all the way through from Twenty Fifth to Twenty Sixth Street. This gives a gross floor

MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE two years at the then usual price of twenty five cents. It had made little headway. The price was not right. The public knew this and bought it sparingly. Once at a right price, and it forged forward with a



THE EAST ROW OF FLAT BED PRINTING PRESSES. INTO THESE PAPER IS FED BY HAND IN SINGLE SHEETS, WHICH COME FLAT FROM THE PRESSES, AND ARE FOLDED BY SPECIAL FOLDING MACHINES.

space of 40,000 square feet per floor. It is on one of these floors that we turn out a million magazines a month. Here we set the type, make the electrotype plates, print, bind, wrap, and ship this vast quantity of magazines—five hundred tons of magazines.

This printing plant, much the greatest and much the most complete of any magazine printing plant in the world, presents a stupendous contrast to the conditions I faced six years ago. For it was just six years ago October 1st that I undertook to publish a magazine at ten cents a copy, or one dollar by the year. At that time I had been publishing

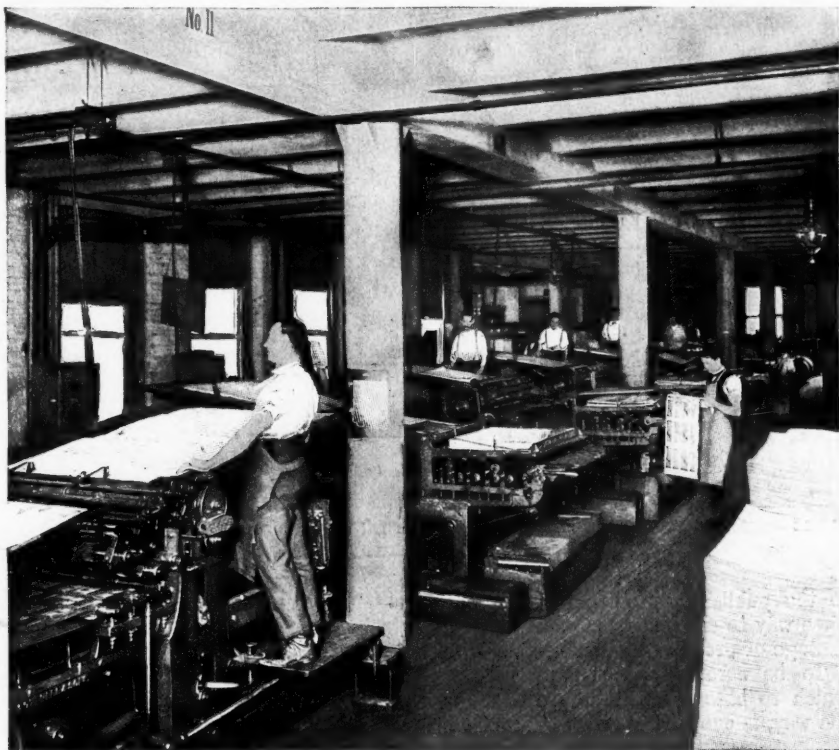
rapidity never before or since known to any magazine in this country. Nearly every one knows something of these conditions. Nevertheless, it is desirable, by way of contrast—and it is by contrasts that effects are best brought out—that I touch briefly upon them in this article.

If the ten cent magazine had ever been thought of prior to my issuing one, it had been thought of and abandoned. All the periodicals of the country reached the retail trade through the middleman, and the profit demanded by the middleman for this handling was so great as to make the publication of a ten cent magazine impossible. This wholesaling was done then, as

it is now, by the American News Company of New York, together with its forty or fifty branches scattered throughout the country. These wholesalers were strongly opposed to a ten cent magazine. It meant too small a margin for them. On twenty

undertake to circulate it independently of the middleman.

There was some history bearing on the problem. It all went to show that every effort to circulate periodicals outside of the American News Company and its



THIS IS A CONTINUATION OF THE PICTURE ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE, AND SHOWS THE NORTH ROW OF FLAT BED PRESSES. MAGAZINE COVERS AND SOME OF THE FINEST ILLUSTRATED FORMS ARE PRINTED ON THE FLAT BED PRESSES.

five and thirty five cent magazines they had been making an average gross profit of about one half of the total price of a ten cent magazine. To cut this profit to, say, about one quarter to one fifth, and still perform practically the same service as for the twenty five or thirty five cent magazine, was something that they naturally did not view with favor, and for good business reasons. From their point of view they were all right, but from the point of view of the publisher—my own point of view—the problem presented an entirely different appearance. In a word, it was necessary either to abandon the whole idea of a ten cent magazine or

branches had been a colossal failure. Whoever had tried it had been hopelessly crushed. I was not especially anxious to be crushed, and did not for a moment believe that I should be, even though I undertook to do the "impossible." I knew that the twenty five cent, the thirty five cent, and the fifty cent price for magazines was excessive. It was not in line with the modern way of doing things, which is big volume and small margins. On a small circulation these prices were inevitable, but my thought stretched out to a big circulation—to big volume, and on a big volume I knew that ten cents for a magazine would yield a rational profit



IN THE COMPOSING ROOM, WHERE THE TYPE IS SET, BOTH BY HAND AND BY MACHINE, AND MADE UP INTO PAGE FORMS, FROM WHICH ELECTROTYPE PLATES ARE CAST.

to the publisher, providing there were some way to eliminate the excessive percentage of profit to the middleman.

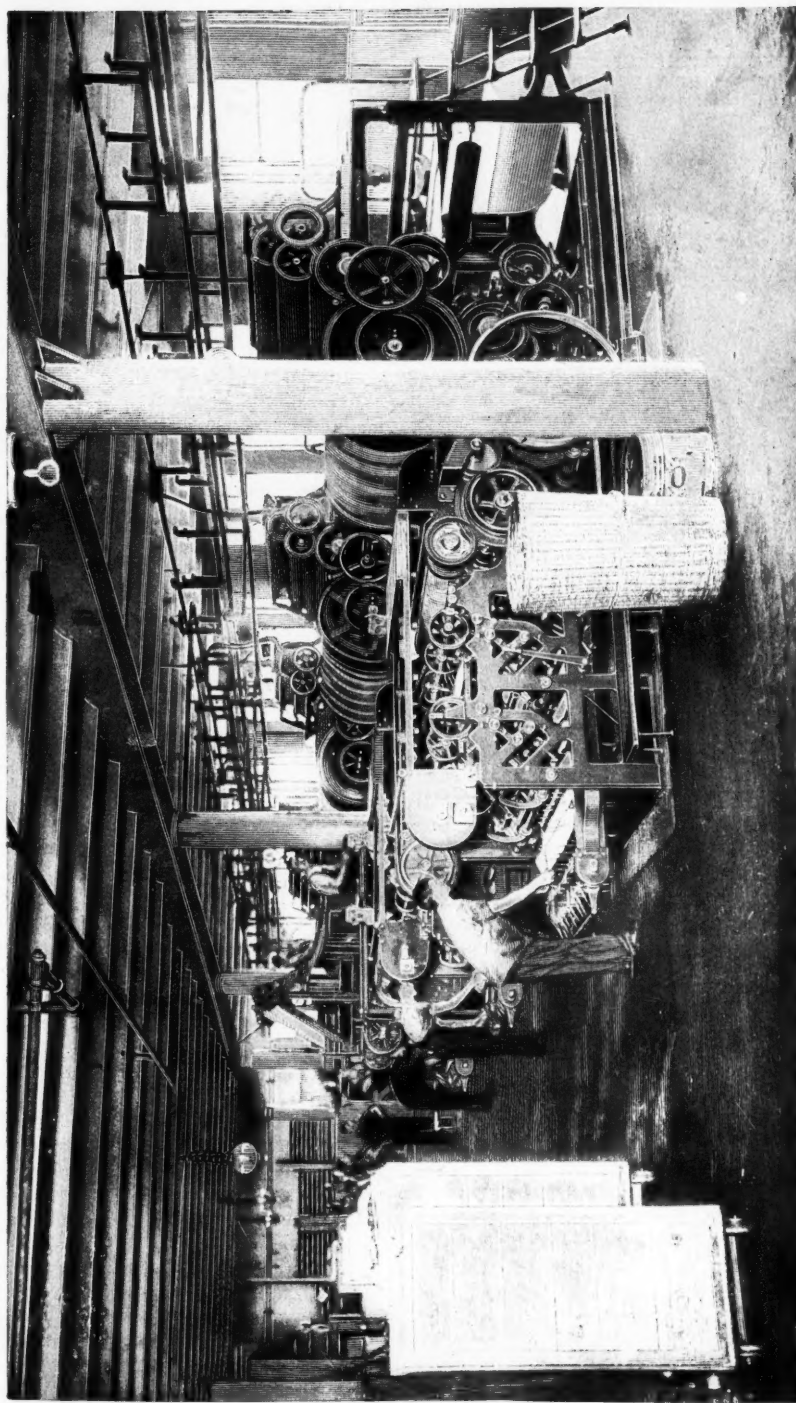
To be sure, I had no precedent on which to base my faith. Precedent, by the way, is one of the greatest stumbling blocks to progress. Because a thing has not been, and is not, it is regarded by the precedent following people as impossible. The slavery of this idea is, and always has been, a bit intolerable to me. I like to regard a thing as desirable and possible because independent reasoning leads to the conclusion that it is desirable and possible. And in the case of the ten cent magazine every logical deduction pointed to the possibility and the desirability of the publication of magazines at this popular price. I say popular price, and I knew then that it would prove to be a popular price, even

as subsequent experience has demonstrated it to be.

But there did not seem to be anybody else just then who was anxious to do the pioneering, so I concluded to do it myself. With the exception of the confidence I had in the idea, the confidence I had in the people, together with my knowledge of the business, I was about as badly equipped for such a contest with the middleman and contingent combinations as any one could be. I had no printing plant whatever, not so much as a single press; I had no electrotyping establishment, and I had no bindery. In fact, I had almost no equipment of any kind. My working force in the editorial and business departments was small. I was at that time the chief of every department, and in some departments very much the whole thing. And to

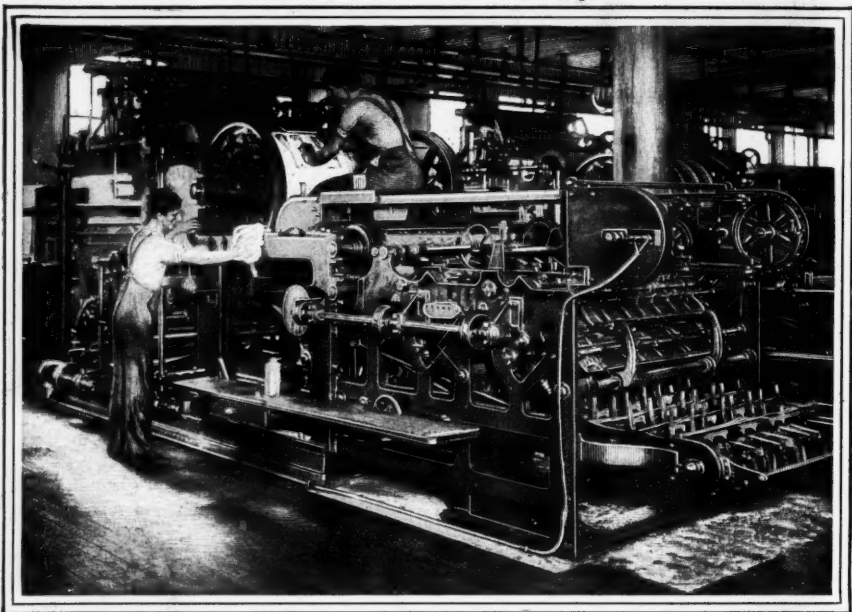


A BOY MOVING A TRUCK LOADED WITH MAGAZINES FROM THE COVERING MACHINES TO THE SHIPPING DEPARTMENT.



PART OF THE ROW OF TEN BIG ROTARY PRESSES—A FRONT VIEW, SHOWING BOYS REMOVING THE FOLDED SHEETS AS THEY COME FROM THE PRESSES. ON THE LEFT ARE THE COMPARTMENT TRUCKS WHICH CARRY THEM TO THE BINDERY.





A ROTARY PRESS, SHOWING THE FOLDING MACHINERY ATTACHED IN FRONT OF THE PRESS (ON THE RIGHT), AND PRESSMEN MAKING A FORM READY—THAT IS, ADJUSTING "OVERLAYS" ON THE CYLINDER SO THAT THE TYPE AND ILLUSTRATIONS WILL PRINT WITH THE BEST EFFECT.

make matters a trifle more dramatic and a good deal more interesting, my capital just then was all on the wrong side of the ledger, and considerably on the wrong side at that.

These are the conditions under which the ten cent magazine was given to the people of the United States and Canada. I have said it before, and I will say it again right here, that somebody had to do exactly what I did do in placing my magazine direct with the trade and without the aid of the middleman, or else no one would today be reading a ten cent magazine of any consequence.

Other publishers may say what they will on this point, but the fact, the incontrovertible fact, is that MUNSEY'S was the pioneer ten cent magazine. Mr. McClure regards himself as responsible for the ten cent magazine, and for the reason that he started his magazine at fifteen cents a copy. He argues, more or less speciously, that this cut in price from twenty five cents to fifteen cents really lodges the credit with him. A good many other men, I fancy, reasoning on the same lines, would arrive at a similar conclusion. In this way of looking at it

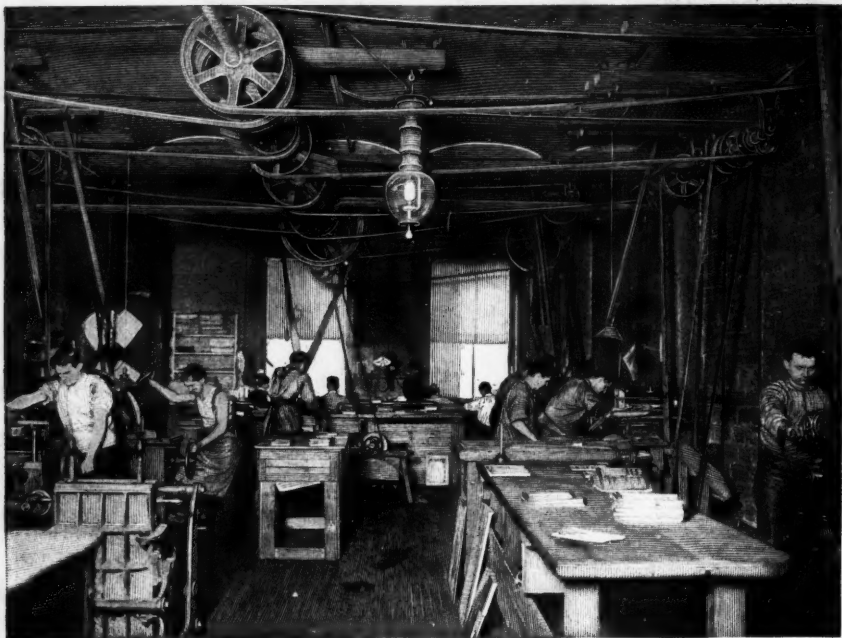
the publishers of *Scribner's*, for example, in making the price of their magazine twenty five cents, as against *Harper's* and the *Century* at thirty five cents, are entitled to quite as much credit for the ten cent magazine as Mr. McClure. So, too, is Mr. John Brisben Walker, of the *Cosmopolitan*, and to even a greater extent. He went McClure one better in bringing the price of his magazine down from twenty five to twelve and a half cents. This, of course, meant practically thirteen cents to the individual purchaser. To be sure, Mr. Walker receded from this advanced position, falling back to the McClure price of fifteen cents. This reduction in price to twelve and a half cents has caused Mr. Walker to claim the distinction of giving the ten cent magazine to the people.

This is all very well in its way, but in racing parlance it is the horse that gets under the wire first that wins. There are always a lot of reasons why the other horses should have won, but they cut no figure with the judges. Why did not Mr. Walker, Mr. McClure, and perhaps a lot of other men who are now publishing a ten cent magazine, issue a magazine at





IN THE BINDERY, SHOWING THE FOLDED SHEETS, OR BOOKLETS, STACKED UPON TABLES, AND GIRLS "GATHERING" THEM—THAT IS, ARRANGING THEM IN ORDER, SO AS TO MAKE COMPLETE MAGAZINES, READY FOR THE STITCHING AND COVERING MACHINES.



IN THE ELECTROTYPING DEPARTMENT—THE FINISHING END OF THE ROOM, WHERE THE METAL PLATES ARE LEVELED UP, BURNISHED, AND TRIMMED READY FOR THE PRINTING PRESSES. PLATES FOR THE ROTARY PRESSES ARE ALSO CURVED BY A SPECIAL MACHINE.

this price before I did—before I made it possible? The vital fact is that they did not bring their magazines down to ten cents until about two years after MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE made its appearance at that price, and had attained a circulation of nearly half a million copies a month.

The contingent combinations referred to in connection with the middleman relate to the newsdealers themselves. They cut quite as much figure among the obstacles confronting me in starting the ten cent magazine as did the middleman. I made the price of MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE to the trade, wholesalers and retailers alike, seven cents net in New York. This price has not been changed. And it was on this question of price that I encountered a most stubborn

opposition. The newsdealers claimed that they had been buying ten cent weekly publications at a less price than seven cents, and consequently raised a protest against the seven cent price for a magazine. "Protest," by the way,

is a mild word to use in this connection—"war" would perhaps better express it. For it was war on the part of a great many newsdealers in all sections of the country. Some dealers, however, readily saw the justice of the price, realizing that a magazine, a big, full grown magazine, could not be produced at anything like the price at which the ten cent weeklies were produced. The contention of the warring faction can be summed up in three counts:

First—They would not handle MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE unless they could buy it at six to six and a half cents.



SCOURING THE METAL PLATES AS THEY COME FROM BEING BACKED UP.

Second—They would not handle MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE unless they could buy it through their usual wholesale source, and this meant through the American News Company or its branches.

Third—They would not order magazines direct from me and send cash with the order.

This contention as to price on the part of newsdealers is one which Mr. McClure or Mr. Walker, or anybody else, would have had to meet in pioneering the ten

lishers except myself do depend upon the middleman.

In reviewing these facts, I do not speak with any unkind feeling toward the American News Company. That corporation, like all other great corporations and trusts, is in business for the money it can make, and it was following what it regarded as good business lines. I refer to the matter on this occasion mainly for the purpose of more clearly contrasting the conditions that existed when I un-



IN THE SHIPPING DEPARTMENT—MEN BUNDLING AND PACKING MAGAZINES FOR SHIPMENT.

cent magazine, regardless of their method of reaching the retailers.

The maximum price the American News Company would pay me for a ten cent magazine, if it weighed over half a pound, and a full grown magazine necessarily weighed more than half a pound, was four and a half cents. And it was not until I had demonstrated the popularity of the ten cent price, and demonstrated that a magazine could be published at this price, and that the public wanted it and demanded it at this price, and not until I had already attained a big circulation and made it clear that the ten cent magazine had come to stay, and was bound to be a great factor in the periodical business in the future—not until then did the American News Company revise their figures, raising them from four and a half cents to five and a half cents, and even to five and three quarters cents. Now, it is just this difference between four and a half cents a copy and five and three quarters that makes magazine publishing at ten cents a copy possible to publishers who depend on the middleman to reach the retail trade. And all magazine pub-

dertook to issue a magazine at ten cents a copy as compared with the conditions of today and our present facilities.

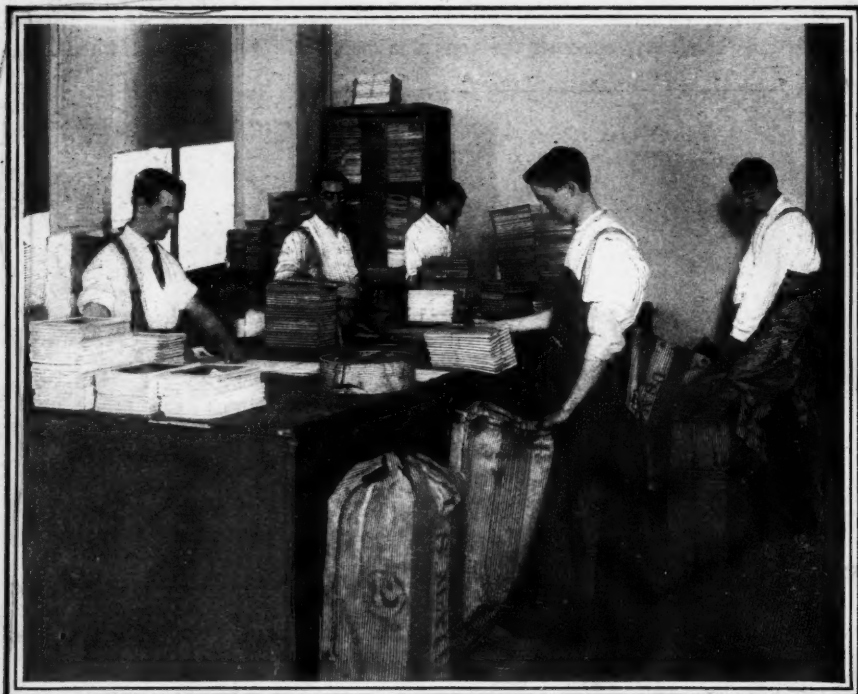
Then I had no good will, no machinery, no working capital, and no equipment; today I have an investment in the business, in good will, in machinery and general equipment, of perhaps five millions of dollars. Then we were cut off from the middleman, and had no way of reaching the retail dealer; now we are in direct touch with many thousands of them all over the country. Then we had but one magazine; today we have four. Then we had a trifling circulation; today we have a monthly edition of 650,000 copies on MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE alone, and a total on our four magazines of a million copies a month.

All this growth, and all this perfection of equipment, are the product of six years. This statement, however, is accurate only on the face of it. The forcing to a success of so difficult an undertaking is due much more to the thought, the training, and the experience that had gone before. To these, indeed, we owe our present position, more than to the work of

the last half dozen years, though in all conscience this latter period has been intense enough, fierce enough, and dramatic enough to justly claim all the credit.

It may be interesting to mention an incident that occurred almost at the outset of my experience with the ten cent magazine. The first edition at this price, the October issue of 1893, was twenty thou-

we had to print ten thousand copies more—to which had to be added still two other editions of five thousand each, making a total of forty thousand for the month—when we reached these figures, jumping in a day, as it were, from a very insignificant edition, it very properly became a matter of business for the firm which furnished me with paper to quietly and



IN THE MAILING DEPARTMENT—WRAPPING MAGAZINES FOR SUBSCRIBERS. THE MAGAZINES ARE PLACED SEPARATELY IN ADDRESSED WRAPPERS, SORTED BY TOWNS AND STATES, AND PACKED IN UNITED STATES MAIL BAGS.

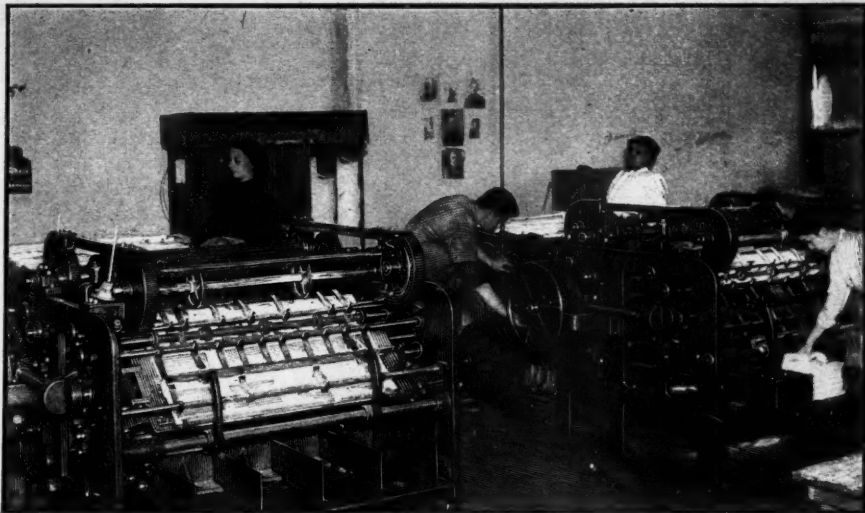
sand copies. To have printed so big an edition as this, with no visible way on earth by which to market it, was, to say the least, taking long chances. To one who had less faith in the proposition than I had, it would have been gambling of the most reckless and unjustifiable sort. Hitherto we had not printed even so large an edition as this. Consequently we were not using very much paper. My capital was my credit. But there is usually more or less limit to the working capacity of this sort of capital. In the present instance it reached out to the twenty thousand edition all right, but when, at the end of ten days from the date of issue,

effectually investigate the merits of the ten cent magazine idea.

This was done by the head of the house, and done thoroughly. After this investigation he came to me and had a very frank talk with me. I was then printing as a first edition for November sixty thousand copies. I was buying paper from him on four months' time. This is not an unusual time among publishers on which to buy paper when one has not the cash to take advantage of discounts.

"At the present rate of increase in the editions of your magazine," he said in effect, "your account will very soon run up to a large sum of money. I have gone





TWO OF THE FOUR FOLDING MACHINES, WHICH FOLD THE SHEETS PRINTED ON THE FLAT BED PRESSES. THESE MACHINES, SPECIALLY DESIGNED AND BUILT, CUT THE PAGES AS THEY FOLD THE SHEETS INTO BOOKLETS.

into your ten cent magazine proposition pretty carefully, and have talked with a good many publishers, magazine men and others, men who have been in the business all their lives, and without one exception they pronounce the whole scheme impossible. Now, these are practical men in the business. If they do not know what can be worked out successfully in magazine publishing, I certainly do not know to whom to apply for information. You will grant that they ought to know all about it, ought to know a great deal more, from their long and vast experience, than it is possible for you to know from your experience. And furthermore, I confess that I cannot myself see how it is possible for you to succeed in this undertaking. In the first place, you tell me you have no one associated with you and have no capitalist back of you. It is said that you are attempting an impossible thing in trying to market your magazine direct. Nobody has ever succeeded in doing it, and every publisher with whom I have talked says it is a hopelessly foolish undertaking. Then, too, the cost of paper alone, and of press work and binding at the prices you must have to pay, having your work done by outside houses, runs the bare cost of paper and printing up to prohibitory figures, to say nothing of the cost of editorial work, art work, and general expenses.

"Now, this is one side of it. The other side is this: If you are sure of your ground, if you have thought this thing all out thoroughly, and are sure that you are right, sure you can win and can meet your bills as they fall due, then, Mr. Munsey, regardless of all that is said against your undertaking, you can have all the paper you want from us. I leave it entirely with you to say."

It is hardly necessary for me to say



MOVING A LARGE COMPARTMENT TRUCK FILLED WITH BOOKLETS AS THEY COME FROM THE FOLDING MACHINES.





IN THE ELECTROTYPING DEPARTMENT—THE FOUNDRY END OF THE ROOM, WHERE THE FORMS, AS THEY COME FROM THE COMPOSING ROOM, ARE MOLDED IN WAX IN A HYDRAULIC PRESS, AND THE WAX MOLDS ARE COPPER PLATED IN AN ELECTRIC BATH.

here that I assured the gentleman that the proposition was all right. History records pretty conclusive evidence on this point. I will say, however, that I am still buying paper of him, and that I have paid him, I suppose, more than two millions of dollars since that time.

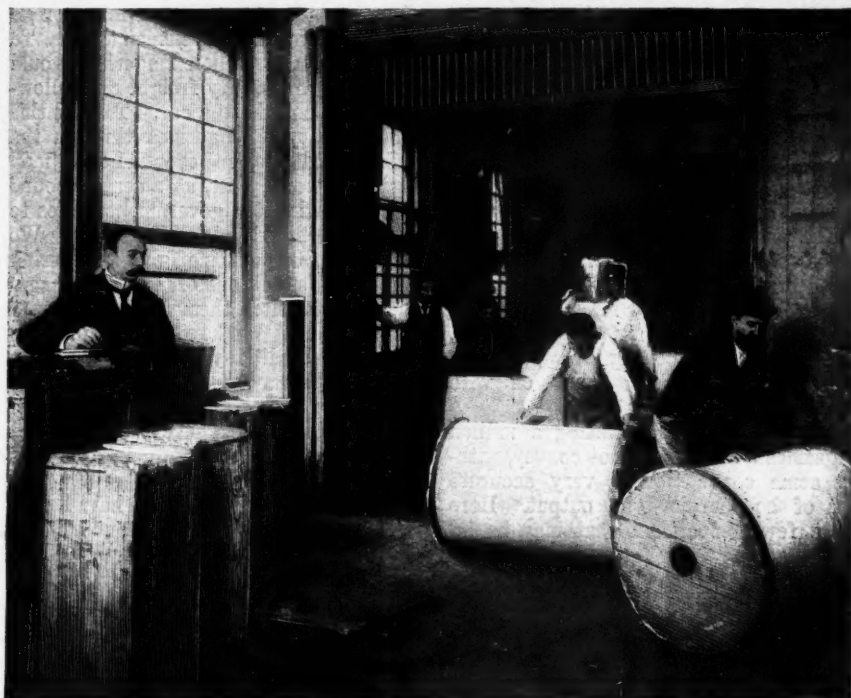
The conclusion that we were then doing business at a loss was quite right. We were. But the present did not cut very much figure with me. It was this larger volume, to which I have already referred, toward which I was looking. The losing business of the moment was merely incidental to the great business I saw clearly ahead. I knew what the purchase of large quantities of paper meant in the way of lower prices. I knew what a printing plant of my own meant in the reduction of cost. I knew what a perfect equipment throughout meant in the way of saving. I knew, too, that the great big circulation toward which we were pushing with such tremendous strides meant that the advertisers of the country could not afford to remain out of MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE, and that from the advertising pages a big revenue must inevitably come.

My reasoning on all these points, and in fact on every other point as well, has been more than realized. The whole venture was so carefully thought out in every detail that six years of experience have hardly suggested so much as a shading of deviation from the original lines. And in this time we have done a lot of pioneering in a good many ways. We have been untrammelled by the bonds of conventionality both in the editing and in the handling of MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE. We have covered a good deal of ground hitherto untraversed by the magazine publisher. The ten cent magazine has increased the magazine purchasing public from perhaps 250,000 people to 750,000, and it has made the magazine one of the greatest of mediums through which the advertiser can reach the people—through which the business man can tell the people what he has for them.

Here are a few of the advantages we have in doing business today over the way we did it at the outset, six years ago. Then our printing was done by outside houses, and on presses into which paper was fed in single sheets. The daily

product per press was about 8,000 printed sheets of sixteen pages. Today we have special magazine presses, printing from a roll, through which we can run paper at the rate of six miles an hour—printing sixty four pages with every revolution of the press, and turning it out all folded into four booklets of sixteen pages each. This is the maximum speed of the press. With the inevitable delays incident to

our printing is done on the fast rotary presses. We have ten of them—a veritable row of giants. Not all of them, however, are quite so fast as this six mile an hour press. On this high speed machine we print nothing but letterpress; those on which we print illustrations necessarily travel at a somewhat slower speed, but the daily product from these presses, even, is enormously large as com-



THE FREIGHT ELEVATOR, SHOWING A CLERK CHECKING THE NUMBER AND WEIGHT OF THE ROLLS OF PAPER AS THEY COME IN. EACH ROLL WEIGHS ABOUT ONE THOUSAND POUNDS, AND CONTAINS A RIBBON OF WHITE PAPER 20,250 FEET LONG AND THIRTY NINE INCHES WIDE.

printing, the total daily output would be about 50,000 impressions. This is what this particular press is designed to average, one day with another, and it is equivalent to the printing of 50,000 sheets of sixty four pages each, as against the 8,000 sheets of sixteen pages each on the other presses. This one press, then, will turn out a volume of work in a day equivalent to twenty five of the single flat bed presses, and, in addition, will fold as it prints. With the other presses the folding was an extra expense. To be sure, we use some of these slow presses today for certain work, but the great bulk of

pared with that of the ordinary press. The cost of labor required to run one of these big presses is only about one third more than that of running the slow flat bed machine.

In a word, the cost to us of printing and folding MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE today is not more than fifteen per cent of that of six years ago, when done by outside printers. And this same saving, to a greater or less extent, runs throughout our entire manufacturing plant, the composing room, the electrotyping room, and the bindery, and in handling and shipping as well. Everything has been simplified

to the greatest extent possible. Every invention that would save labor and reduce cost has been pressed into service. Whenever a machine in any department has been superseded by a better one, the old has been displaced by the new. The following up of this theory has given us as modern and up to date a plant as money can buy. Six years ago all our magazines were covered by hand. A girl could cover 3,000 magazines a day. Now our magazines are covered by machinery. We have three of these covering machines, each of which will cover 25,000 a day, and we are negotiating for a fourth. Our bindery has a capacity of 75,000 complete magazines a day (gathering, stitching, and covering), and we are preparing to increase it to 100,000. "Gathering" means the putting together of the booklets which go to make up a magazine. For instance, the sheets are folded into booklets of eight and sixteen pages each. MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE ordinarily consists of about twenty booklets. The present issue contains that number. These are stitched together on wire stitching machines.

To say that we are printing a million magazines a month does not convey, without some comparison, a very accurate idea of so enormous an output. Here are a few comparisons that may be interesting:

The net American sale of MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE is just about double that of the combined sale of *Harper's*, *Scribner's*, and the *Century*; in other words, if the total number sold in America of all these three magazines were multiplied by two the result would just about equal the sale of MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE alone. The sale of *Harper's*, *Scribner's*, the *Century*, and *McClure's*—these four magazines combined—is just about equal to that of MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE alone. And to these four magazines add the sale of the *Cosmopolitan*, and we shall more than equal the combined figures of the five with the sale of our own four magazines, THE MUNSEY, THE PURITAN, THE ARGOSY, and THE QUAKER.

To get at it in another way: If the million copies of our magazines that we print monthly were piled up one on top of the other they would extend nearly ten miles up in the air. This is almost twice as high as the tallest mountain on the globe.

Placed end to end, one million magazines would reach 160 miles. The paper we use monthly, if spread out in single sheets, would cover 1,528 acres, or nearly two and a half square miles. If all the paper used in these four magazines every month were made into a ribbon as wide as the magazine itself, it would cover a distance of 22,916 miles, or go nearly around the world. If it were made into a tape such as is used in the ticker in a stock broker's office, it would cover 366,644 miles, or go around the world nearly fifteen times. To transport these million magazines would require a train of fifty freight cars, allowing 20,000 pounds to a car. To send this same quantity of magazines through the mails would require over 11,000 mail bags, and would cost, at a cent a pound—the rate that the government makes to publishers—nearly \$10,000 a month. We shall use 2,000 pounds of glue in covering this month's editions of our four magazines, and to stitch them will require sixty miles of wire. We have used in printing this month's editions about 6,000 pounds of ink. We have used 8,000 pounds of electrotype metal and 2,500 pounds of wrapping paper. We have also used about seventy five miles of cord in tying up bundles.

The salaried employees who have helped to make and market the present editions of MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE number more than 300. The weekly pay roll has been nearly \$5,000, or at the rate of about \$250,000 a year. Add to this amount the wages of all the outside workers, from whom we draw our supplies of every kind, including both editorial and manufacturing departments, and the profits earned in the handling of the editions until they reach the consumer, and it is safe to assume that twice as much more is paid out to labor, or a total of \$750,000 annually.

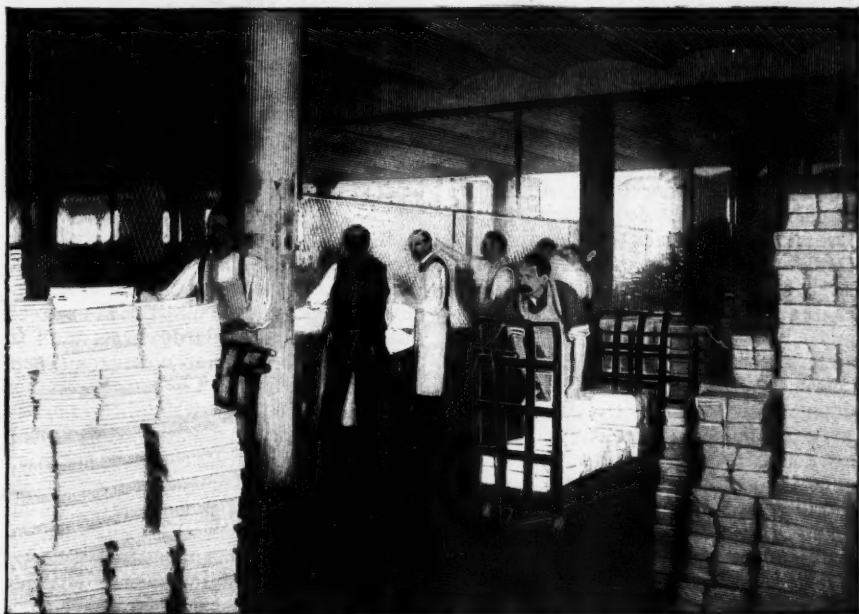
The foregoing gives a little idea of the volume of our present business—gives a little idea of our six years' work. If, starting under such tremendously adverse conditions, six years have developed our present business, the natural thought is, what will the next six years do for it?

In hinting at some of the savings of a big business over a little one, I did not touch upon two of the most important items. One of these is our supply of paper. We are now using five hundred tons of paper a month, and in buying so

large a quantity we are able to cut the price to almost the bare cost of manufacturing—to a lower price, in fact, than that at which we could manufacture ourselves if we had our own mill. And in the editorial and art departments the percentage of saving on a big business is even greater than at any other point. For instance, it costs no more for fiction, no more for articles of any kind, no more for illustrations, no more for engraving, and no more for setting type for an

small an edition as 100,000, has much consideration among advertisers and business men. The ten cent magazine of small, or relatively small, circulation not only cannot afford to buy as good material, but cannot afford to be as generous in size.

MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE began at something like 100 pages—reading pages and illustrations—and with the increase in circulation has run up to an average of 160 pages a month for the last year.



IN THE SHIPPING DEPARTMENT—BUNDLING MAGAZINES FOR DISTRIBUTION TO NEWSDEALERS.

edition of a million copies than for an edition of a thousand.

All this goes to show the advantage of big volume, and it was this on which I based my success at the outset. We have passed by the period, and passed it forever, when small volume and big profits will rule in the business world. This is as true in publishing as in any other form of business. Some of the difficulties and obstacles in the way of the small publisher can easily be imagined. There is not a ten cent monthly magazine today conducted independently that pays expenses on so small an edition as 100,000 copies. Indeed, magazine circulations have now reached such figures that none but a long established publication, with so

The people of the United States and Canada have been generous with me in their loyal support of MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE, and in return I have aimed constantly to give them a bigger and better magazine. This has been my thought from the first, and, so far as a better magazine goes, it will continue to be my thought. Whether a still bigger magazine is desirable or practicable is doubtful. The magazine we have been giving has been equal in size to the *Century*, a thirty five cent magazine. I know of no ten cent magazine outside of my own that has exceeded 128 pages of reading and illustrations; the average today even is about one hundred pages, and some carry a smaller number.



# THE FASHIONABLE CHRISTMAS.

BY ANNE O'HAGAN.

DIFFERENT RECIPES FOR A SUCCESSFUL CHRISTMAS, AND THE MYSTERIOUS MISSING INGREDIENT  
WHOSE ABSENCE ALWAYS SEEMS TO SPOIL WHAT SHOULD BE THE GLADDEST  
DAY OF THE YEAR.

CHRISTMAS cheer, like the noble dish associated with it in all normally constituted minds, ought to be a matter of recipe. Take so much snow, so many relatives and friends, such a house, so much holly; add a pinch of church and a dash of merriment, flavor with presents in quantities to suit—and an admirable compound should unfailingly result.

But somewhere down the centuries an ingredient was lost. It is difficult to preserve a recipe intact for a thousand years. The missing quantity was not merely an ingredient—it was the ingredient, the very plum of the Christmas pudding. Wise men have reasoned about it and unwise women have tried all sorts of experiments to find out what it is that is missing. Like the gentleman who used to try to compound the elixir of life, they have found out many interesting and valuable things, but they do not seem to have discovered the lost ingredient. They do not agree at all what it is. A symposium of carefully selected views on the subject is accordingly given—the selections being made entirely from that class which has time to conduct explorations in search of any missing constituent of pleasure.

It would be plainly absurd to quote the views of those to whom the necessities are luxuries, and to whom the luxuries are unnecessary; of a bruised and broken wife, for instance, who with her poor face alight at the dream says: "With all the children at home and himself not drinking, Christmas would be a grand time;" or of a white lipped, hawk eyed little girl who promptly replies "Turkey and shoes" when asked for the ingredients that spell Christmas bliss.

In Mrs. Vanallister's circle—which is the one toward which all our eyes are lifted in yearning, even while our tongues are sharper than a forked adder's at its expense—it was some time ago agreed

that Christmas, to be merry, must be spent out of town. The reason was vague. Mrs. Vanallister's detractors said that it was merely an exhibition of Anglo-mania; but the lady herself, who must have known, told her clergyman that "at such a season one longed to be a little nearer nature's heart." And that year the general consensus of fashionable opinion was that "nature's heart" was the missing ingredient.

In pursuance with a generous wish to give the boon of communion with nature to as many persons as possible, Mrs. Vanallister invites guests to fill the sixteen guest chambers, sends down servants to supplement the winter corps, and sets forth to spend her Christmas in a hot water heated cottage, which boasts a tiny theater as well as a conservatory, a ball room, and a billiard room. The station at which she alights—Oakley Farms is its simple, agricultural name, the farms all being built on the plan of Mrs. Vanallister's cottage—is a quaint and pretty copy of Elizabethan architecture. All about the broad drives that lead to it are equipages which the carriage makers' catalogues would describe as superb. There are champing horses, controlled by the severest of coachmen, bear-like and bushy. There are somber liveried footmen. There are glossless high hats, and there are rounded hats that look with admiration upon the taller ones. The grooms stand at attention to take the commands of those who love to get near to nature's heart at Christmas. Some run to attend to the luggage—Mrs. Vanallister and her compeers have had no baggage these ten years past. Footmen open carriage doors, arrange footwarmers and rugs. The Mrs. Vanallisters greet one another in high pitched voices, say how good it seems to be there again, shiver at the bleak landscape, and are swallowed up in the carriages.



They are driven away from the quaint little station standing red against its background of bare woods; and though it is very near to nature's heart—within half an hour; in fact, of her thirty roomed

our best affections and tenderest human instincts, if when we alighted at the Farms we found a peasantry assembled to watch our coming—maybe to greet us with honest cheers and a chorus of



MRS. VANALLISTER, IN HER THIRTY ROOMED LODGE IN THE WILDERNESS, ADMITS THAT SHE HAS NOT FOUND THE MISSING INGREDIENT.

lodge in the wilderness—Mrs. Vanallister is not full of Christmas joy. She admits that somehow she has not found the missing ingredient.

"Why," she once asked in a rare burst of confidence, "have we no simple peasant class here as in other countries? Think how it would warm our hearts, awake all

'Merry Christmas, your honors.' Think how attached we should become to such a class—how we should feel it our duty to bring happiness and joy into their plain lives. Really, I wish our American agriculturists were different. Life is so much more picturesque, so much more entertaining, in countries where the people

are content to recognize the sharp dividing lines between the various classes!"

Mrs. Vanallister sighed over the vision her lively imagination had conjured up of Oakley Farms equipped with an adoring peasantry, the compensation for all whose labors should be to see her alight from the train, hear her say, "Merry Christmas to you, Hodge, my good man," and watch her disappear at once within her carriage. She sighed again as she went on earnestly:

"Why have the American peasantry no forelocks to pull in respect while they grin in embarrassment at the greetings of the gentry? Why have they no neat cottages in which to make us welcome when we call to inquire about their rheumatism, and to leave a pound of tea and a flannel petticoat as a Christmas offering? They have no rheumatism that I have ever heard about! Why do they not come to the servants' balls, so that we could dance the Sir Roger de Coverley with some strapping peasant lad, to show how gracious we could be? I assure you that Christmas even at Oakley Farms is not nearly so satisfying as it might be if our society were a little differently constituted."

By some rampant democrats Mrs. Vanallister has been accused of snobbery, but this shows her to be what perhaps all snobs are at the bottom—a poet soul chafing at the difference between reality and her visions.

"Just think!" she went on. "Instead of this, see how things really are. There are some native farmers in the region lying around Oakley, and they have simply plastered their wretched places with signs forbidding trespassing! Last Christmas one of them actually threatened to bring a suit against Morty Higginson because he galloped through a field. Morty explained that he didn't know that anything grew in the ground at that season, but the abominable old man was perfectly relentless. It was a celery field. That's the sort of peasantry we have in this country. Upon my word, I am inclined to sympathize with those whom the papers call the expatriated plutocrats."

She was immersed a while in gloomy recollections.

"Of course I always go to church on Christmas day," she began again. "I think religion in women is very pretty and proper, and besides, I am naturally

religious. But even there that pretty Christmas spirit for which I long is lacking. I sent some flowers over last Christmas morning to decorate the church, but they were late. They got there just as the clergyman was getting into his surplice, and the service was not delayed or anything; they merely stayed in the vestry room until afterwards, when he thanked me—which he did most perfunctorily and with an eye cast anxiously toward a girl in an imitation sable boa who had sung in the choir.

"He mentioned that the church had been decorated the night before by the young ladies of the altar guild. I wish you could see them! Village girls in the local dressmaker's interpretations of prevailing styles. Ugh! And he was a promising young man, too. I think I could have married him off to Horsey Jenkins—Horsey's her nickname, of course—if he hadn't been interested in that imitation boa. Horsey was a little older, but a clergyman is bound by his vows to be broad minded and loving to all, and she could have gotten him a town church in no time—she's so energetic.

"Sometimes," she went on in a final burst of honesty, "I wonder what I ever go down there for in the winter. Those blue gray woods make me shiver; they're ghostly. The sky is generally leaden; I've reached the time of life when the winter air pinches my nose and does not prick my cheeks. It gets into my very veins, the chill and the loneliness. I'm city bred, and I need the streets and the lights to keep me cheerful. But I go there and fill up the house with the same men and women that I see everlastingly in New York. The same professionally dangerous ones play at Platonics, and the same utterly innocuous ones pretend flirtations by my fireplaces that did the same thing two weeks before in my town house.

"The story tellers spin the same yarns there that they spin in town. They seem to think that there's some rejuvenating quality in the air, and that an old tale told in new surroundings becomes new. We wear pretty much the same clothes. The men play golf all day, and so do the women who think that kind of thing pays in the end—and they all come in blowsy and drowsy when that lonesome, purple twilight comes.

"Our coming and our going affect no

one but our servants—and the church. I dare say that even that clergyman does appreciate the Christmas offertory. We are conscientiously hilarious on Christmas day. We actually clapped our hands and exclaimed over the miserable, laborious little snowfall that was shaken out of an empty salt cellar of a

then, when I haven't been to sleep early for nine nights running, the ghastly fiasco of that Christmas tree rises up to haunt me. The servants were all as stiff as so-

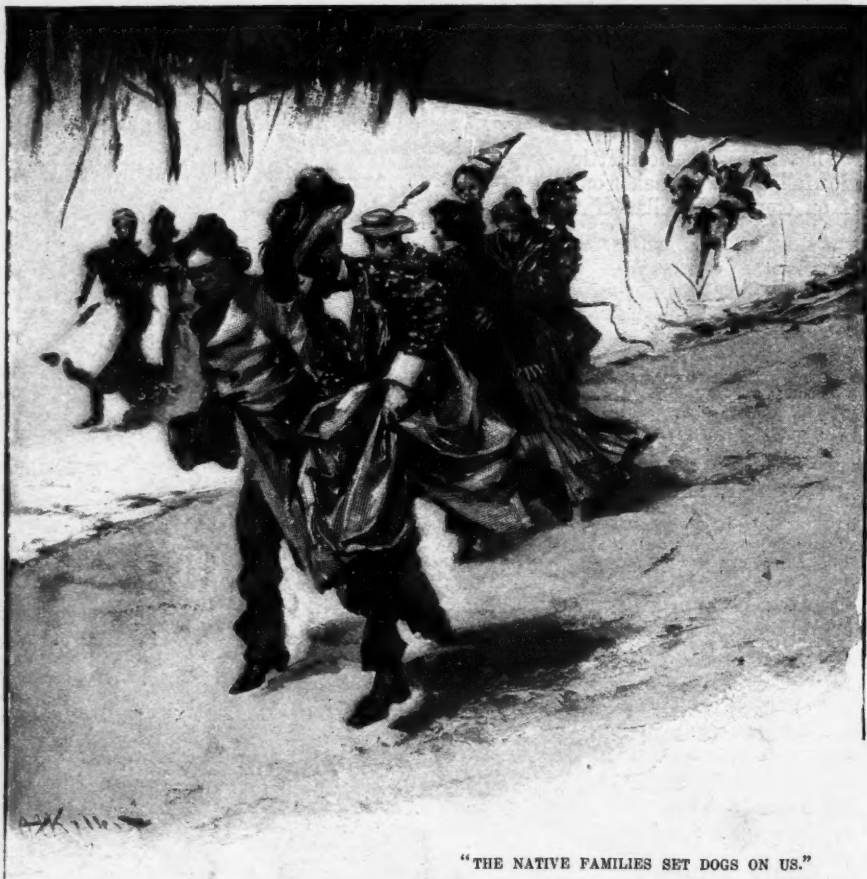


"THE SAME UTTERLY  
INNOCUOUS ONES  
PRETEND FLIRTATIONS."

sky last Christmas. There is never a decent snow storm at the Farms when there is any one there.

"We are most painstakingly merry. Last Christmas we pretended to find it too funny for words to hang up our stockings in the library and to have a Christmas tree for the servants. Every now and

many dummies; they brought all their personal animosities with them, and they're a quarrelsome set. We had the funniest man in the party act as Santa Claus. He was highly amusing in a vaudeville style, but our servants weren't educated up to it; they prefer the legitimate drama, I'm told, and not one even smiled until we had given



"THE NATIVE FAMILIES SET DOGS ON US."

the signal, so to speak. And if you'll believe it, the funny man seemed to hold us responsible for the failure of his jokes.

"Once, in a burst of positive genius, we decided to go around serenading the natives dressed up as Christmas waits. Do you know how waits dress? No? Neither did we, but we tried to make ourselves look like those awful children who ask you for pennies on Thanksgiving.

"Now, wasn't that a lark, and oughtn't it to have been just overflowing with Christmas merriment? Well, it wasn't. Two of the native families set dogs on us; one native householder came to the door with a shotgun and told us he had had all of that he would stand. It seems that the village children had been ahead of us with the caroling wait idea, and the householders' patience was about exhausted. Somehow it seemed ignomini-

ous to follow the village children; and that's one trouble with us—we always follow some one. We never originate our own amusements. It's the village children, or the toughly gay whom we don't recognize, or the minstrel shows, or, sometimes, I think, the imprisoned lunatics, who furnish us with what we please to call our inspirations for jollity.

"If we only had a real interest in something at Oakley," she mourned finally, "I am sure Christmas would not be such a flat failure. A proper peasantry, in whom we could be deeply concerned—a nice, tow headed, fat cheeked, smock bloused peasantry—would certainly be the very thing to make Christmas there worth while."

Mrs. Vanallister's views on the subject are considered worse than frivolous by Mrs. Hunnewell. Mrs. Hunnewell is older



than Mrs. Vanallister, richer, and far more philanthropic. It would hurt her gentle heart to think of desiring any class of persons to be merely an adjunct to her pleasures and a picturesque background for her performances. Moreover,

ledgers, for she is a widow and a business woman. In some of the ledgers there are lists marked "fifty dollars," others "forty five dollars," and so on down to "five" and "one." Under each of these headings are names, and on a line with the names



"BELIEVE ME, THERE IS NO INGREDIENT MISSING FROM CHRISTMAS JOY IF ONLY ONE GIVES HAPPINESS."

she does not care for country life except in July.

"What do we need to make Christmas really a beautiful season?" she repeats with the tenderest of little smiles. "We need to give happiness; that is all. It is the chief ingredient in my recipe—to give happiness."

On Mrs. Hunnewell's desk there are

are remarks such as: "'96, tea tray; '97, enameled watch"; and so on.

Mrs. Hunnewell has so large an acquaintance that she has to give happiness, as represented by gifts, by rule, or repetition would undo her. Her secretary and her companion keep the books and buy the presents. They tell her from week to week through November and

December in just what form and at just what price she is bestowing joy that year, and she smiles the sanctified smile of one who feels the gentle pressure of a well won aureole upon her brow.

In the other ledgers are more business-like accounts—the payment of superintendents, officials, and hands of certain



"CHRISTMAS IS A BAD DAY. A FELLOW RECOLLECTS HIS INNOCENT BOYHOOD AND ALL THAT."

great factories whose smoke smirches the dull sky of a score of New England towns, and whose gaunt outlines rob the hills against which they stand of grace. In these, too, are entered the sums which Mrs. Hunnewell pays to those workmen who do double duty as spies and laborers, watching their fellows for signs of discontent and informing the heads of the establishments of incipient rebellions in time to discharge the rebels before mischief is done. Here, too, are the records of cuts in wages and of the prices paid to special guards for protecting the property against strikers—in Mrs. Hunnewell's opinion always a lawless, bloodthirsty set.

But in these also—and it is on these pages that Mrs. Hunnewell's eyes love to linger with the moisture of self approval bedewing them—are the records: "\$1,000 for Christmas presents among the hands at Brockton"—or Biddeford, or wherever her factories are.

On Christmas morning Mrs. Hunnewell drives to the great church to which she is so liberal a contributor. Her present book is neatly balanced. She is warmed and thrilled to the heart at the thought of the many prosperous persons who are this morning blessing her name for enameled watches and real lace scarfs, and of the many, many poor whom her fancy hears chanting pæans in her honor for the dollars which her Christmas munificence has added to their weekly stipend at the factories.

She is a creature all sentiment, this gracious, white haired woman whose Russian sables become her stately figure so well. She loves the entire race as it is represented by the velvet and fur wrapped congregation at St. Cræsus'. She loves the choristers with boyish faces and nightingale throats; she is so glad she remembered to send the rector of St. Cræsus' a Christmas offering for the choir. She loves the windows like jewels, the spicery of fir, the glint of the holly leaves, the taper-like white lilies. Her eyes beam affection; her whole being radiates it. She throws her heart into the service, and she prays with honest fervor that those from whom her revenues are drawn may share her happiness that day and may not spend the dollar of her bounty in dissipation and riotous living. There is no one in St. Cræsus' happier than she.

"Believe me," she says, with convincing earnestness, "there is no ingredient missing from Christmas joy if one only gives happiness. Even a lonely old woman"—she smiles at her straight, stately, pink and white and silver reflection in the mirror—"may be happy if she but gives happiness."

"Not all have it in their power," she is reminded.

"Oh, yes!" she insists. "Every one has—that is, every one who has not been guilty of—er—carelessness of some sort."

"The child that is not clean and neat  
With lots of toys and things to eat,  
He is a naughty child, I'm sure—"

That is the firm belief of Mrs. Hunnewell, born to much wealth and married to much more. She is blissfully ignorant of the fact that her third cousin, a woman of sixty whom she never sees, and whose

because the shops ignore the sanitary code, or the ten hour law, or the age limit, she is certainly justified in protesting that there is no such thing as gratitude under heaven, and in asking if the union



"SHE'S MAD NOW. BRR-R! WHAT A FINE DAY CHRISTMAS WOULD BE IF THERE WERE NO SERVANTS TO LIVE UP TO!"

paralysis she has entirely forgotten, is asking "why on earth Matilda Hunnewell sent her a fan of point lace;" and that a former housekeeper of hers, furnished through the far sightedness of the secretary and companion with a set of Walter Pater's works, is demanding if Mrs. Hunnewell is in her dotage. If on the following day there comes word from the factories that the union has ordered a strike

knew of her Christmas generosity to those thankless creatures.

Mr. Jim Hunnewell has not accompanied his aunt to St. Croesus' on Christmas day. He seldom sees her, their paths in life being not even parallel. Still, he is a source of satisfaction to her; for she very well knows that he expects some of the Hunnewell millions at her death, and she has executed an iron ribbed will against

him, which her lawyers assure her he can never break. It is of course unnecessary to state that the sweet woman regards herself as an instrument of an avenging Providence in this matter. She could not bear to hurt or disappoint a fly otherwise.

Mr. Hunnewell has spent his Christmas out of town. He is not, as he would put it, "keen on nature," but he has a passion for certain of the more sedentary sports of a country club which he greatly affects. He has not the slightest objection to making himself ridiculous, and accordingly he challenges another gentleman to a race on snowshoes—the snow being perhaps half an inch deep. He alternates the joyous pastime of floundering around the grounds in his unwieldy footgear with watching the golf enthusiasts, whom neither snow nor religion can drive from their pursuit. In the intervals—and the intervals are longer than the periods of outdoor activity—he goes inside and warms up on internal aids to maintaining a high temperature.

"Christmas is a bad day," he remarks, after he has done great execution with the snowshoes and the drinks. "A bad day. A fellow recollects his innocent boyhood and all that. And he has to drink too many 'happy returns' and all that. And he realizes that he's getting old and hasn't amounted to much." Mr. Hunnewell is evidently practising for the fair young reformer who spends her best efforts upon such as he. "And he wishes he'd lived a different life and kept in with his rich relatives. And he thinks what a set of jackasses he and all the fellows are who get themselves up in waistcoats like painted chessboards or in coats like a sore throat bandage and come out here to knock balls around a field or to prance around in snowdrifts. And he wishes he had married when he was twenty and could marshal a nice, rosy family into church and carve a turkey at his own table."

Whereupon Mr. Hunnewell is voted a "poor dear" and is invited to drive over home to dinner with some good hearted woman who has been watching the golf and who doesn't realize that that invitation is just what Mr. Hunnewell has wanted—it being everlastingly against his principles to pay for even a dinner if it is to be had without cost. He comes back by and by with the others to a Christmas

dance at the club house, but he doesn't dance much. He says his snowshoeing has made him lame. He talks a mixed jargon of remorse and athletics to girls unsophisticated enough to be moved by it, and he drinks enough to become quite emotional before the end of the evening. And the next morning he is ready to proclaim from the housetop that the chief necessity for a happy Christmas is a rigidly enforced prohibitory amendment in the State of New York.

There is another man whose Christmas has not been unalloyed bliss. He could buy and sell several scores of Jim Hunnewells without serious inconvenience, although the Jim Hunnewells laugh at him and find his defective grammar and his hazy social notions infinitely amusing. He is big and sallow, with overhanging jaws. He has a way of puffing out his lips and frowning and giving vent to a long explosive "brr—r" when he is thinking; and as he indulges in the almost obsolete habit of thought in all times and places, he is naturally a source of considerable trial to his Alexander-like wife, who has conquered successive social worlds—and to his elegant children, who have made wonderful marriages on his wealth. "On the street"—wherever that may be—he is a power, and where men of brains gather together the frowning junction of those two bushy gray eyebrows, and that "brr—r," are watched for with interest. But in their sets madame and the children apologize for him with agonized glances or with set, anxious smiles. And on Christmas day he is theirs, body and soul—his last tribute to some dim reverence for the meaning of the time.

All the forenoon his wife, who celebrates the occasion with a dinner party, instructs him. He is not in any absence of mind to tuck his napkin beneath his chin; he is not in any burst of Yuletide merriment to call the butler "Jock, my boy," nor yet is he to address his guests as "sir." Neither is he to call her "Aggie," nor to tell for the unnecessary millionth time that story which has already made her the jest of two continents—the story of how "he first saw her on Christmas day in the kitchen of her mother's boarding house, from the window of which she had just aimed with deadly precision a pan of apple parings and celery heads into the yard, hitting him squarely."



The great man listens half heartedly to all this, drumming his fingers and scowling. At the kitchen episode he laughs.

"You've never looked as pretty since, Aggie," he declares, and a blush that is not of sentimental recollection, but of unavailing rage, creeps slowly over madame's face, which has the grayish pallor of pearls beneath her coronet of white hair. She realizes the futility of words and walks silently out of the room.

"She's mad now," sighs he. "Brr—r! What a fine day Christmas would be if there were no servants to live up to! Aggie was a right good girl till she got her first maid. Brr—r! Servants are the Christmas curse."

There is another woman of rank who feels the need of some reform of Christmas before it can be quite the joyous season it should be to live up to its tradition. She is a keen eyed person with a tongue as sharp as her glances, and she has probably more enemies in that estate to which it has pleased Heaven and two husbands (separated by a divorce) to call her, than any other member of it. The gentleman whose name she happens to be bearing at present has political aspirations, and he "sits under" the very reverend doctor whom all laboring men love and who by some feat of generalship numbers many capitalists among his parishioners. The lady who is at present bearing the politician's name, of course, sits under the very reverend magician also. So do various members of her former husband's family.

She has done her part nobly by the church; she has given it a reredos and a new communion service of fine metals. And yet on Christmas day an usher has the unutterable stupidity to pilot her former sister in law, with whom she is not on speaking terms, into the pew where she sits. And then—Ossa upon Pelion—

the popular minister preaches of Christmas as the day sacred to the Family, the day of Father, Mother, and Child.

No wonder the social leader looks like



"THE CHILDREN ALL HOME AND HIMSELF NOT DRINKING—AND CHRISTMAS WOULD BE A GRAND TIME!"

a thunder cloud. No wonder she ostentatiously opens the prayer book and reads it to show her contempt for the sermon, and then, stumbling inadvertently upon the marriage service with its outworn "as long as ye both shall live," slams it down and picks up the *Parish News*.

"What do we want to make Christmas a happy season?" snaps the great lady—one hesitates to name her, for she keeps a name so short a time. "We need ministers with a little tact and gratitude—that's what we need!"

In view of all these enlightened and cultivated opinions on the ingredients of Christmas cheer, how thrice absurd seems the story from the tenements:

"The children all home and himself not drinking—and Christmas would be a grand time!"

# WIRELESS TELEGRAPHY.

BY JOHN TROWBRIDGE,

*Director of the Jefferson Physical Laboratory, Harvard University.*

HOW MESSAGES CAN BE SENT THROUGH THE AIR BY MEANS OF ETHER WAVES—SOME SIMPLE EXPERIMENTS IN WIRELESS TELEGRAPHY, AND THE INTERESTING QUESTION OF ITS FUTURE AS A PRACTICAL INSTRUMENT OF WAR OR COMMERCE.

IS wireless telegraphy destined to become an important method of communicating intelligence around the world, or is it simply a scientific curiosity with a very limited practical application? Let us see what can now be accomplished; and let us ask ourselves why we should not be able greatly to extend the limit of distances over which we can telegraph without wires.

It has been conclusively shown that messages can be sent through the air between two stations at least fifty miles apart not connected by a wire; and it is believed that this distance may be extended to one hundred miles by the present method. This is further than it was possible, in the early days of telegraphy, to send messages without the use of a relay. Will it be possible to relay in the case of wireless telegraphy?

In order to answer these questions, we must form some idea of the method employed and of its limitations. This method is extremely simple. An ordinary electrical machine can generate electrical waves which travel across space. Most of us are familiar with some form of this machine. We know that it can produce an electrical spark between two knobs or terminals. Let us, then, erect a vertical wire fifty or sixty feet, if we wish to communicate several miles, connecting it to one of the knobs between which the spark jumps, and connecting the other knob to the ground. This is our sending apparatus—merely a vertical wire with an electric spark at one end. Every spark that jumps between the knobs at the bottom of the vertical pole can answer as a signal, and a definite number can make a letter, just as such letters are formed in the Morse alphabet.

This is certainly a simple method; its mystery resides in the formation of the spark, and the mechanism of the waves, to-

gether with their method of propagation in the ether. How shall we detect these waves? We cannot see them, as in the case of an explosion under water; nothing vibrates visibly up and down as these ether waves pass under it or embrace it.

Every time a spark jumps an electrical pulsation passes up and down the vertical wire. It throbs, so to speak, and electric waves spread out from every part of the wire and travel through space, very much as waves travel in water when a stone falls vertically on its placid surface; or when an explosion takes place beneath its surface, or when a piston moves up and down in its mass. Indeed, the latter analogy is closer to the conditions of the electrical throb or pulsation which takes place in the very rare medium which pervades everything and which we call the ether. If we disturb this rare medium at any point, all space responds to a greater or less degree. It quivers like a mass of gelatine.

Our sending apparatus, then, can consist of any electrical apparatus which can produce a spark, in order to send out ripples or waves in the ether. Returning to our analogy of the piston moving up and down in water, we know that we can communicate a similar up and down motion to a boat at a considerable distance from the point where the water is disturbed by such a piston. The to and fro motion which accompanies the electric spark, pulsating on the vertical wire, starts waves in the ether of space, which cause a similar to and fro motion or pulsation on a distant vertical wire. The waves in the ether travel immensely faster than waves in the water; long before we hear the crackle of an electric spark in Cambridge, even if our ear is within two feet of it, the electric waves excited at the instant the spark jumps have reached a point farther than New York.

It is interesting to reflect that Benjamin Franklin, by means of his electrical machine, could have produced the electric waves which are now used in wireless telegraphy. When he experimented with electric sparks he did not know that besides the crackle and the light of these sparks there were unseen ripples or waves disturbing the space all about him, and extending from his room miles into the ether. If he had let fall such a conjecture, he would have been thought clearly insane. Here is a picture (Figure 1) of the electrical machine now in the Jefferson Physical Laboratory, which he ordered in Paris for Harvard University more than a hundred years ago; and beside it is a modern electrical machine far more powerful than Franklin's cumbrous device. The latter stands nearly as high as a man. Both of these machines can send electric waves through space—all that is necessary to do so is to connect a long vertical wire like a lightning rod

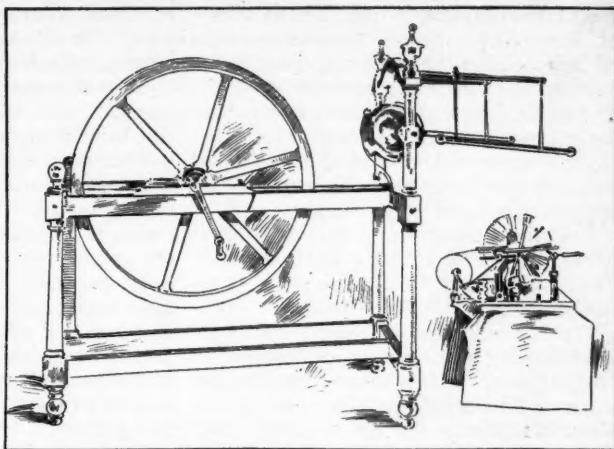


FIGURE 1—BENJAMIN FRANKLIN'S CUMBROUS ELECTRICAL MACHINE, WITH A SMALLER AND FAR MORE POWERFUL MODERN MACHINE BESIDE IT.

extremely simple, but of marvelous sensitiveness. The essential feature of it is what is called a coherer. This is not unlike the transmitter employed in telephony. The latter in its elements is merely two wires inserted in a mass of carbon particles, the wires being connected with the poles of a battery. When we speak into the transmitter, the carbon particles are stirred by the vibration of the voice and change the flow of the battery current through the mass of carbon. The co-

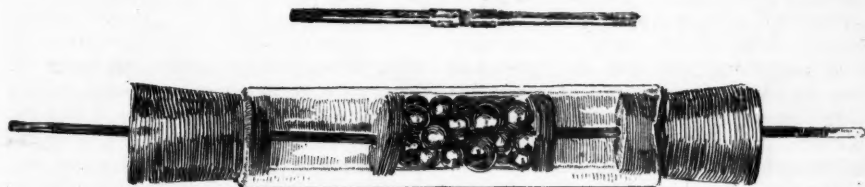


FIGURE 2—TWO PATTERNS OF COHERER, THE INSTRUMENT THAT DETECTS THE ETHER WAVES BY WHICH WIRELESS MESSAGES ARE TRANSMITTED. THE UPPER ONE CONTAINS IRON FILINGS BETWEEN SILVER WIRES; THE LOWER ONE, STEEL BICYCLE BALLS.

with one of the knobs of the electrical machine and let a spark jump from the other knob or pole of the machine.

We have said that Benjamin Franklin had it in his power to send messages through the ether by means of his electrical machine. No one, however, in his time could receive them. Mankind was dumb, then, to electrical waves. The new part of the apparatus of wireless telegraphy is the receiving part; and this, too, is

herer employed in wireless telegraphy can also consist of carbon particles between the points of two wires which are connected to a battery. It is found better, however, to use metallic filings. Here are two coherers (Figure 2). One consists of bicycle balls between the wire terminals; another, the smaller, of iron filings between silver wires. The latter is the more sensitive one.

The electric waves, in falling on a ver-

tical wire connected to one of the wires of the coherer, disturb the arrangement of the metallic particles and modify the flow of a battery through the coherer. The action is analogous to that of the carbon transmitter in telephony, but the electric waves act instead of the human voice. Below is a diagram (Figure 3) of the apparatus reduced to its simpler form.

S is the sending spark, at the bottom of a vertical wire, like a lightning rod. The spark jumps to a rod connected to the ground.

C is the collection of metallic filings at the receiving station, connected also to a vertical wire. A is a battery which sends a current through the filings when the electric waves strike the vertical wire. This current excites a bell or sounder.

of metallic particles contained in a glass tube, with the terminals of an electric battery immersed in the particles. The electric waves cause an agitation of the particles, and the electric current from the battery, which could not previously get through the mass of particles, suddenly, in a mysterious manner, finds a ready passage. The analogy between the action of the human eye and the electric eye or coherer, as the collection of metallic particles is called, is very close. Both detect waves in the ether; the eye, however, can only see waves of about the fifty thousandth part of an inch long, while the coherer detects waves, in the case of wireless telegraphy, of about four feet in length. The action of the electrical current, which suddenly finds a pas-

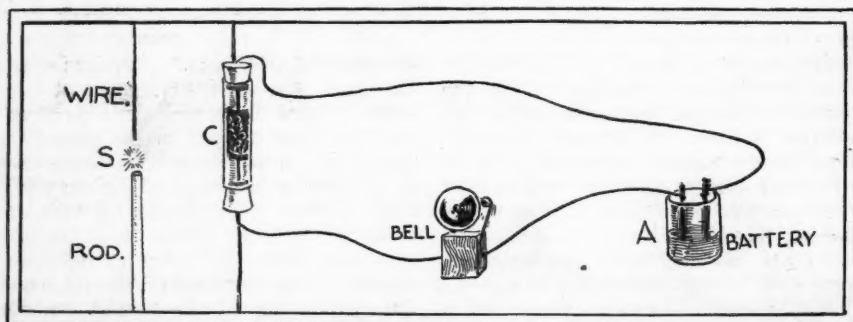


FIGURE 3—A DIAGRAM OF THE APPARATUS OF WIRELESS TELEGRAPHY REDUCED TO ITS SIMPLEST FORM. THE ELECTRIC SPARK (S) SENDS OUT ETHER WAVES WHICH ARE RECEIVED BY THE COHERER (C) AND CAUSE THE CURRENT FROM THE BATTERY (A) TO SOUND A BELL.

A mechanical apparatus is employed to tap the glass tube containing the metallic filings continually, in order to disturb any set arrangement, and to prepare them for impulses following each other.

The method employed in wireless telegraphy is not unlike that of flashing from a lighthouse to a ship off the coast. The light travels also by means of waves; these waves strike on the peculiar structure of the retina of the observer, and set in action mysterious nerve currents which announce or communicate the effect to the brain. In a similar manner, by wireless telegraphy, an electric spark or discharge is produced, and its effects travel by means of waves to a receiver, which may be called an electrical eye. Instead of the peculiar structure of the human eye—the rods and cones of the retina—the electrical eye consists, as I have said,

sage through the metallic particles in the glass tube, is singularly analogous to the nerve force in the human body. And this analogy leads us to reflect, too, upon the possibility in the future of telepathy.

Let us examine a little more closely the action of an electric spark. We will take a manifestation on a large scale—a lightning discharge. The spark used in wireless telegraphy does not differ in kind from such a discharge; but it is infinitely smaller, being not more than four or five inches in length, or even smaller, while a discharge of lightning may be many miles long. For ages thunder storms have announced their coming, hours before their arrival, by electric waves, which have failed to be received and interpreted except by some other than human mechanism. Here is an interesting experiment, which will enable



us to catch, so to speak, the warning of the thunder storm by means of a system of wireless telegraphy which is exactly similar in principle to that now employed by Marconi and others. The lightning spark is going to be our sender of electric waves, and our receiver will consist merely of two pointed screws put point to point at the end of a stick. Placing ourselves now in a perfectly dark room, having carefully adjusted the screws until the points are separated by the smallest possible interval, we may by means of a lens see minute sparks pass between the screw points as the thunder storm approaches. These sparks are the evidence of the electrical waves sent out by the distant lightning. They are the messages sent by it, received and interpreted by our eyes and the nerve force. We need now only the addition of a battery and a recording apparatus, to have a complete system of wireless telegraphy, which will announce the coming of a storm still below the horizon.

When the storm is overhead, the wireless telegraphy of lightning becomes a danger to life and property, for instead of minute sparks, which serve to conduct the current from a battery through electromagnets, in order to give us the clicks or sounds which we interpret, it sends powerful sparks several inches long from one electric light wire to another, and the powerful current which is feeding trolley wires or electric lamps, passes over the spark thus formed and causes fires.

The main point to be kept in mind in this subject of wireless telegraphy is the conductivity of an electric spark or discharge for a current of electricity—it can lead it anywhere—either for conveying intelligence or for exciting power. It is like the mysterious something in the retina, also excited by waves in the ether, which allows the nervous currents to cir-

culate and convey impressions to the human brain.

Figure 4 represents an apparatus for the study of the effect of lightning and electrical discharges in disturbing the ether of space and in causing electrical

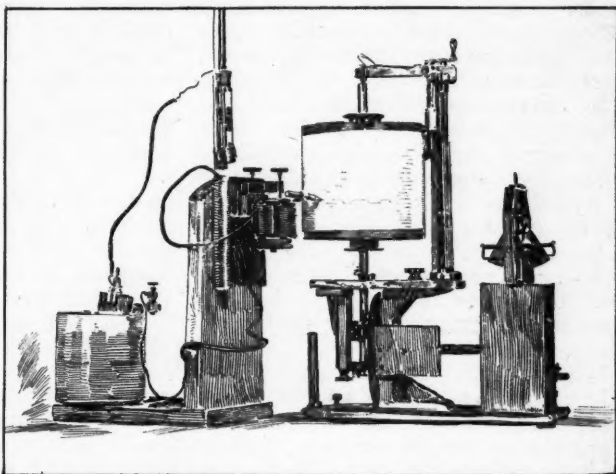


FIGURE 4—AN APPARATUS FOR THE STUDY OF LIGHTNING AND ELECTRICAL DISCHARGES IN CAUSING ETHER WAVES, WHICH ARE RECORDED BY A PEN ON A REVOLVING CYLINDER.

waves. A battery is suitably connected through a glass tube containing metallic filings, in which also is placed one end of a vertical wire. The battery current flows through the metallic filings when the electric waves strike them, and by means of an electromagnet moves a pen which is drawing a straight line on a revolving cylinder. The pen is drawn down by magnetic attraction when the current passes, and then flies back, urged by a spring. The arrangement is a simple magnetic printing arrangement; it will also print the Morse alphabet.

We have spoken confidently of magnetic waves and of their being generated with the lightning discharge or with any electric spark. How do we know that there are such waves? It is true that we cannot see the waves. We must accept mathematical reasoning and the results of carefully conducted physical experiments. It can be shown that the magnetic waves generated by means of electric sparks can be reflected by metallic surfaces and be refracted by prisms made of pitch, or of paraffin. A long series of experi-

ments demonstrate the existence of magnetic waves; and we can be said to feel as sure of their existence as we do of light waves, which we know can be reflected and bent out of their straight course, or refracted.

We can conceive, therefore, of the space around the electric spark as being filled with electric waves. The spark answers to the stone thrown into water, and the resulting ripples will represent the magnetic waves which spread out through the ether of space. The fall of a meteor of many tons in weight into the ocean might cause waves which could be detected fifty or sixty miles from the locality where it fell. The energy of a comparatively minute electrical spark can be detected at an equal distance, and we require to assume that its waves are propagated through a much lighter and rarer medium than water.

Just as in the case of ripples in water, the magnetic waves are sent out in all directions from the source of disturbance. A message, therefore, sent by wireless telegraphy, cannot at present be directed in a definite direction to the exclusion of other directions. Any one within a radius of fifty miles can receive it if he is provided with a receiving apparatus. Moreover, two or more messages sent from different stations interfere with each other and are confusing. At present wireless telegrams could not be sent at the same time from a station at Sandy Hook and from a station on Long Island to incoming ships. The messages would be inextricably confused. It is essential, therefore, in order that wireless telegraphy should have a more extended use, that some means should be devised to individualize and to direct the waves. It seems possible that this end might be reached by what is called resonance, or the electrical tuning of the coherer or receiver to the sending sparks.

It is interesting to note that a similar problem has existed in telephony and is yet unsolved—the problem of individual calls. When your neighbor is called up, as the phrase is, on the telephone line, you are also called, unless your wire is disconnected from the circuit. The problem in the case of the telephone should be more easily solved than in the case of wireless telegraphy, for there is certainly more direction of the magnetic effect,

and the electrical energy at command is more considerable. Very little advance, however, has been made toward this much desired end—the success has only been partial.

The only promising method for wireless telegraphy seems to be the method of resonance. This method has many illustrations in the subject of sound. A violinist, for instance, by striking a certain note can call a response from a pianoforte string tuned to the same note. In the case of telephony the same method has been tried; a note sounded by a tuning fork has been sent over the line in the hope of exciting a similar tuning fork at the receiving end, the individual note thus passing by your neighbor's calling arrangement and selecting only your own. Unfortunately, largely on account of the difficulty of transmitting the note pure and of full strength, the method is not a success.

The difficulty of the perfect transmission of musical notes and perfect human speech over wires resides to a great extent in the use of the wire; for the rude material of the wire may be said to clog the delicate impulses communicated by the voice to the extremely impressionable air. In dispensing with the wire, and in using the still more mobile ether, we can avoid this clogging action of telegraph and telephone wires; but we meet with greater difficulties at both the sending and the receiving end. Each sending spark oscillates several hundred thousand times a second. It is not a single spark, as it appears to the eye, but it is made up of perhaps ten or twelve, which oscillate to and fro, the rate of oscillation or vibration being some hundreds of thousands a second. This gives a very high note; for the highest rate of vibration reached in conversation is not more than one thousand a second. We have to depend upon the rate of vibration of the spark; for there is no mechanical arrangement which will produce suitable sparks with a definite rate of vibration.

Furthermore, the difficulty of producing suitable sparks can be overcome more readily than the difficulty of making a suitable receiver. In the case of the coherer, we are dealing with an instrument extremely capricious and sensitive. Its action depends upon a species of bridging over from one metallic particle

to another, in order to allow the relay electric current to flow through the receiving instrument. A very slight electrical impulse is sufficient to cause this cohering of the metallic particles. The first electrical impulse may be sufficient to effect it, irrespective of the properly tuned train of magnetic waves which should constitute an individual call. A very careful adjustment is needed to keep the coherer in tune with the sending spark, and this adjustment has at present not been practically attained. The little world, therefore, within a radius of forty or fifty miles, would pick up our message, or could prevent our sending an intelligible one. In the case of a war, if an enemy suspected the use of wireless telegraphy, he would need only to set up a sparking machine to disturb the surrounding ether with tumultuous magnetic waves.

Most of us feel that a method will be discovered to make both telephony and wireless telegraphy secret. What mankind greatly desires often seems to be given it—the desire, for instance, to be rapidly transported from place to place, the wish to talk with distant friends, the longing to have counterfeit presentments of friends. It may be that some form of receiver of electric waves may be discovered which will respond only to a particular sender.

Another serious limit to the practical use of the system of wireless telegraphy is the reflection of the waves by the earth's surface. The curvature of the earth limits our horizon at sea to a comparatively narrow radius. From a tall mast head we can see much further. In a similar manner the curvature affects

the transmission of magnetic waves. We see, therefore, why Marconi elevates his sending wire and his receiving wire on poles. In order to telegraph across the Atlantic Ocean by the present method,



WILLIAM MARCONI, THE ANGLO ITALIAN ELECTRICIAN, WHO HAS BEEN A PIONEER IN APPLYING WIRELESS TELEGRAPHY TO PRACTICAL USES.

poles many miles high would have to be used.

In the case of signaling by means of the flashing of lights there is an absorption of the light waves by the atmosphere. In the case of the magnetic waves there does not seem to be an appreciable loss from this cause. Messages can be sent, for instance, through fogs; there is, however, a frittering away of the waves due to the effect of the surface of the earth and its electrical charge. Marconi's principal contribution to the subject of wireless telegraphy is his recognition of the fact that the magnetic waves should be sent out in a gliding manner, much as a flat stone is skipped over the surface of placid water. He therefore places the sending wire in a vertical position. If it

had been placed horizontally, the waves, which are generated in planes perpendicular to the direction of the spark, would have impinged upon the earth, just as a skipping stone would have its forward motion impeded.

The question now arises, cannot a relay be invented, which, like the telegraphic relay, will send the magnetic waves farther? In the case of the telegraphic relay we are dealing with what may be termed a coarse application of electricity. The methods used in ordinary telegraphy may be compared to the beating of barbaric tomtoms, while the art of telephony and the use of magnetic waves are more analogous to the music of cultivated nations. In telegraphy, we can send an unlimited amount of electrical energy, and we can employ an unlimited number of relays, to boost, so to speak, the fading energy into renewed activity. All we need is the production of audible taps. In the case of telephony, we need the reanimation of the multitude of vibrations of the human voice, with all its delicate harmonies and shades of inflection. No suitable telephonic relay has come yet into practical use. The increase in the distance that can be covered is due merely to improved conductors and more powerful transmitters.

In one sense, the present system of wireless telegraphy may be said to be a species of relay. We employ a battery whose energy is applied by the feeble magnetic waves setting the magnetic particles of the coherer in action, so that they bridge over the space between them, and allow the energy of the battery to cause an electric instrument to respond

to the impulses of the waves. The resulting message cannot be sent farther through the ether, by means of the energy of the battery, without the employment of wires; and the system then ceases to be wireless telegraphy.

Our imagination fails to conceive of a system of relays for wireless telegraphy. We are led, therefore, to think of a more powerful method of generating the waves, and to surmise whether they cannot be sent through the material of the earth instead of over its surface. In the case of light waves we know that this is impossible. Magnetic waves, on the other hand, pass through brick walls and hills apparently unimpeded. What is to prevent our sending wireless messages to China directly through the solid mass of the earth?

There is certainly one objection. If the waves should strike an extended deposit of metal they would be reflected back. We might, therefore, get nothing more than an unintelligible murmur of some great barrier of iron or even gold, unintelligible because it bears no hint of distances, or of kind or degree.

In wireless telegraphy we have a marvelous process analogous to that of sight. The human eye is a species of coherer far more delicate than a collection of metallic filings in a glass tube; the brain is more complicated than any electrical recording apparatus; the nervous current is as mysterious as the electrical current. Our imagination tempts us to connect these two mysteries in close relationship, and in the many hints which wireless telegraphy gives of this is its most interesting aspect.

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#### IMMORTALITY.

ACROSS the strings the fingers sweep;  
The chords resound. Vibrations deep  
Circle widening into space  
Till no echo leaves a trace.  
All is still. No mortal ear  
Evermore that strain shall hear.

But in regions where the star  
Toward which myriad systems are  
Curving in their æon flight,  
Shines with pure, supernal light,  
The deathless spirit shall attain  
To music's dream of joy or pain.

*Tudor Jenks.*



# THE ISLE OF UNREST

By *Henry Seton Merriman.*



THE AUTHOR OF "THE SOWERS" AND "IN KEDAR'S TENTS" LAYS THE SCENE OF HIS NEW NOVEL IN CORSICA, AN ALMOST UNEXPLORED LITERARY FIELD, AND ONE THAT IS FULL OF THE PICTURESQUE, THE ROMANTIC, AND THE ADVENTUROUS — MR. MERRIMAN HOLDS A UNIQUE PLACE IN CONTEMPORARY FICTION, AND "THE ISLE OF UNREST" IS A STRONG AND STRIKING STORY WHICH WILL ADD TO HIS REPUTATION.

## I.

The Moving Finger writes; and having writ,  
Moves on: nor all thy piety nor wit  
Shall lure it back to cancel half a line,  
Nor all thy tears wash out a word of it.

THE afternoon sun was lowering towards a heavy bank of clouds that lay still and sullen over the Mediterranean, despite the mistral that was blowing. The last yellow rays shone fiercely upon the towering coast of Corsica, and the windows of the village of Olmeta glittered like gold.

There are two Olmetas in Corsica—both in the north, both on the west coast, both perched high like an eagle's nest, both looking down upon those lashed waters of the Mediterranean, which are not the waters that poets sing of; for they are as often white as they are blue; they are seldom glassy except in the height of summer, and sailors tell that they are as treacherous as any waters of the earth. Neither aneroid nor weather wisdom may, as a matter of fact, tell when a mistral will arise, how it will blow, how veer, how drop and rise and drop again. For it will blow one day beneath a cloudless sky, lashing the whole sea white like milk, and blow harder tomorrow under racing clouds.

The great chestnut trees in and around Olmeta groaned and strained in the grip of their lifelong foe. The small door, the tiny windows, of every house were rigorously closed. The whole place had a wind swept air, despite the heavy foliage. Even the roads, and notably the broad "Place," had been swept clean and dustless. And in the middle of the Place, between the fountain and the church steps, a man lay dead upon his face.

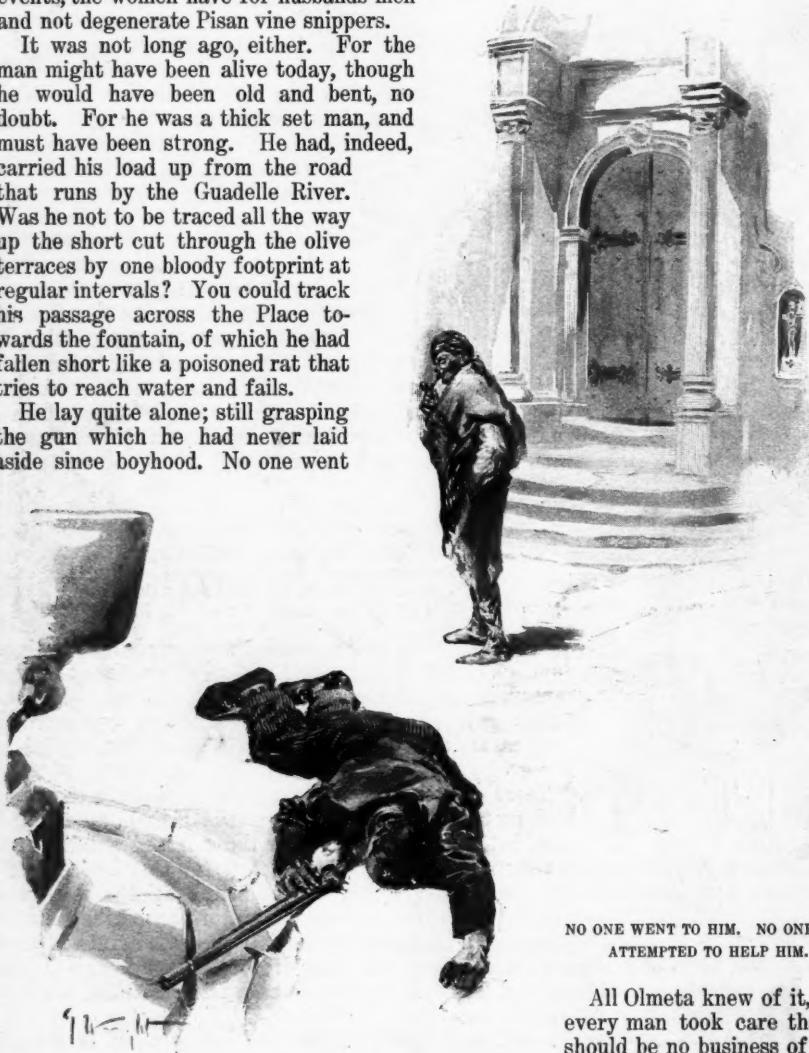
It is as well to state here, once for all, that we are dealing with Olmeta-di-Tuda and not that other Olmeta, the virtuous, di Capocorso, in fact, which would shudder at the very thought of a dead man lying on its Place, before the windows of the

very Mairie, under the shadow of the church. For Cap Corse is the good boy of Corsica, where men think sorrowfully of the wilder communes to the south, and raise their eyebrows at the very mention of Corte and Sartene—where, at all events, the women have for husbands men and not degenerate Pisan vine snippers.

It was not long ago, either. For the man might have been alive today, though he would have been old and bent, no doubt. For he was a thick set man, and must have been strong. He had, indeed, carried his load up from the road that runs by the Guadelle River. Was he not to be traced all the way up the short cut through the olive terraces by one bloody footprint at regular intervals? You could track his passage across the Place towards the fountain, of which he had fallen short like a poisoned rat that tries to reach water and fails.

He lay quite alone; still grasping the gun which he had never laid aside since boyhood. No one went

be ashamed to shoot the merest beast of the forest. It was as likely as not a charge of buckshot low down in the body, and the man who fired it had left the rest to hemorrhage or gangrene.



NO ONE WENT TO HIM. NO ONE HAD  
ATTEMPTED TO HELP HIM.

to him. No one had attempted to help him. He lay as he had fallen, with a thin stream of blood running slowly from one trouser leg. For this was Corsican work—that is to say, dirty work—from behind a rock, in the back, at close range, without warning or mercy, as honest men would

All Olmeta knew of it, and every man took care that it should be no business of his. Several had approached, pipe in mouth, and looked at the dead man without comment; but all had gone away again, idly—indifferently. For in this the most beautiful of the islands, human life is held cheaper than in any land of Europe.

Some one, it was understood, had gone

to tell the gendarmes down at St. Florent. There was no need to send and tell his wife—half a dozen women were racing through the olive groves to get the first taste of that. Perhaps some one had gone towards Oletta to meet the Abbé Susini, whose business this in a way must be.

"accident," as it is here called, to Pietro Andrei, and had not seen him crawl up to Olmeta to die. Indeed, Pietro Andrei's death seemed to be nobody's business, though we are told that not so much as a sparrow may fall unheeded.

The Abbé Susini was coming now—a



SHE KNELT BY THE DEAD MAN'S SIDE.

The sun suddenly dipped behind the heavy bank of clouds, and the mountains darkened. Although it lies in the very center of the Mediterranean, Corsica is a gloomy land, and the summits of her high mountains are more often covered than clear. It is a land of silence and brooding quiet. The women are seldom gay; the men in their heavy clothes of dark corduroy have little to say for themselves. Some of them were standing now in the shadow of the great trees, smoking their pipes in silence and looking with a studied indifference at nothing. Each was prepared to swear before a jury at the Bastia assizes that he knew nothing of the

little, fiery man with the walk of one who was slightly bowlegged, though his cassock naturally concealed this defect. He was small and not too broad, with a narrow face and clean, straight features: something of the Spaniard, something of the

Greek—nothing Italian, nothing French. In a word, this was a Corsican, which is to say that he was different from any other European race, and would, as sure as there is corn in Egypt, be overbearing, masterful—impossible. He was, of course, clean shaven, as brown as old oak, with flashing, small black eyes. His cassock was a good one, and his hat, though dusty, shapely and new. But his whole bearing threw, as it were, into the observer's face the suggestion that the habit does not make the priest.

He came forward without undue haste, and displayed little surprise and no horror whatever.

"Quite like old times," he said to himself, remembering the days of Louis Philippe. He knelt down beside the dead man, and perhaps the attitude reminded him of his calling; for he fell to praying and made the gesture of the cross over Andrei's head. Then suddenly he leaped to his feet and shook his lean fist out towards the valley and St. Florent, as if he knew whence this trouble came.

"Provided they would keep their work in their own commune," he cried, "instead of bringing disgrace on a parish that has not had the gendarmes this—this—"

"Three days," added one of the bystanders who had drawn near. And he said it with a certain pride, as of one well pleased to belong to a truly virtuous community.

But the priest was not listening. He had already turned aside in his quick, jerky way; for he was a comparatively young man. He was looking through the olives towards the south.

"It is the women," he said; and his face suddenly hardened. He was an impulsive man, it appeared—quick to feel for others; fiery in his anger, hasty in his judgment.

From the direction in which he and the bystanders looked came the hum of many voices, and the high, incessant shrieks of one who seemed demented. Presently a confused procession appeared from the direction of the south, hurrying through the narrow street now called the Rue Carnot. It was headed by a woman who led a little child, running and stumbling as he ran. At her heels a number of women hurried confusedly, shouting, moaning, and wailing. The men stood waiting for them in dead silence—a characteristic

scene. The leading woman seemed to be superior to her neighbors; for she wore a black silk handkerchief on her head instead of a white or colored cotton. It is almost a mantilla, and marks as clear a social distinction in Corsica as does that head dress in Spain. She dragged at the child and scarce turned her head when he fell and scrambled as best he could to his feet. He laughed and crowed with delight, remembering last year's carnival with that startling, photographic memory of early childhood, which never forgets.

At every few steps the woman gave a shriek as if she were suffering some intermittent agony which caught her at regular intervals. At the sight of the crowd, she gave a quick cry of despair and ran forward, leaving her child sprawling on the road. She knelt by the dead man's side with shriek after shriek and seemed to lose all control over herself, for she gave way to those strange gestures of despair of which many read in novels and a few in the Scriptures, and which come as if by instinct to those who have no reading at all. She dragged the handkerchief from her head and threw it over her face. She beat her breast. She beat the very ground with her clenched hands. Her little boy, having gathered his belongings together and dusted his cotton frock, now came forward and stood watching her with his fingers at his mouth. He took it to be a game which he did not understand—as, indeed, it was: the game of life.

The priest scratched his chin with his forefinger, which was probably a habit with him when puzzled, and stood looking down at the ground.

It was he, however, who moved first, and stooping, loosed the clenched fingers round the gun. It was a double barreled gun at full cock, and every man in the little crowd assembled carried one like it. To this day, if one meets a man even in the streets of Corte or Ajaccio who carries no gun, it may be presumed that it is only because he pins greater faith on a revolver.

Neither hammer had fallen, and the *abbé* gave a little nod. It was, it seemed, the usual thing to make quite sure before shooting, so that there may be no unnecessary waste of powder or risk of reprisal. The woman looked at the gun, too, and knew the meaning of the raised hammers.

She leaped to her feet and looked round at the sullen faces.



"And some of you know who did it," she said; "and you will help the murderer when he goes to the *macquis*, and take him food and tell him when the gendarmes are hunting him."

She waved her hand fiercely towards the mountains which loomed, range behind range, dark and forbidding to the south, towards Calvi and Corte. But the men only shrugged their shoulders; for the forest and the mountain brushwood were no longer the refuge they used to be in this the last year of the iron rule of Napoleon III, who, whether he possessed or not the Corsican blood that his foes deny him, knew, at all events, how to rule Corsica better than any man before or since.

"No, no," said the priest soothingly; "those days are gone. He will be taken and justice will be done."

But he spoke without conviction, almost as if he had no faith in this vaunted regeneration of a people whose history is a story of endless strife—as if he could see with a prophetic eye thirty years into the future, down to the present day, when the last state of that land is worse than the first.

"Justice!" cried the woman. "There is no justice in Corsica. What had Pietro done that he should lie there? Only his duty—only that for which he was paid. He was the Peruccas' agent, and because he made the idlers pay their rent, they threatened him. Because he put up fences, they raised their guns to him. Because he stopped their thieving and their lawlessness, they shot him. He drove their cattle from the fields because they were Perucca's fields and he was paid to watch his master's interests. But Perucca they dare not touch, because his clan is large and would hunt the murderer down. If he was caught, the Peruccas would make sure of the jury—aye, and of the judge at Bastia—but Pietro is not of Corsica, he has no friends and no clan, so justice is not for him."

She knelt down again as she spoke, and laid her hand on her dead husband's back, but she made no attempt to move him. For although Pietro Andrei was an Italian, his wife was Corsican—a woman of Bonifacio, that grim town on a rock so often



SHE HASTILY SMEARED THE BLOOD OVER THE CHILD'S FACE.

besieged and never yet taken by a fair fight. She had been brought up in, as it were, an atmosphere of conventional lawlessness, and knew that it is well not to touch a dead man till the gendarmes have seen him; but to send a child or an old woman to the gendarmerie and then to stand aloof and know nothing and feign stupidity, so that the officials, when they arrive, may find the whole village at work in the fields or sitting in their homes, while the dead, who can tell no tales, suddenly seems to have few friends and no enemies whatever.

Then Andrei's widow rose slowly to her feet. Her face was composed now and set. She arranged the black silk handkerchief on her head and set her dress in order. She was calm and quiet.

"But see," she said, looking round into eyes that failed to meet her own, "in this

country each man must execute his own justice. It has always been so, and it will be so, so long as there are any Corsicans left. And if there is no man left, then the women must do it. Come here," she added, turning to the child and lapsing into the soft dialect of the south and east, "come here, thou child of Andrei's."

The child came forward. He was probably two years old, and understood nothing that was passing.

"See here, you of Olmeta," she said composedly; and, stooping down, she dipped her finger in the

your own mother did it to you at Sartene, where you come from."

The *abbé* made no answer, but, taking the child by the arm, dragged him gently



"IT IS MATTEI—THE DRIVER OF THE ST. FLORENT DILIGENCE."

pool of blood that had collected in the dust. "See here—and here."

As she spoke, she hastily smeared the blood over the child's face and dragged him quickly away from the priest, who had stepped forward.

"No, no," he protested. "Those times are past."

"Past?" said the woman, with a flash of fury. "All the country knows that

away from his mother. With his other hand he sought in his pocket for a handkerchief. But he was a lone man, without a housekeeper, and the handkerchief was missing. The child looked from one to the other, laughing uncertainly, with his grimly decorated face.

Then the priest stooped, and with the skirt of his cassock wiped the child's face imperfectly.

"There," he said to the woman, "take him home—for I hear the gendarmes coming."



Indeed, the trotting of horses, and the clank of the long, swinging sabers, could be heard on the road below the village, and one by one the onlookers dropped away, leaving the Abbé Susini alone at the foot of the church steps.

## II.

*"Comme on est heureux quand on sait ce qu'on veut!"*

It was the dinner hour at the Hotel Clément at Bastia; and the event was of greater importance than the outward appearance of the house would seem to promise. For there is no promise whatever about the house on the left hand side of Bastia's one street, the Boulevard du Palais, which bears as its only sign a battered lamp with the word "Clément" printed across it. The ground floor is merely a rope and hemp warehouse. A small Corsican donkey, no bigger than a Newfoundland dog, lives in the basement, and passes many of his waking hours in what may be termed the entrance hall of the hotel, appearing to consider himself in some sort a *concierge*. The upper floors of the huge Genoese house are let out in large or small apartments to mysterious families, of which the younger members are always to be met carrying jugs up and down the greasy staircase.

The first floor is the Hotel Clément, or, to be more correct, one is "*chez Clément*" on the first floor.

"You stay with Clément," will be the natural remark of any on board the Marseilles or Leghorn steamer, on being told that the traveler disembarks at Bastia.

"We shall meet tonight, *chez Clément*," the officers say to one another, on leaving the parade ground at four o'clock.



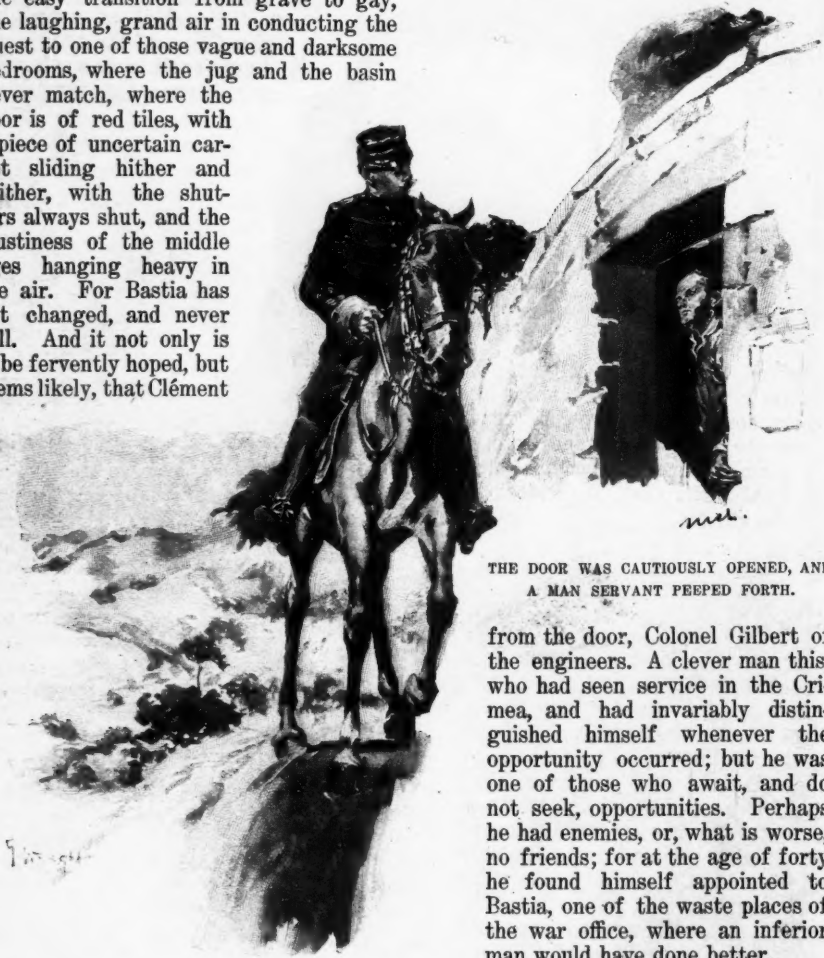
"HÉ, MON AMI! YOU HAVE, I IMAGINE, DROPPED THIS LETTER."

"*Déjeuner chez Clément*," is the usual ending to a notice of a marriage or a first communion in the *Petit Bastiais*, that greatest of all foolscap size journals.

It is comforting to reflect, in these times of hurried change, that the traveler to Bastia may still find himself *chez Clément*—may still have to kick at the

closed door of the first floor flat, and find that door opened by Clément himself, always affable, always gentlemanly, with the same crumbs strewn carelessly down the same waistcoat, or, if it is evening time, in his spotless cook's dress. One may be sure of the same grave welcome, and the easy transition from grave to gay, the laughing, grand air in conducting the guest to one of those vague and darksome bedrooms, where the jug and the basin never match, where the floor is of red tiles, with a piece of uncertain carpet sliding hither and thither, with the shutters always shut, and the mustiness of the middle ages hanging heavy in the air. For Bastia has not changed, and never will. And it not only is to be fervently hoped, but seems likely, that Clément

habitues were in their places at one or other of the half dozen tables that fill the room—two gentlemen from the prefecture, a civil engineer of the projected railway to Corte, a commercial traveler of the old school, and, at the corner table, farthest



THE DOOR WAS CAUTIOUSLY OPENED, AND A MAN SERVANT PEEPED FORTH.

from the door, Colonel Gilbert of the engineers. A clever man this, who had seen service in the Crimea, and had invariably distinguished himself whenever the opportunity occurred; but he was one of those who await, and do not seek, opportunities. Perhaps he had enemies, or, what is worse, no friends; for at the age of forty he found himself appointed to Bastia, one of the waste places of the war office, where an inferior man would have done better.

Colonel Gilbert was a handsome man, with a fair mustache, a high forehead, surmounted by thin, receding, smooth hair, and good natured, idle eyes. He lunched and dined *chez Clément* always, and was frankly, good naturedly bored at Bastia. He hated Corsica, had no sympathy with the Corsicans, and was a northern Frenchman to the tips of his long white fingers.

"Your Bastia, my good Clément," he said to the host, who invariably came to

will never grow old, and never die, but may continue to live and demonstrate the startling fact that one may be born and live all one's life in a remote, forgotten town, and still be a man of the world.

The soup had been served precisely at six, and the four artillery officers were already seated at the square table, near the fireplace, which was and is still exclusively the artillery table. The other



the diningroom with the roast and solicited the opinion of each guest upon the dinner, in a few tactful, easy words, "your Bastia is a sad place."

This evening Colonel Gilbert was in a less talkative mood than usual, and exchanged only a nod with his artillery colleagues as he passed to his own small table. He opened his newspaper, and became interested in it at once. It was several days old, and had come by way of Nice and Ajaccio from Paris. All France was at this time eager for news, and every Frenchman studied the journal of his choice with that uneasiness which seems to foreshadow in men's hearts the approach of any great event. For this was the spring of 1870, when France, under the hitherto iron rule of her adventurer emperor, suddenly began to plunge and rear, while the nations stood around her wondering who should receive the first kick. The emperor was ill; the cheaper journals were already talking of his funeral. He was uneasy and restless, turning those dull eyes hither and thither over Europe—a man of inscrutable face and deep hidden plans—perhaps the greatest adventurer who ever sat a throne. Condemned by a French Court of Peers in 1840 to imprisonment for life, he went to Ham with the quiet question, "But how long does perpetuity last in France?" And eight years later he was absolute master of the country.

Corsica in particular was watching events, for Corsica was cowed; she had come under the rule of this despot, and for the first time in her history had found her master. Instead of being numbered by hundreds as they were before, and are again now at the end of the century, the outlaws hiding in the mountains scarce exceeded a score. The elections were conducted more honestly than had ever been before, and the continental newspapers spoke hopefully of the dawn of civilization showing itself among a people who have ever been lawless, have ever loved war better than peace.

"But it is a false dawn," said the Abbé Susini of Olmeta, himself an insatiable reader of newspapers, a keen and ardent politician. Like the majority of Corsicans, he was a staunch Bonapartist, and held that the founder of that marvelous dynasty was the greatest man to walk this earth since the days of divine inspiration.

It was only because Napoleon III was a Bonaparte that Corsica endured his tyranny—perhaps, indeed, tyranny and an iron rule suited better than equity or tolerance a people descended from the most ancient of the fighting races, speaking a tongue wherein occur expressions of hate and strife that are Tuscan, Sicilian, Greek, Spanish, and Arabic.

Now that the emperor's hand was losing its grip on the helm, there were many in Corsica keenly alive to the fact that any disturbance in France would probably lead to anarchy in the turbulent island. There were even some who saw a hidden motive in the appointment of Colonel Gilbert as engineer officer to a fortified place that had no need of his services.

Gilbert himself probably knew that his appointment had been made in pursuance of the emperor's policy of road and rail. For Corsica was to be opened up by a railway, and would have none of it. And though today the railway from Bastia to Ajaccio is at last open, the station at Corte remains a fortified place with a loop-holed wall around it.

But Colonel Gilbert kept his own counsel. He sat, indeed, on the board of the struggling railway—a gift of the French government to a department which has never paid its way, has always been an open wound. But he never spoke there, and listened to the fierce speeches of the local members with his idle, easy smile. He seemed to stand aloof from his few neighbors and their insular interests. He was, it appeared, a cultured man, and perhaps found none in this wild island who could understand his thoughts. His attitude towards his surroundings was, in a word, the usual indifferent attitude of the Frenchman in exile, reading only French newspapers, fixing his attention only on France, and awaiting, with such patience as he could command, the moment to return thither.

"Any news?" asked one of the artillery officers—a sublieutenant recently attached to his battery, a penniless possessor of a historic name, who perhaps had dreams of carving his way through to the front again.

The colonel shrugged his shoulders.

"You may have the papers afterwards," he said; for it was not wise to discuss any news whatever in a public place at that time. "See you at the *Réunion*, no doubt."

And he did not speak again except to

Clément, who came round to take the opinion of each guest upon the fare provided.

"Passable," said the colonel. "Passable, my good Clément. But do you know I could send you to prison for providing this excellent leveret at this time of year? Are there no game laws, my friend?"

But Clément only laughed and spread out his hands; for Corsica chooses to ignore the game laws. And the colonel, having finished his coffee, buckled on his sword and went out into the twilight streets of what was once the capital of Corsica. Bastia, like the majority of men and women, has its history written on its face. On the high land above the old port stands the citadel, just as the Genoese merchant adventurers planned it five hundred years ago. Beneath the citadel, and clustered round the port, is the little old Genoese town, no bigger than a village, which served for two hundred and fifty years as capital to an island in constant war, against which it had always to defend itself.

It would seem that some hundred years ago, just before the island became nominally a French possession, Bastia, for some reason or another, took it into its municipal head to grow, and it ran, as it were, all down the hill to that which is now the new harbor. It built two broad streets of tall Genoese houses, of which one somehow missed fire and became a slum, while the other, with its great houses but half inhabited, is today the Boulevard du Palais where fashionable Bastia promenades itself when it is too windy—as it almost always is—to walk on the Place St. Nicholas, where all the shops are, and where the modern European necessities of daily life are not to be bought for love or money.

There are, however, two excellent knife shops in the Boulevard du Palais, where every description of stiletto may be purchased, where, indeed, the enterprising may buy a knife which will not only go shrewdly into a foe, but come right out on the other side—in front, that is to say, for no true Corsican is so foolish as to stab anywhere but in the back; and protruding thus will display some pleasing legend such as "Vendetta" or "I serve my master" or "*Viva Corsica*" roughly engraved on the long blade. There is a macaroni warehouse. There are two of those mysterious Mediterranean provision

warehouses with some ancient dried sausages hanging in the window, and either doorpost flanked by a tub of sardines, highly, and yet it would seem insufficiently, cured. There is a tiny bookshop, displaying a choice of religious pamphlets and a fly blown copy of a treatise on viniculture. And, finally, an ironmonger who will sell you anything but a bath, while he thrives on a lively trade in caps and gunpowder.

Colonel Gilbert did not pause to look at these bewildering shop windows, for the simple reason that he knew every article there displayed.

He was, it will be remembered, a leisuredly Frenchman; and there are few human beings of a more easily aroused attention. Any small street incident sufficed to make him pause. He had the air of one waiting for a train, who knows that it will not come for hours yet. He strolled down the Boulevard, smoking a cigarette, and presently turned to the right, emerging with head raised to meet the sea breeze upon that deserted promenade, the Place St. Nicholas.

Here he paused and stood with his head slightly inclined to one side—an attitude usually considered to be indicative of the artistic temperament—and admired the prospect. The Place was deserted, and in the middle the great statue of Napoleon stood staring blankly across the sea towards Elba. There is, whether the artist intended it or not, a look of stony amazement on this marble face as it gazes at the island of Elba lying pink and hazy a few miles across that rippled sea; for on this side of Corsica there is more peace than in the open waters of the Gulf of Lyons.

"Surely," that look seems to say, "the world could never expect that puny island to hold me!"

Colonel Gilbert stood and looked dreamily across the sea. It was plain to the most incompetent observer that the statue represented one class of men—those who make their opportunities; while Gilbert, with his high and slightly receding forehead, his lazy eyes and good natured mouth, was a fair type of that other class, which may take advantage of opportunities that offer themselves. The majority of men have not even the pluck to do that—which makes it easy for mediocre people to get on in this world.

Colonel Gilbert turned on his heel and walked slowly back to the *Réunion des Officiers*, the military club which stands on the Place St. Nicholas immediately behind the statue of Napoleon—a not too lively place of entertainment, with a billiard room, a reading room, and half a dozen iron tables and chairs on the pavement in front of the house. Here the colonel seated himself, called for a liqueur, and sat watching a young moon rise from the sea beyond the islet of Capraja.

It was the month of February, and the southern spring was already in the air. The twilight is short in these latitudes, and it was now nearly night. In Corsica, as in Spain, the coolest hour is between sunset and nightfall. With complete darkness there seems to come a warm air from the ground. This was now beginning to make itself felt, but Gilbert had not only the pavement but the whole Place St. Nicholas to himself. There are two reasons why Corsicans do not walk abroad at night—the risk of a chill and the risk of meeting one's enemy.

Colonel Gilbert gave no thought to these matters, but sat with crossed legs and one spurred heel thrown out, contentedly waiting, as if for a train which he must assuredly catch, or for that opportunity, perhaps, which was so long in coming that he no longer seemed to look for it. And while he sat there a man came clanking from the town—a tired man with heavy feet and the iron heels of the laborer. He passed Colonel Gilbert, and then, seeming to have recognized him by the light of the moon, paused and came back.

"*Monsieur le colonel?*" he said, without raising his hand to his hat, as a Frenchman would have done.

"Yes," replied the colonel's pleasant voice, without any ring of recognition in it.

"It is Mattei—the driver of the St. Florent diligence," explained the man, who indeed carried his badge of office, a long whip.

"Of course—but I recognized you almost at once," said the colonel, with that friendliness which is so noticeable in the republic today.

"You have seen me on the road often enough," said the man, "and I have seen you, *Monsieur le colonel*, riding over to the Casa Perucca."

"Of course."

"You know Perucca's agent, Pietro Andrei?"

"Yes."

"He was shot in the back on the Olmeta Road this afternoon."

Colonel Gilbert gave a slight start.

"Is that so?" he said at length, quietly, after a pause.

"Yes," said the diligence driver; and without further comment he walked on, keeping well in the middle of the road, as it is wise to do when one has enemies.

### III.

*"L'intrigue c'est tromper son homme; l'habileté c'est faire qu'il se trompe lui-même."*

FOR an idle minded man, Colonel Gilbert was early astir the next morning, and rode out of the town soon after sunrise, following the Vescovato Road, and chatting pleasantly enough with the workers already on foot and in saddle on their way to the great plain of Biguglia, where men may labor all day, though if they spend so much as one night there must surely die. For the eastern coast of Corsica consists of a series of level plains where malarial fever is as rife as in any African swamp, and the traveler may ride through a fertile land where eucalyptus and palm grow amid the vineyards, and yet no human being may live there after sunset. The laborer goes forth to his work in the morning accompanied by his dog, carrying the ubiquitous double barreled gun at full cock, and returns in the evening to his mountain village, where at all events he may breathe God's air without fear.

The colonel turned to the right a few miles out, following the road which leads straight to that mountain wall which divides all Corsica into the "near" and the "far" side, into two peoples, speaking a different dialect, following slightly different customs, and only finding themselves united in the presence of a common foe. The road mounts steadily, and this February morning had broken gray and cloudy, so that the colonel found himself in the mists that hang over these mountains during the spring months, long before he reached the narrow entrance to the grim and soundless Lancone Defile. The heavy clouds had nestled down the mountains, covering them like a huge thickness of wet cotton wool. The road, which is

little more than a mule path, is cut in the face of the rock, and far below the river runs musically down to Lake Biguglia. The colonel rode alone, though he could perceive another traveler on the winding road in front of him—a peasant in dark clothes with a huge felt hat, astride on a little active Corsican horse—sure of foot, quick and nervous, as fiery as the men of this strange land.

The defile is narrow—the road a mere ledge on a stupendous wall of rock, and the sun rarely warms the river that runs through cool depths where the foot of man can never have trodden since God fashioned this earth. Colonel Gilbert was, it would appear, accustomed to solitude. Perhaps he had known it so well during his sojourn in this island of silence and solitude, that he had fallen a victim to its dangerous charms, and, being indolent by nature, had discovered that it is less trouble to be alone than to cultivate the society of man.

The Lancone Defile has to this day an evil name. It is not wise to pass through it alone, for some have entered one end never to emerge at the other. Colonel Gilbert pressed his heavy charger, and gained rapidly on the horseman in front of him. When he was within two hundred yards of him, at the highest part of the pass and through the narrow defile, he sought in the inner pocket of his tunic (for in those days French officers possessed no other clothes than their uniform) and produced a letter. He examined it, crumpled it between his fingers, and rubbed it across his dusty knee, so that it looked old and travel stained at once. Then, with the letter in his hand, he put spurs to his horse and galloped after the horseman in front of him. The man turned almost at once in his saddle, as if care rode behind him there.

"*Hé, mon ami!*" cried the colonel, holding the letter high above his head. "You have, I imagine, dropped this letter," he added, as he approached the other, who now awaited him.

"Where? No—but I have dropped no letter. Where was it? On the road?"

"Down there," answered the colonel, pointing back with his whip and handing over the letter with a final air as if it were no affair of his.

"Perucca," read the man slowly, in the manner of one having small dealings with

pens and paper, "Mattei Perucca—at Olmeta."

"Ah," said the colonel, lighting a cigarette. He had apparently not troubled to read the address on the envelope.

In such a thinly populated country as Corsica, faces are of higher import than in crowded cities where types are mingled and individuality soon fades. The colonel had already recognized this man as of Olmeta—one of those, perhaps, who had stood smoking on the Place there when Pietro Andrei crawled towards the fountain and failed to reach it.

"I am going to Olmeta," said the man, "and you also, perhaps."

"No, I am exercising my horse, as you see. I shall turn to the left at the crossroads, and go towards Murato. I may come round by Olmeta later—if I lose my way."

The man smiled grimly. In Corsica men rarely laugh.

"You will not do that. You know this country too well. You are the officer connected with the railway. I have seen you looking through your instruments at the earth, in the mountains, in the rocks, and down in the plains—everywhere."

"It is my work," answered the colonel, tapping with his whip the gold lace on his sleeve. "One must do what one is ordered."

The other shrugged his shoulders, not seeming to think that necessary. They rode on in silence, which was only broken from time to time by the colonel, who asked harmless questions as to the names of the mountain summits now appearing through the riven clouds, or the course of the rivers, or the ownership of the wild and rocky land. At the crossroads they parted.

"I am returning to Olmeta," said the peasant, as they neared the sign post, "and will send that letter up to the Casa Perucca by one of my children. I wonder——" He paused and, taking the letter from his jacket pocket, turned it curiously in his hand. "I wonder what is in it."

The colonel shrugged his shoulders and turned his horse's head. It was, it appeared, no business of his to inquire what the letter contained, or to care whether it be delivered or not. Indeed, he appeared to have forgotten all about it.

"Good day, my friend, good day," he said absent mindedly.



And an hour later he rode up to the Casa Perucca, having approached that ancient house by a winding path from the valley below instead of by the highroad from the Col San Stefano to Olmeta, which runs past its very gate. The Casa Perucca is rather singularly situated, and commands one of the most wonderful views in this wild land of unrivaled prospects. The highroad curves round the lower slope of the mountains as round the base of a sugar loaf, and is cut at times out of the sheer rock, while a little lower it is begirt by huge trees. It forms, as it were, a cornice, perched three thousand feet above the valley, over which it commands a view of mountain and bay and inlet, but never a house, never a church, and the farthest point is beyond Calvi, thirty miles away. There is but one spur—a vast buttress of fertile land thrown against the mountain as a buttress may be thrown against a church tower.

The Casa Perucca is built upon this spur of land, and the Perucca estate—that is to say, the land attached to the Casa (for property is held in small tenures in Corsica)—is all that lies outside the road. In the middle ages the position would have been unrivaled, for it could be attacked from one side only, and doubtless the Genoese Bank of St. George must have had bitter reckonings with some dead and forgotten rebel who had his stronghold where the Casa now stands. The present house is Italian in appearance—a long, low, verandaed house, built in two parts, as if, indeed, it had at one time been two houses and only connected later by a round tower, now painted a darker color than the adjacent buildings. There are occasional country houses like it to be found in Tuscany, notably on the heights behind Fiesole.

The wall defining the peninsula is ten feet high, and is built actually on the roadside, so that the Casa Perucca, with its great wooden gate, turns a very cold shoulder upon its poor neighbors. It is, as a matter of fact, the best house north of Calvi, and the site of it one of the oldest. Its only rival is the Château de Vasselot, which stands deserted down in the valley a few miles to the south, nearer to the sea, and farther out of the world, as it were; for no highroad passes near it.

Beneath the Casa Perucca, on the northern slope of the shoulder, the ground

falls away rapidly in a series of stony chutes, and to the south and west there are evidences of the land having once been laid out in terraces, in the distant days when Corsicans were content to till the most fertile soil in Europe—always excepting the island of Majorca. Now, in the wane of the second empire, when every Corsican of any worth has found employment in France, there is none to grow vines or cultivate the olive. There is a short cut up from the valley, from the moldering Château de Vasselot, which is practicable for a trained horse. And Colonel Gilbert must have known as much, for he had described a circle in the wooded valley in order to gain it. He must also have been to the Casa Perucca many times before, for he rang the bell suspended outside the door built in the thickness of the southern wall, where a horseman would not have expected to gain admittance. This door was, however, constructed without steps on its inner side, for Corsica has this in common with Spain, that no man walks where he can ride, so that steps are rarely built where a gradual slope will prove more convenient.

There was something suggestive of a siege in the way in which the door was cautiously opened and a man servant peeped forth.

"Ah!" he said, with relief. "It is the Colonel Gilbert. Yes, monsieur may see him, but no one else. Ah, but he is furious, I can tell you! He is in the veranda—like a wild beast. I will take monsieur's horse."

Colonel Gilbert went through the palms and bamboos and orange trees alone towards the house, and there, walking up and down, and stopping every moment to glance towards the door, of which the bell still sounded, he perceived a large, stout man, clad in light tweed, wearing an old straw hat, and carrying a thick stick.

"Ah," cried Perucca, "so you have heard the news! And you have come, I hope, to apologize for your miserable France. It is thus that you govern Corsica, with a civil service made up of a parcel of old women and young counter jumpers. I have no patience with your prefectures, and your young men with flowing neckties and kid gloves. Are we a girls' school, to be governed thus? And

you—such great soldiers! Yes, I will admit that—the French are great soldiers—but you do not know how to rule Corsica. A tight hand, colonel—holly name of thunder!”

And he stamped his foot with a decisiveness that made the veranda tremble.

The colonel laughed pleasantly.

“They want some men of your type,” he said.

“Ah,” cried Perucca, “I would rule them! For they are cowards; they are afraid of me. Do you know, they had the impertinence to send one of their threatening letters to poor Andrei before they shot him? They sent him a sheet of paper with a cross drawn on it. Then I knew he was done for. They do not send that *pour rire*.”

He stopped short and gave a jerk of the head. There was somewhere in his fierce old heart a cord that vibrated to the touch of these rude mountain customs; for the man was a Corsican of long descent and pure blood. Of such the fighting nations have made good soldiers in the past, and even Rome could not make them slaves.

“Or you could do it,” went on Perucca, with a shrewd nod, looking at him beneath shaggy brows. “The velvet glove—eh? That would surprise them, for they have never felt the touch of one. You, with your easy laugh and idle ways—and behind them the perception—the perception of a devil—or a woman.”

The colonel had drawn forward a basket chair, and was leaning back in it with crossed legs and one foot swinging.

“I? Heaven forbid! No, my friend; I require too little. It is only the discontented who get on in the world. But, mind you, I would not mind trying on a small scale. I have often thought I should like to buy a little property on this side of the island, and cultivate it as they do up in Cap Corse. It would be an amusement for my exile, and one could perhaps make the butter for one’s bread—green chartreuse instead of yellow—eh?”

He paused, and seeing that the other made no reply, continued in the same careless strain:

“If you or one of the other proprietors on this side of the mountains would sell—perhaps—”

But Perucca shook his head resolutely.

“No, we should not do that. You, who have had to do with the railway, must know that. We will let our land go to rack and ruin, we will starve it and not cultivate it, we will let the terraces fall away after the rains, we will live miserably on the finest soil in Europe—we may starve, but we won’t sell.”

Gilbert did not seem to be listening very intently. He was watching the young bamboos now bursting into their feathery new green as they waved to and fro against the blue sky. His head was slightly inclined to one side, his eyes were contemplative.

“It is a pity,” he said, after a pause, “that Andrei did not have a better knowledge of the insular character. He need not have been in Olmeta churchyard now.”

“It is a pity,” rapped out Perucca, with an emphatic stick on the wooden floor, “that Andrei was so gentle with them. He drove the cattle off the land. I should have driven them into my own sheds, and told the owners to come and take them. He was too easy going, too mild in his manners. Look at me—they don’t send me their threatening letters. You do not find any crosses chalked on my door—eh?”

And indeed, as he stood there, with his square shoulders, his erect bearing and fiery, dark eyes, Mattei Perucca seemed worthy of the name of his untamed ancestors, and was not a man to be trifled with.

“Eh—what?” he asked of the servant who had approached timorously, bearing a letter on a tray. “For me? Something about Andrei, from those fools of gendarmes, no doubt.”

And he tore open the envelope which Colonel Gilbert had handed to the peasant a couple of hours earlier in the Lancone Defile. He fixed his eyeglasses upon his nose, clumsily, with one hand, and then unfolded the letter. It was merely a sheet of blank paper, with a cross drawn upon it.

His face suddenly blazed red with anger. His eyes glared at the paper through the glasses placed crookedly upon his nose.

“Holy name!” he cried. “Look at this—this to me! The dogs!”

The colonel looked at the paper with a shrug of the shoulders.

"You will have to sell," he suggested lightly, and, glancing up at Perucca's face, saw something there that made him leap to his feet.

"Hulloa! Here," he said quickly. "Sit down."

And as he forced Perucca into the chair his hands were already at the old man's collar. And in five minutes, in the presence of Colonel Gilbert and two old servants, Mattei Perucca died.

#### IV.

*"One can be but what one is born."*

IF any one had asked the Count Lory de Vasselot who and what he was, he would probably have answered that he was a member of the English Jockey Club. For he held that that distinction conferred greater honor upon him than the accident of his birth which enabled him to claim for grandfather the first Count de Vasselot, one of Murat's aides de camp, a brilliant, dashing cavalry officer, a boyhood's friend of the great Napoleon. Lory de Vasselot was, moreover, a cavalry officer himself, but had not taken part in any of the enterprises of an emperor who held that to govern Frenchmen it is necessary to provide them with a war every four years.

"*Bon Dieu!*" he told his friends. "I did not sleep for two nights after I was elected to that great club."

Lory de Vasselot, moreover, did his best to live up to his position. He never, for instance, had his clothes made in Paris. His very gloves came from a little shop in Newmarket, where only the seamiest and clumsiest of hand coverings are provided, and horn buttons are a *sine qua non*.

To desire to be mistaken for an Englishman is a sure sign that you belong to the very best Parisian set, and Lory de Vasselot's position was indeed an enviable one, for so long as he kept his hat on and stood quite still and did not speak he might easily have been some one connected with the British turf. It must, of course, be understood that the similitude of de Vasselot's desire was only an outward one. We all think that every other nation would fain be English, but as all other countries have a like pitying contempt for us, there is perhaps no harm done. And it is to be

presumed that if some candid friend were to tell de Vasselot that the moment he uncovered his hair or opened his lips or made a single movement he was hopelessly and unmistakably French from top to toe, he would not have been sorely distressed.

It will be remembered that the third Napoleon (and last of that strange dynasty) raised himself to the imperial throne—made himself, indeed, the most powerful monarch in Europe—by statecraft, and not by power of sword. With the magic of his name he touched the heart of the most impetuous people in the world, and upon the uncertain and, as it is whispered, not always honest suffrage of the plebs, climbed to the unstable height of despotism. For years he ruled France with a sort of careless cynicism, and it was only when his health failed that his hand began to relax its grip. In the scramble for place and power the grandson of the first Count de Vasselot might easily have gained a prize, but Lory seemed to have no ambition in that direction. Perhaps he had no taste for ministry or bureau, nor cared to cultivate the subtle knowledge of court and cabinet which meant so much at this time. His tastes were rather those of the camp, and failing war, he had turned his thoughts to sport. He had hunted in England and fished in Norway. In the winter of 1869 he went to Africa for big game, and returning in the early weeks of March, found France and his dear Paris gayer, more insouciant, more brilliant than ever.

For the empire had never seemed more secure than it did at this moment, had never stood higher in the eyes of the world, had never boasted so lavishly a court. Paris was at her best, and Lory de Vasselot exclaimed aloud, after the manner of his countrymen, at the sight of the young buds and spring flowers around the Lac in the Bois de Boulogne, as he rode there this fresh morning.

He had only arrived in Paris the night before, and dining at the *Cercle Militaire*, had accepted the loan of a horse.

"One will, at all events, see one's friends in the wood," he said. But riding there in an ultra English suit of cords at the fashionable hour, he found that he had somehow missed the fashion. The alleys which had been popular a year ago were now deserted; for there is nothing so fickle as social taste, and the riders were

all at the other side of the *route de Long-champs*.

Lory turned his horse's head in that direction, and was riding leisurely when he heard an authoritative voice apparently directed towards himself. He was in one of the narrow alleys, "reserved for cavaliers," and turning, perceived that the soft, sandy gravel had prevented his hearing the approach of other riders—a man and a woman. And the woman's horse was beyond control. It was a little, fiery Arab, leaping high in the air at each stride, and timing a nasty forward jerk of the head at the worst moment for its rider's comfort.

There was no time to do anything but touch his own trained charger with the spur and gallop ahead. He turned in his saddle. The Arab was gaining on him and gradually leaving behind the heavy horse and weighty rider who were giving chase. The woman, with a set, white face, was jerking at the bridle with her left hand in an odd, mechanical, feeble way, while with her right she held to the pommel of her saddle. But she was swaying forward in an unmistakable manner. She was only half conscious and in a moment must fall.

Lory glanced behind her and saw a stout built man with a fair mustache and a sunburned face riding his great horse in the stirrups like a jockey, his face alight with that sudden excitement which sometimes blazes in light blue eyes. He made a quick gesture which said as plainly as words:

"You must act, and quickly; I can do nothing."

And the three thundered on. The rides in the Bois de Boulogne are all bordered on either side by thick trees. If Lory de Vasselot pulled across, he would send the maddened Arab into the forest, where the first low branch must of a necessity batter in its rider's head. He rode on, gradually edging across to what in France is the wrong side of the road.

"Hold on, madame, hold on," he said, in a quick, low voice.

But the woman did not seem to hear him. She had dropped the bridle now, and the Arab had thrown it forward over its head.

Then Lory gradually reined in. The woman was reeling in the saddle as the Arab thundered alongside. The wind

blew back the long habit and showed her foot to be firmly in the stirrup.

"Stirrurp, madame!" shouted Lory, as if she were miles away. "*Mon dieu, madame—your stirrup!*"

But she only looked ahead with glazed eyes.

Then, edging nearer with a delicate spur, de Vasselot shook off his own right stirrup, and, leaning down, lifted the fainting woman with his right arm clean out of the saddle. He rested her weight upon his thigh, and, feeling cautiously with his foot, found her stirrup and kicked it free. He pulled up slowly, and, drawing aside, allowed the lady's companion to pass him at a steady gallop after the Arab.

The lady was now in a dead faint, her dark red hair hanging like a rope across de Vasselot's arm. She was fortunately not a big woman; for it was no easy position to find oneself in, on the top, thus, of a large horse with a senseless burden and no help in sight. He managed, however, to dismount, and rather breathlessly carried the lady to the shade of the trees, where he laid her with her head on a mound of rising turf, and, lifting aside her hair, saw her face for the first time.

"Ah! That dear baroness!" he exclaimed, and turning, he found himself bowing rather stiffly to the gentleman, who had now returned, leading the runaway horse. He was not, it may be mentioned, the baron. While the two men were thus regarding each other in a polite silence, the baroness opened a pair of remarkably bright brown eyes, at first with wonder and then with understanding, and finally with wonder again when they lighted on de Vasselot.

"Lory!" she cried. "But where have you fallen from?"

"It must have been from heaven, baroness," he replied; "for I assuredly came at the right moment."

He stood looking down at her—a lithe, neat, rather small made man. Then he turned to attend to his horse. The baroness was already busy with her hair. She rose to her feet and smoothed her habit.

"Ah—good!" she laughed. "There is no harm done. But you saved my life, my dear Lory. One cannot have two opinions as to that. If it were not that the colonel is watching us, I should embrace you. But I have not introduced



you. This is Colonel Gilbert—my dear and good cousin, Lory de Vasselot. The colonel is from Bastia, by the way, and the Count de Vasselot pretends to be a Corsican. I mention it because it is only friendly to tell you that you have something more than the weather and my gratitude in common."

She laughed as she spoke, then became suddenly grave and sat down again with her hand to her eyes.

"And I am going to faint," she added, with ghastly lips that tried to smile, "and nobody but you two men——"

"It is the reaction," said Colonel Gilbert in his soothing way; but he exchanged a quick glance with de Vasselot. "It will pass, baroness."

"It is well to remember at such a moment that one is a sportswoman," suggested de Vasselot.

"And that one has de Vasselot blood in one's veins, you mean. You may as well say it." She rose as she spoke and looked from one to the other with a brave laugh. "Bring me that horse," she said.

De Vasselot conveyed by one inimitable gesture that he admired her spirit but refused to obey her. Colonel Gilbert smiled contemplatively. He was of a different school—of that school of Frenchmen which owes its existence to Napoleon III: impassive, almost taciturn; more British than the typical Briton. De Vasselot, on the contrary, was quick and vivacious. His fine cut face and dark eyes expressed a hundred things that his tongue had no time to put into words. He was hard and brown and sunburned, which at once made him manly despite his slight frame.

"Ah!" he cried, with a gay laugh. "That is better. But seriously, you know, you should have a patent stirrup——"

He broke off, and described the patent stirrup in three gestures—how it opened and released the foot. He showed the rider falling, the horse galloping away, the released lady rider rising to her feet and satisfying herself that no bones were broken—all in three more gestures.

"Voilà," he said, "I shall send you one."

"And you as poor—as poor," said the baroness, whose husband was of the new nobility, which is based, as all the world knows, on solid manufacture. "My friend, you cannot afford it."

"I cannot afford to lose *you*," he said, with a sudden gravity, and with eyes which to the uninitiated would undoubtedly have conveyed the impression that she was the whole world to him. "Besides," he added, as an afterthought, "it is only sixteen francs."

The baroness threw up her gay brown eyes.

"Just Heaven!" she exclaimed. "What it is to be able to inspire such affection—to be valued—at sixteen francs!"

Then—for she was as quick and changeable as himself—she turned, and touched his arm with her thickly gloved hand.

"Seriously, my cousin, I cannot thank you—and you, Colonel Gilbert—for your promptness and your skill. And as to my stupid husband, you know—he has no words—when I tell him, he will only grunt behind his great mustache—and he will never thank you, and will never forget. Never! Remember that."

And with a wave of the riding whip which was attached to her wrist, she described eternity.

(To be continued).\*

#### A SONG.

ACROSS the dusk, across the dawn,  
By love and longing I am drawn;  
My spirit takes the luring clue,  
And mounts and wings away to you!

Though far the journey be (how far!),  
My steed of thought outstrides the star;  
And though thick walls deny the key,  
Love holds the "open sesame."

I touch your brow, your lips, your hair;  
You do not know that I am there.  
Ah, if you knew!—oh, dream sublime!—  
What, then, were place or space or time?

Clinton Scollard.

# THE CAMPAIGN OF 1900.

BY SENATORS ALLISON OF IOWA AND JONES OF ARKANSAS.

TWO LEADERS OF THE RIVAL PARTIES SUM UP THE GREAT PUBLIC QUESTIONS NOW BEFORE THE PEOPLE OF THE UNITED STATES, UPON WHICH THE APPROACHING BATTLE FOR THE PRESIDENCY WILL BE FOUGHT.

## I.

THE VETERAN SENATOR FROM IOWA DEFENDS THE RECORD OF THE REPUBLICAN PARTY AND PREDICTS THAT IT WILL BE APPROVED BY THE NATION.

IF the Republican party in the coming campaign for the Presidency is to be judged by the record of the present administration, it can point, first, to the prosperity with which the country is now blessed. This prosperity began with the inauguration of President McKinley and the installation of a Republican House of Representatives, the people having faith and confidence that the promises made in the preceding campaign would be redeemed at an early day. President McKinley called an extra session of Congress, and the Dingley law, so called, was passed, and became a powerful factor in the restoration of prosperity. Moreover, the success of the Republican party in 1896 made it impossible—for four years, at least—for Mr. Bryan and his followers to destroy our credit and our money together. These two things united gave hope to the country; business revived, and the wheels of industry began to move, and increased employment at fair wages was soon to be found for all who wished to work.

The situation now is in marked contrast with that of only a few years ago. In 1893 the country passed through a panic of almost unprecedented severity. The election of President Cleveland, and his party's avowed purpose to change our industrial policy by a change in the tariff in the direction of free trade, had the effect of paralyzing our industries, and thus forcing our laborers to quit work. With this came a just fear that our money standard was likely to be debased by the infusion into our circulation of so much silver that it would be impossible to keep it at par with gold. These two things uniting brought on the panic, and

although late in 1893 Congress repealed the purchasing clause of the Sherman act, so as to discontinue further purchases of silver, nevertheless, with the tariff question still a menace, the panic was only partially checked.

A similar alarm again seized the public mind at the time of the last Presidential campaign, when the Democratic party for the first time made an open and positive declaration in favor of the free coinage of silver at the ratio of sixteen to one without the aid or consent of any other nation, thus placing that party in favor of a change of the money standard from gold to silver. Its action had the effect of continuing the depression in our industries and trade begun in 1893, so that in 1896 there was an unrest which for the time kept business at a standstill, and the country was financially prostrate.

It was then declared by Mr. Bryan, and by those who followed him, that it was impossible to restore prosperity unless free coinage of silver should be provided for by our legislation. They argued that if this were not done, then, because of the scarcity and consequent appreciation of gold, there would be an aggravation of the situation then existing.

The Republicans, on the other hand, insisted that the true road to prosperity, and to the restoration of the conditions existing before the panic of 1893, depended upon the election of President McKinley, upon the reestablishment of his party's policies, and upon the preservation and the maintenance of the gold standard of money. They prophesied that if these things were done, prosperity would quickly come again to the people of the United States, secured by the preservation of our money standard, the revival of our industries, the extension of our markets, and the full employment of labor—this last bringing, in turn, enlarged markets for our agricultural products.

In the past three years every prediction made by the Republican party has been realized and verified, and every promise made has been faithfully kept; whilst every prophesy made by our political opponents has failed.

Before 1896 the Democrats and the Republicans alike recognized, in their national platforms, that the gold standard should be maintained, and that all money should be kept at a parity by our legislation. It was an accepted doctrine that free coinage of silver would bring monometallism, resulting in the banishment of gold and a debased standard of money.

It is an axiom in economic science that with free coinage the value of the coin can be no greater than that of the material of which it is made, and that therefore the silver dollar under free coinage would have the same value in the world's market as the bullion from which it is fabricated, as is illustrated in the example of Mexico. When the declaration for free silver was made in 1896, the value of silver as compared with gold was at the ratio of thirty two ounces of the former to one ounce of the latter, the bullion value of a silver dollar being about fifty cents.

Free coinage of silver has been for three years the shibboleth of the Democratic party, the one thing above all others they wish to attain; and if we are to judge from the repeated utterances of their platforms favoring this idea, and their promised nomination of Mr. Bryan for President, to represent it, their purpose is to force this issue of disaster into the campaign of 1900. This when our country is so prosperous; when money is everywhere so plentiful, and the best money—the money of the world; when, notwithstanding the prophecies of disaster made in 1896, there has been added to the stock of gold in the United States, within three years, some four hundred million dollars, so that we have now performing the function of money more gold than is held by any other nation—nearly twice as much as England or Germany, and largely more than France or Russia.

As far back as 1888 the Republican party declared in its platform against all combinations of capital organized in trusts or otherwise to control arbitrarily the trade among citizens, and recommended to Congress such legislation as

would prevent the execution of such schemes. The Democrats were silent on this subject. In 1890 a law was passed making illegal all trusts and combinations in restraint of trade or commerce among the several States. In 1892 the Republicans reaffirmed their position. The Democratic party, in the same year, for the first time, made a declaration against trusts, demanding the rigid enforcement of the laws already made, and recommending such further legislation as experience might show to be necessary. The Democrats came into power on March 4, 1893, and continued in power until March 4, 1897. They had full control of Congress during the first two years, and of the Senate during the last two years, but in neither House of Congress was any effort made to modify, amend, extend, or improve the law of 1890, except the insertion of a section in the tariff law of 1894, proposed by Senator Morgan, of Alabama, applying the law to combinations in relation to imported goods, which was adopted without objection in either House.

In 1894 the Supreme Court decided, in a case brought before it, that under the constitution Congress does not have the right to control or restrain the production of any article of commerce within a State, and that the regulating power of Congress does not attach until there is a sale and purchase, and until the article purchased starts on its journey from one State to another.

So the question as it stands today is, how to deal with the monopolies and illegal combinations, and not whether they should be dealt with at all. The Republican party has not hesitated to take up this question in the past, as I have shown, and who can truthfully say that we shrink from facing it now? After all, it is a question, under our dual form of government, how far Congress can go, or to what extent the States must exercise their power. Congress has tried it, and nearly all the States have tried it. Republican and Democratic States have made drastic laws on the subject. I know of no one in any party who is not willing to amend these laws, and strengthen them where they can be strengthened by amendments; nor do I know of any one who does not welcome every practical suggestion having in view the strengthening of these laws, both State and national.

In trying to find remedies to remove the evils of trusts and combinations, efforts have been made to find the cause of their origin. Mr. Bryan traces them in part to the scarcity of money, arising from the failure to adopt free coinage and from the appreciation of gold, which he seems to think has taken place, resulting in hard times and falling prices. He thinks the manufacturers, during the period of depression, sought trusts as a means of at least keeping above the water. If that was the cause, the remedy would be the free coinage of silver, which would no doubt destroy them—and all legitimate business and industries besides.

Some attribute them to our protective system, as reflected in the tariff; but if they had their origin here, they were curiously late in their development, for we have had a protective tariff most of the time since the foundation of the government, and all the time from 1861 to 1894—and even the tariff of the latter year had a strong flavor of protection. Why do trusts flourish in England, where they have practically absolute free trade?

It is said by some that railroad discrimination is responsible for the existence of trusts. If that is true, the remedy should be easy; for States have full control of commerce within their borders, while Congress can deal with commerce between the States.

Mr. Bryan made some suggestions in Chicago for the regulation of trusts—but he would not say that he believed his proposals to be constitutional. On the other hand, he has sounded a warning against the "tendency of the selfish interests toward the centralization of governmental power," and in the face of this, Congress will not be likely to try to spread itself into all the States by the exercise of powers not granted to the general government.

But the public will not be deceived by the "holier than thou" attitude of the Democratic party. This question deserves and will receive the serious consideration of all parties and all students of economic problems.

Another great question on which some Democratic leaders have taken issue with us is the acquisition and government of the Philippine Islands.

It is well settled that the United States, under the constitution, can acquire terri-

tory through the vicissitudes of war, or by purchase through the treaty making power; and that when it has been so acquired, Congress alone can make all needful rules for its government. That we have rightfully acquired the Philippines through our war with Spain and the subsequent treaty of peace, is no longer open to debate. It has been done. The transaction is complete. Therefore, Congress must pass laws for the government of the inhabitants, and until this is done they are held temporarily under military authority, and must be so held until Congress shall have an opportunity to act. Congress has not yet acted upon the subject, nor does the situation there justify action now, because a portion, although not a very large portion, of the inhabitants are in open hostility, and until they are pacified Congress cannot reasonably know what "rules and regulations" may be necessary.

It was charged in the Democratic platform of my own State, this year, that we were attempting to conquer the natives of these islands "without the authority of Congress, thereby repudiating the consent affirmed in the Declaration of Independence, and in conflict with the principle which Washington and his fellow patriots made sacrifices to establish." It would naturally seem that Jefferson, Madison, and Monroe, fresh from the constitutional convention which framed our government, had some knowledge of what they could properly do under the constitution; yet it never entered their minds, nor the minds of any of the other statesmen of that time, that it was necessary, in order to acquire Louisiana, that its inhabitants should be called upon to give their assent to the transfer of sovereignty to us. The people of the territory were not consulted, although they had white settlements of considerable population along the Mississippi River.

Again, when Spain ceded East and West Florida to the United States, the inhabitants were not consulted as to whether they approved the transfer of sovereignty. By the treaty with Mexico, in 1848, we acquired another extensive territory without any provision for asking its inhabitants whether they desired to change their allegiance. So, too, in the acquisition of Alaska, in 1867, there was no suggestion that the consent of the



inhabitants should be had before the exchange of sovereignty would be complete, and until 1884 the only government in Alaska was a military one. Congress refused to take a vote of the Hawaiians on the subject of annexation; nor were the Porto Ricans consulted when we took their island.

In the matter of the rebellion on the part of the people of the island of Luzon, there have been two alternatives open to us. One was to press on until the rebellion was overthrown; the other, to withdraw the army and navy and leave the people to chaos and anarchy. The President could not adopt the latter alternative, because he has no right to alienate territory. Congress can do this; but who will propose and who will vote for it?

The present situation arises from the war with Spain. That was not a war of a party, but a war of the whole people. Since that war was declared I have seen no point or place where we could turn back with honor, until resistance to our authority is suppressed. I am sure that Congress will legislate so as to provide the Filipinos with the fullest measure of freedom suited to their needs and capacity. It is impossible that they should be independent; but it is quite possible that they should be free as the people of the British colonies are free, having a strong and vigorous local government to protect their interests.

*William B. Allison.*

## II.

THE CHAIRMAN OF THE DEMOCRATIC NATIONAL COMMITTEE FORECASTS THE ELECTION OF MR. BRYAN UPON A PLATFORM OF FREE SILVER COINAGE AND ANTI IMPERIALISM.

THE last Presidential campaign had one issue more prominent than all others—the monetary question. It was not a new issue, but it had been side tracked or avoided in one campaign after another under the specious promises of party platforms which were never executed and were never intended to be executed. The Republicans declared for bimetallism with only one object in view—not to carry it out in good faith, but to deceive the voters who favored free coinage and to perpetuate monometallism. It made very little difference to them, in respect to this question, whether the Republicans

were kept in power or the Cleveland administration continued in authority. In 1896, dissatisfaction with the broken promises of many administrations led to a popular revolt. It found expression in the Democratic national convention, and resulted in the casting off of specious excuses for compromise or surrender on the silver question. The convention declared unreservedly for the unlimited coinage of both silver and gold, or, in other words, for the restoration of the law on this subject just as it existed prior to 1873. This had always been the true policy of the Democracy, but certain elements in the East, whose support was considered essential to the success of the Democratic ticket, had hampered the party's action on the question. The Democracy finally determined to pursue its halting policy no longer, but to make a clear declaration of its principles. As a result, bimetallism became the issue of the campaign. The one thing in particular which commended the Democratic convention of 1896 to the people was the fact that it was the first convention to say exactly what it meant in plain, unequivocal terms. This gave the people confidence in the party, and was largely the cause of the enormous vote which its candidate received—nearly a million more than Mr. Cleveland polled when he was elected four years before by what was at the time called a phenomenal majority.

To represent its policy the Democracy chose for its leader a young man not unknown as an orator and a statesman—one, in fact, whose eloquence in the halls of Congress had given him a national fame, and whose devotion to the cause of bimetallism was a matter of record. With this candidate, the party carried on a thorough canvass of the country and made great accessions to its strength.

In my opinion there has been no change in the Democratic party, nor will there be any abandonment of the issues of 1896. Bimetallism, Democrats believe, is an issue which cannot die; an issue which must be settled some day, and which will never be disposed of until it is settled rightly.

The enormous production of gold in the last few years, exceeding anything which had ever been seen before, has doubtless had the effect of stimulating business and bringing about what is called a period of prosperity. Every one admits that the

immense output of the yellow metal in California and Australia half a century ago produced wonderfully beneficial results. The recent addition to our stock of gold is greatly beyond the largest production of those times, and the prosperity resulting from it goes far to establish the argument of the bimetallists that an increased volume of money means increased business facilities, increased enterprises, and increased employment for labor. This abnormal gold supply, far from weakening our position, is a strong argument in favor of its soundness. Hence, I have no doubt that the question of bimetallism will continue to be presented for the consideration not only of the American people, but of all enlightened mankind, and, having unlimited faith in the intelligence and patriotism of the people of this country, I have no doubt of its ultimate triumph.

The people of Europe have been dominated for centuries by the idea that the government is the source of political power, and even now we see the unrestrained will of one man, not elected, but born to his position, governing millions of men. Our government was a radical departure from this theory, and was organized upon the idea that "all just powers of government are derived from the consent of the governed." Lincoln showed his belief in the theory that the people, and not the government, are the source of power, when he declared that a government of the people, by the people, and for the people, would not perish from the earth. This great principle cannot fail to be a menace to the old system, and I believe that the struggle between them must continue until one or the other shall fill the whole earth. It would be a great triumph for the old monarchical idea to have us abandon our position and admit that we are wrong, that the war of our fathers for independence was a mistake, and that self government is a delusion and a misfortune; hence the great anxiety in Europe to have us subjugate and govern another people without regard to their wishes.

I am sure the people of this country will not be deceived to their hurt in this matter. George III and Lord North waged war on us on the theory that we were not capable of governing ourselves, and that Great Britain could do it much better.

This is always the claim of tyrants, but never of a free people. I believe that it is now and always has been the policy of the Democratic party to adhere closely to the principles of the Declaration of Independence and the Constitution, and that a declaration against imperialism is almost sure to be found in the platform of the coming national convention, and this will be of necessity one of the leading issues of the next campaign.

Another issue of no less importance is the question of the control of the trusts. The suppression of healthy and natural competition by combinations of rival interests under great trusts is a monstrous evil and demands energetic action on the part of the government for the protection of the people. Doubtless, during the campaign, one man will be more deeply interested in one question, and another in another; but that these two great issues, with those of 1896, will be the ground on which the Democratic party will ask the control of the government in 1900, I have no doubt.

I think, for a number of reasons, that in the coming campaign the present administration will be heartily condemned by the people. The last national platform of the Republican party contained a distinct declaration in favor of bimetallism. Instead of redeeming, or making any substantial attempt at redeeming, that pledge, it seems to have been the policy of the administration to fasten the gold standard on the country; and it seems to be the intention of the majority in the House and Senate at Washington so to change the laws at the coming session of Congress as to make gold the only standard and to make it impregnable, as far as they are able to do this.

The people without regard to party advocated the declaration of war with Spain, and supported the government in its prosecution, but their purpose in so doing was to liberate Cuba from an oppressive and unjust government, and not to enter upon a career of conquest. The Democrats certainly, and I believe millions of patriotic Republicans, condemn much that has been done by those in authority during and since that war.

A tendency, too, which seems to have existed for the last two years to form entangling alliances with other nations will be strongly reprobated by the people.

The Dingley tariff bill—the most extreme measure of its kind in the history of our legislation—was pushed through by this administration in its early months, and I think has gone far to satisfy the people that its definite effect, if not its main purpose, has been to establish and maintain trusts, and to enable manufacturers to compel the people to pay higher prices than they otherwise would for many of the necessities as well as the luxuries of life, to the benefit of themselves alone.

Another thing which I believe will cut a very great figure in the coming contest is the fact that the people of this country are not ready to have their elections controlled by the use of money. It is simply shameful that in this age of intelligence and morality it should be no uncommon thing to hear it said that a political party is sure of victory because it has an unlimited campaign fund. This condition of things cannot continue in a free government. To have the feeling exist that elections are a subject of barter and sale—to have the Presidential office practically put up at auction and knocked down to the highest bidder—will not long be submitted to by public spirited people. Besides this, the belief that the enormous sums spent in 1896 by the Republican national committee were put up by certain business interests which were to be “cared for” if the Republican party gained control of the government; that for this reason certain features were written into the Dingley law; and that these interests have more than recouped the great sums which they expended on the campaign—this will be felt at the polls when honest, unselfish, patriotic men come to express themselves.

Trading on elections to the highest office in the gift of the people cannot long be tolerated. If this form of government is to endure, our elections must be known to be an honest expression of the judgment of the people, free from any appearance of corrupt influence. The collection of an enormous campaign fund ought to condemn any political party, for such campaign funds are in themselves proof positive of evil purposes.

The success of the Republican party in the next election would be construed into an indorsement of the course of that party in all these matters, and the party

itself would become intensified in its devotion to monometallism, imperialism, the promotion of trusts, and the control of elections by great campaign funds. The success of the Democratic party, on the other hand, would mean a pursuance of Washington's policy of avoiding “entangling alliances”; an insistence on the God given right of self government; a rebuke to those who strive to control elections by money; a condemnation of the Republican party for building up and fostering trusts, and especially a condemnation of imperialism.

The general understanding seems to be that Mr. McKinley, standing for all these things, will be again the leader of the Republicans; while there is as little doubt that Mr. Bryan will be the candidate of the other party. In 1896, owing to the fact that nearly the entire metropolitan press was against us, Mr. Bryan, the party, its platform, and its leading men were grossly abused. The country was led to believe that our success meant the destruction of business interests; that we were a lot of political wreckers; that Mr. Bryan was young, inexperienced, and fanatical, and if elected would probably run into all sorts of extravagances. Many conservative men theretofore Democrats became alarmed and failed to vote the Democratic ticket; some even voted for Mr. McKinley. Since Mr. Bryan's defeat, his public course has rendered it impossible for any form of abuse to create such another condition of affairs. The people can no longer be convinced that he is not an able, intelligent, conservative, and patriotic man. If he should be elected, there is no question in my mind that he would make an able, conservative, and wise President.

I look with great confidence to the success of the Democratic party next year, for the reason that none of those who voted with us in 1896 will abandon us. The Populists and the “silver Republicans” stand with us on all questions, and will join us in presenting a solid front in the approaching contest. Further, thousands of those who voted the Republican ticket in 1896 will for one reason or another vote with us in 1900. Especially will the Republicans who believe in bimetalism be inclined to join with us, because of the duplicity of their party on this most important question.

*James K. Jones.*

# THE NEW SPEAKER.

BY CHARLES A. BOUTELLE,

*Member of Congress from Maine.*

ONE OF HIS COLLEAGUES SKETCHES THE PERSONALITY OF COLONEL DAVID BREMNER HENDERSON, OF IOWA, SPEAKER REED'S SUCCESSOR IN THE OFFICE SECOND ONLY TO THE PRESIDENCY AS A POWER IN AMERICAN POLITICS.

NEXT to the Presidency of the United States the office of Speaker of the National House of Representatives has long been recognized as the most powerful and important post in our popular form of government, and the character and attainments of the men who have held it have reflected the high estimate placed upon its dignity and influence. In the one hundred and ten years of Congress, the Speakership has been occupied by Representatives from fourteen States, of which Kentucky furnished the incumbent for twenty two years, ten of which were served by Henry Clay\*; Virginia and Maine come next with twelve years each; then Pennsylvania with eleven, Massachusetts with ten, Indiana with nine, New Jersey, North Carolina, Tennessee, and Georgia each with six years, New York and South Carolina with three years each, and Connecticut and Ohio with two years each. On the list of Speakers are such distinguished names as those of Henry Clay, James K. Polk, John Bell, Galusha A. Grow, Schuyler Colfax, Samuel J. Randall, Michael C. Kerr, James G. Blaine, John G. Carlisle, and Thomas B. Reed.

Upon Mr. Reed's announcement, last spring, that he intended to withdraw from Congressional life, the choice of his successor became a most important matter of political interest, with a strong inclination to seek the next Speaker in the West, which had so steadily and generously supported Mr. Reed. There being two prominent aspirants from New York and two from Illinois, the choice, as voiced by public sentiment, rapidly and strongly centered upon the candidate unanimously and enthusiastically presented by Iowa, in the person of its gallant soldier states-

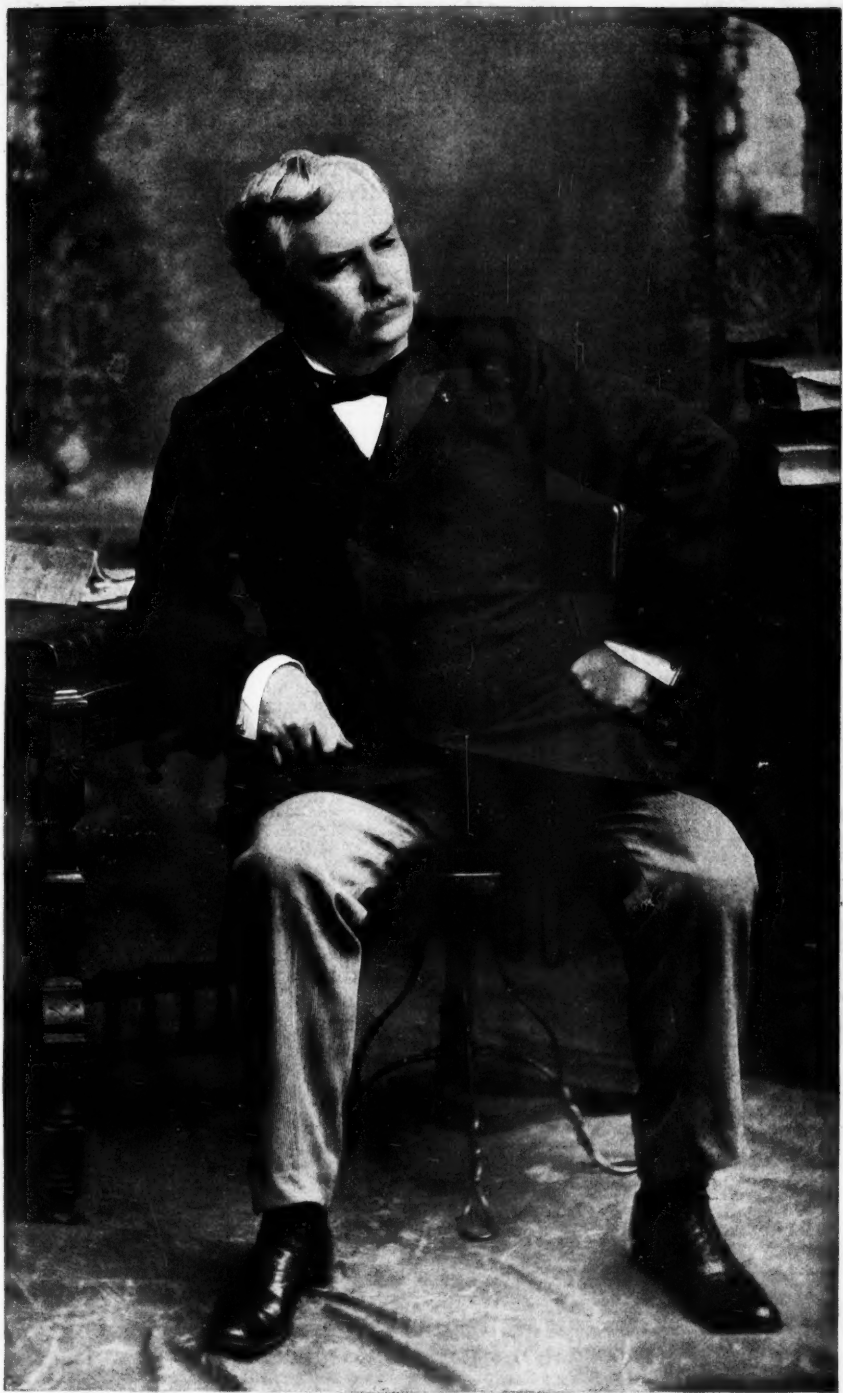
man, Colonel David Bremner Henderson, of Dubuque.

This was no accidental result, as it brought to the front one who had won his spurs in battle and forum, and who had been for years closely identified with the leadership in the House, which we entered together in the Forty Eighth Congress. Colonel Henderson has served on the important committees of banking and currency, the militia, and the census, for many years on the appropriations committee, and throughout the Fifty Fourth and Fifty Fifth Congresses as chairman of the judiciary committee and Speaker Reed's principal lieutenant on the committee on rules, which has had to deal directly with the disposition of the most important public business. In point of experience and judgment, he enjoys to a remarkable degree the confidence and esteem of those who have served with him during his long career at Washington, and in all that goes to make up the best elements of popularity he is held in especially warm personal regard alike by young and old members on both sides of the House.

The next Speaker's public record on all the great questions of legislation furnishes ample hostage for confidence in his wisdom and firmness. His stand on the currency question has been unequivocally for sound money, and no abler champion of the development of American industries can be found on the stump or in Congress. He has the courage of his convictions, and expresses them with utmost force and effect whenever occasion arises. No more striking illustration of his independence and vigor could be desired than his ringing plea for peace, delivered at a time when excitement was threatening to run away with Congress. On March 8, 1898, in the debate on the bill putting fifty millions of dollars at the disposal of the President to provide in his

\*Mr. Clay served as Speaker during the first sessions of the Thirteenth and Sixteenth Congresses, Langdon Cheves, of South Carolina, being chosen Speaker for the second session of the Thirteenth, and John W. Taylor, of New York, for the second session of the Sixteenth, Mr. Clay having resigned in both instances.





COLONEL DAVID BREMNER HENDERSON, OF IOWA, WHO IS TO SUCCEED THOMAS B. REED AS SPEAKER  
OF THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.

*From his latest photograph—Copyright, 1899, by John E. Bilbrough.*

discretion for any needed preparations for the national defense, Colonel Henderson electrified the House by these words:

Mr. Speaker, I have read of the elder days of the republic. I live in the better days of the republic. The lesson of this afternoon is a beautiful one for our country. In the elder days there were Tories. I fear a Tory would be thrown out of this hall this afternoon. But, Mr. Speaker, there will be no war. That is my judgment. I do not believe that war is hanging over the American people. In this republic our great aim should be for peace.

The truest patriot is he who secures and keeps peace for his people. It is easy to be an animal. It is easy to use claws and teeth, and to fight. He who can hold aloft in his country the white flag of peace, not of cowardice, rises nearest to his God. No country on earth seeks to avoid war as this country does. No country on earth need fear war less than America. With our boundless resources, with our great credit, with a people who, no matter what their past, are absolutely united in standing as one man, I say that no country is so well armed for war as the United States of America. I do not speak as an Iowan; I speak as a citizen of the United States, and I believe that today we are heart and hand together for what is best for this republic.

The young man who today pledges "all the vigor of his early manhood for his country" commands my respect, but I do not believe he will have to use it.

I have had letters from my people wanting us to take Cuba, to punish Spain. I simply write back that no international law makes the United States the regulator of the wrongs of earth. God has written no motto on the banner of our country that demands of us the regulating of the wrongs of other countries to their people. We all sympathize with the liberty loving and fighting Cubans, but they are citizens of another government. So long as that question is before us, I follow the advice of Washington, recommending that we mind strictly our own business.

But if they touch the rights of this country, or dare to lay unholy hands upon our territory or our rights, then I, too, become "a fighting Quaker," and will join the vigorous manhood of my young friend who spoke. But let us not lose our heads while our hearts are beating. He can fight best who keeps his blood the coolest. He can serve his people best who thinks most before striking.

This administration, President and Cabinet, are as loyal as any man on this floor, and I claim no more for it. This administration will look before it leaps. This day's work and tomorrow's will teach the administration that when a leap is needed they will have this country back of them, and to a man.

This was at a time when President McKinley was striving to secure a just

settlement of the Cuban troubles without war with Spain, and was appealing to those of us in Congress who agreed with him to hold the excitable elements in check. A little more than a month later, when events had unmistakably swept the country to the very brink of war, the one legged veteran of Iowa arose again and forcibly declared himself for action as follows:

The resolution reported but a brief time ago from the committee on foreign affairs by the gentleman from Pennsylvania (Mr. Adams) is stamped with the unanimous judgment of the Republican members of that committee. The time has come, in the opinion of this country, for action on this great question. It has been discussed by the public press; it has been discussed in the pulpit; it has been discussed in the House and in the Senate; it has been discussed at every fireside in the American republic, and we believe, Mr. Speaker, that the time has come, sad as it is that I must express it, when this country can no longer delay acting in the Cuban situation. Everything has been done by our Chief Executive to secure peace on that island without arms, but in vain; and the time has come when arms, the last resort, must be appealed to by our country. I have been and am for peace, but not at the expense of my country's peace and honor. Spain must leave the western seas, and forever.

The two extracts present a graphic and truthful picture of the strong, generous, patriotic, earnest man, who is to direct the deliberations of the popular branch of the next Congress. While of the Reed school of parliamentary doctrine, and one of the late Speaker's most confidential and trusted supporters, Speaker Henderson has an individuality that will stand on its own merit and a conception of the responsibilities and dignities of his great office that will not permit the loss of a jot or tittle of its prestige in his hands. The gavel may perhaps seem at times to be wielded somewhat more gently, but it will be held by the hand of a master, and the great office of the presiding officer of the United States House of Representatives will lose none of its vitality of influence, and none of its power in promoting the business of a great people, while it shall be administered by David Bremner Henderson of Iowa.

#### WINTER MOONLIGHT.

Not ever hath the golden wheel of June  
Spun finer web across the earth than lies  
Under the frozen opal of the moon  
And the white star frost of the winter skies.

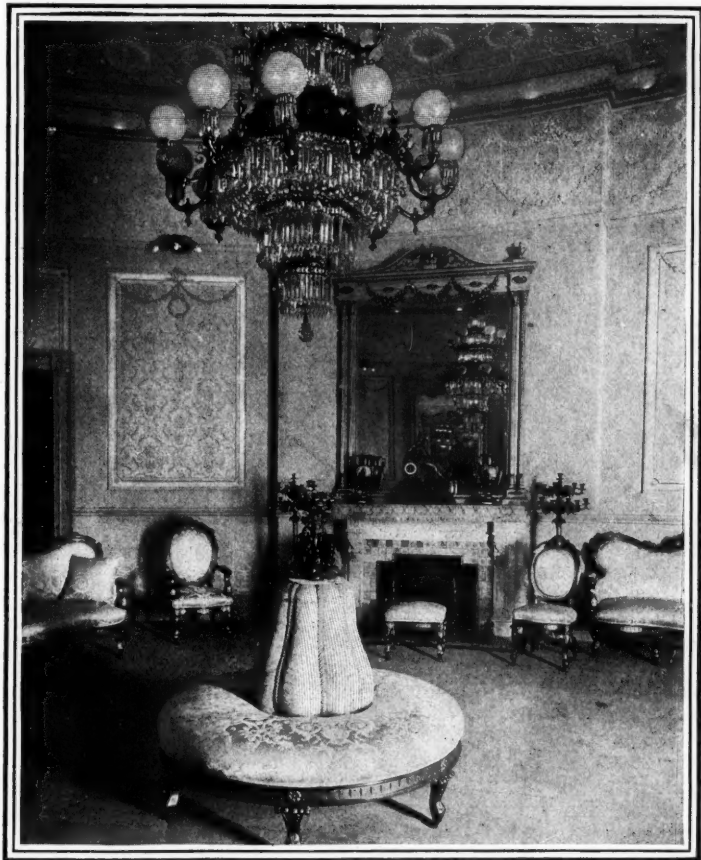
Hattie Whitney.

## IN THE PUBLIC EYE

### INSIDE THE WHITE HOUSE.

Things have changed since President Jackson's day, when the White House was overrun by disorderly mobs who left in their wake scenes of wreck and ruin. The

every year, usually when the master and mistress of the house are away for their summer holiday. Two years ago, besides the general furbishing of the mansion, Mr. and Mrs. McKinley's sleeping rooms were



THE STATE PARLOR, OR "BLUE ROOM," OF THE WHITE HOUSE, RECENTLY REDECORATED, AND FIRST REOPENED AT THE TIME OF THE PRESIDENT'S DINNER IN HONOR OF ADMIRAL DEWEY, OCTOBER 3.

*From a photograph by Bell, Washington.*

public's manners have improved in subsequent generations, and we treat our chief magistrate and his official home with a more decent respect. Still, the furnishings of the Executive Mansion have to stand pretty severe wear and tear, and one or another part of them is renovated

remodeled; in 1898 the small west reception room was made over in the French sixteenth century style; and this year the decorators took in hand the state parlor, commonly called the "blue room."

It will be seen from the engraving on this page that the general style of the



VICTORIA MELITA, GRAND DUCHESS OF HESSE,  
DRESSED AS HONORARY COLONEL OF THE ONE  
HUNDRED AND SEVENTEENTH REGIMENT  
OF GERMAN INFANTRY.

*From a photograph by Thiele, Berlin.*

room is strictly a conventional one—as, indeed, is practically unavoidable in an apartment designed for semi public use. The blue coloring which has been a tradition from the time of its first occupancy is still retained. The walls are covered with a heavy satin texture, and broken by satin panels framed in ivory and gold. The shape of the room is oval, and its three windows are oval, with curtains of Brussels lace and over draperies of satin. On the floor is a velvet carpet of a plain tint matching the blue of the walls. The best feature of the apartment is its lighting, which is very complete and effective. Besides the handsome central chandelier—fitted for both gas and electricity—and small brackets around the walls, a row of invisible electric bulbs is concealed along the cornice, whence, when lighted,

they shed a soft and “atmospheric” radiance.

The redecorated “blue room” was first used on the occasion of the President’s dinner in honor of Admiral Dewey on the 3d of October.

#### AFRICA’S LATEST CHAPTER OF HISTORY.

*Ex Africa semper aliquid novi*, and so much may happen before this reaches the reader that it is dangerous to speak of the war that is now deciding the fate of the best part of a continent. At this writing, however, just after the battles of October 20 and 21 near Glencoe, it seems tolerably



THE PRINCE OF WALES—SHOWING H. R. H.’S LATEST  
FAD IN DRESS, A LINK FASTENING FOR  
HIS PROCK COAT.

*From a recent photograph by Pestel, Eastbourne.*





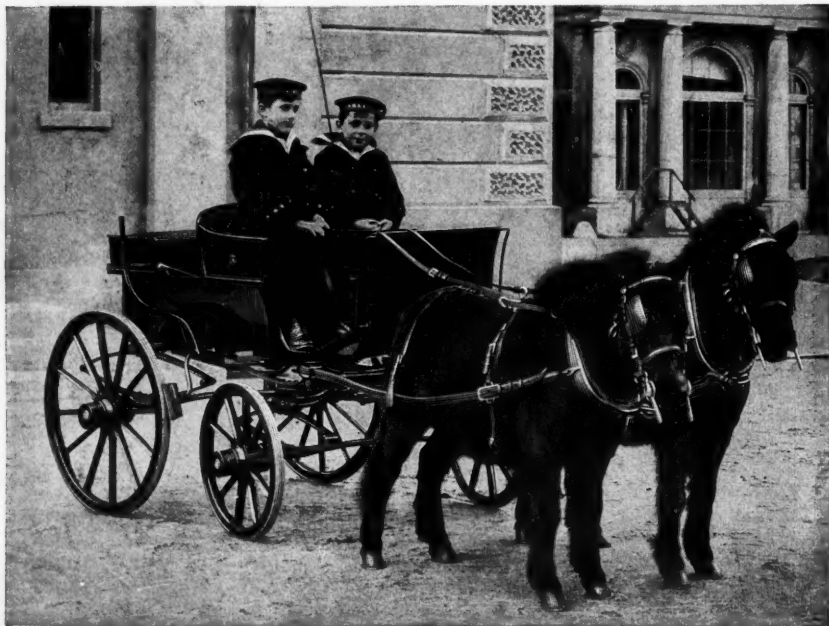
NEW YORK'S GREETING TO ADMIRAL DEWEY—THE MILITARY PARADE OF SEPTEMBER 30 MOVING THROUGH THE TRIUMPHAL ARCH AND COLONNADE IN MADISON SQUARE.



MAJOR GENERAL SIR WILLIAM PENN SYMONS, K. C. B.,  
WHO COMMANDED THE BRITISH FORCES IN  
THE ACTION OF OCTOBER 20 NEAR GLEN-  
COE, NATAL, AND WAS MORTALLY  
WOUNDED.

safe to draw certain conclusions. One is that two reputations have been seriously injured—that of President Kruger as a shrewd and far seeing statesman, and that of General Joubert as an invincible military leader.

In his verbal warfare with Mr. Chamberlain, the uncrowned king of the Transvaal had fully held his own—at any rate, in the eyes of a world that does not care to study the intricacies of diplomatic correspondence, and is generously ready to sympathize with the weaker combatant. Such men as Sir William Vernon Harcourt and Mr. John Morley had espoused his cause, and a powerful party in Parliament, which was to meet in a few days—the political heirs of the great Englishman who gave the Transvaal its autonomy in 1881—stood in critical, or even hostile, observance of Lord Salisbury's government. That government was about to present a new formulation of its terms, previous proposals having come to naught through misunderstandings for which each party blamed the other. With such outspoken critics at home to deal with, and with the public sentiment of the world at



PRINCES MAURICE AND LEOPOLD OF BATTENBERG, SONS OF QUEEN VICTORIA'S YOUNGEST DAUGHTER,  
PRINCESS BEATRICE OF BATTENBERG.

*From a photograph by Hughes & Mullins, Ryde.*



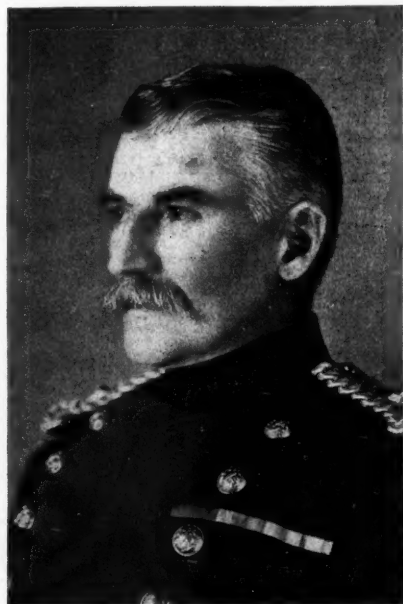
GENERAL SIR GEORGE STEWART WHITE, V. C.,  
G. C. B., COMMANDING THE BRITISH FORCES  
IN NATAL.



GENERAL SIR REDVERS HENRY BULLER, G. C. B.,  
COMMANDER IN CHIEF OF THE BRITISH FORCES  
IN SOUTH AFRICA.

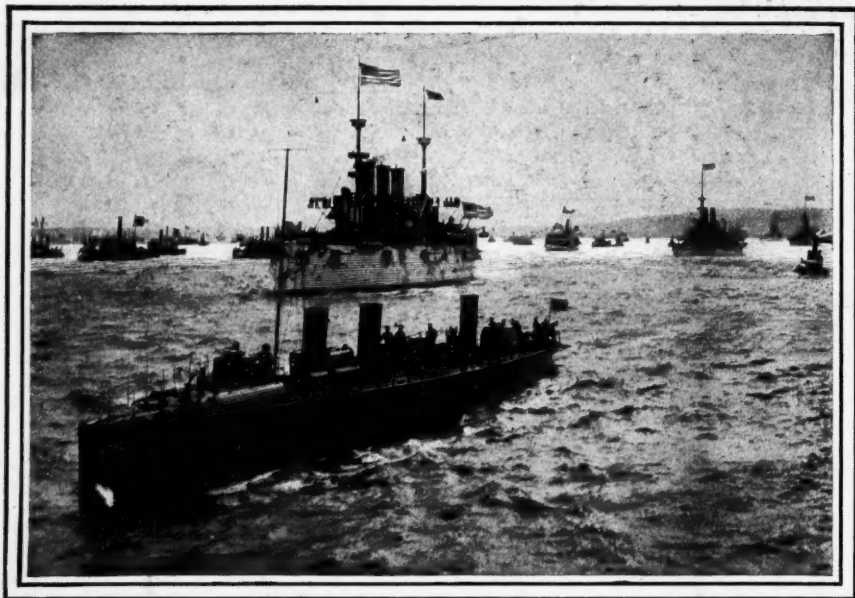


COMMANDANT GENERAL JAN PIET JOUBERT, COM-  
MANDER IN CHIEF OF THE FORCES OF THE  
SOUTH AFRICAN REPUBLIC.



LIEUTENANT GENERAL SIR FREDERICK FORESTIER-  
WALKER, K. C. B., COMMANDING THE BRITISH  
FORCES IN CAPE COLONY.

FOUR LEADING FIGURES IN THE WAR IN SOUTH AFRICA.



NEW YORK'S GREETING TO ADMIRAL DEWEY—THE NAVAL PARADE MOVING UP THE HARBOR, SEPTEMBER 29.

*From a photograph by William Hoffman.*

large to be considered, it is not likely that the British premier would have dared, even if he desired, to make those terms onerous. Certainly he would not have dared—again supposing the wish—to attack the Transvaal as long as it remained strictly on the defensive. But at that moment Mr. Kruger wrote—or perhaps Mr. Reitz, his state

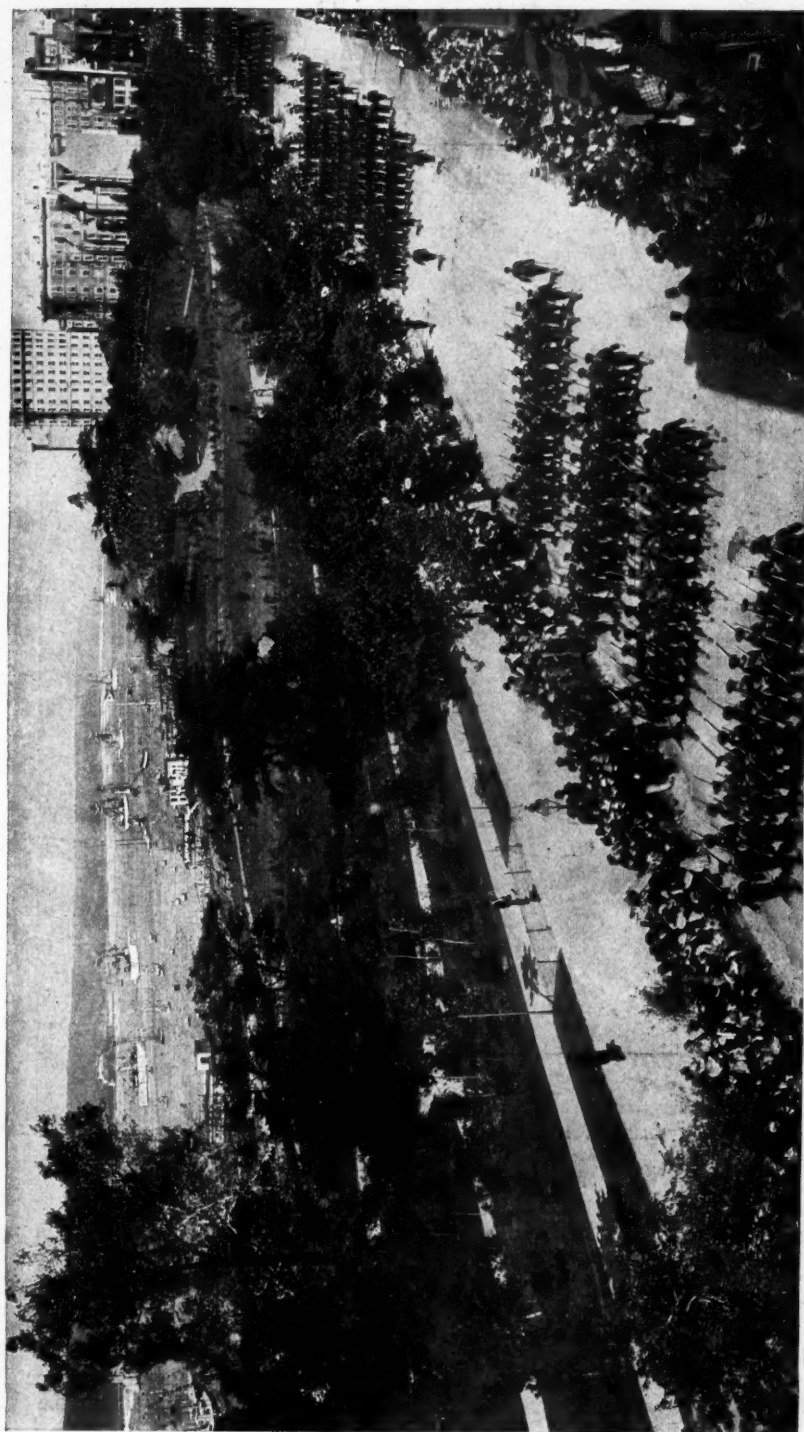
secretary, wrote for him—a missive which, as he must have known, no power in the world would accept as anything but a declaration of war; and next day Joubert invaded Natal. It must be inferred that the veteran statesman shared the conviction, apparently universal among his countrymen, and frequently though



THE FOOTBALL GAME BETWEEN PRINCETON AND COLUMBIA, OCTOBER 14—ON THE COLUMBIA TEN YARD LINE, AND PRINCETON'S BALL.

*From a photograph by John C. Hemment.*





NEW YORK'S GREETING TO ADMIRAL DEWEY—THE MILITARY PARADE PASSING ALONG RIVERSIDE DRIVE NEAR EIGHTIETH STREET, SEPTEMBER 30.

*From a photograph by H. M. Pettit.*

vaguely expressed in his own utterances, that his burghers could overrun the adjacent colonies and make South Africa Boer instead of British. His belief may be regarded as a justification for his amazing action of defiance, but it is

was frequently lauded as one of the ablest infantry commanders of the day. How imaginative such a description was is shown in the discomfiture of his forces in his first battles worth the name. Of course, he may yet reestablish himself;



THE RIGHT REV. HENRY C. POTTER, EPISCOPAL BISHOP OF NEW YORK, AS HE APPEARS ON THE BRIDLE PATH IN CENTRAL PARK.

*From a photograph by George Grantham Bain.*

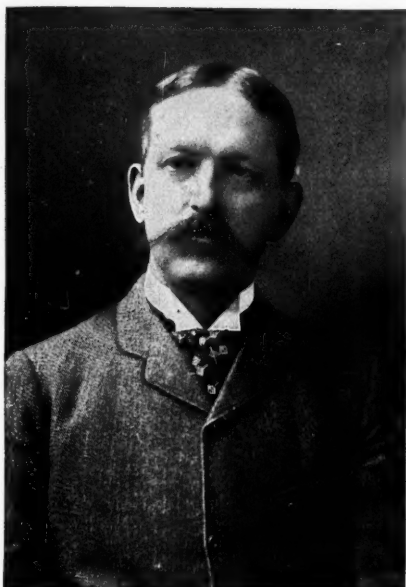
fatal to his reputation for a superlative degree of "horse sense."

General Joubert, whose portrait appears on page 390, owed his prestige partially to his successes against Sir George Colley in 1881, and still more, probably, to the fondness of the newspaper press for a picturesque and original human figure. Although he had never had to encounter a larger force than half a regiment, he

but at this writing his title to high rank as a general is still to be earned.

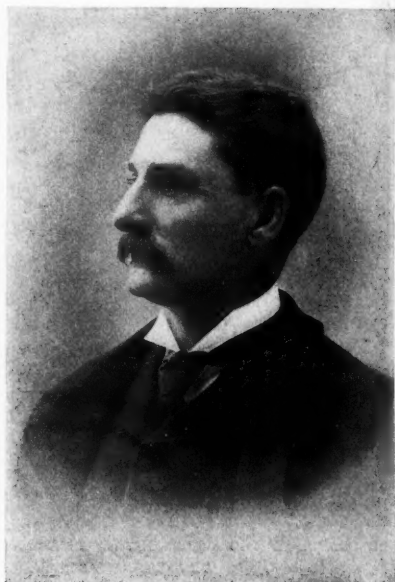
#### BULLER'S VICTORIA CROSS.

A paragraph published in this department last September gave a brief account of that interesting decoration, the Victoria Cross. It was not mentioned then that among the wearers of the coveted



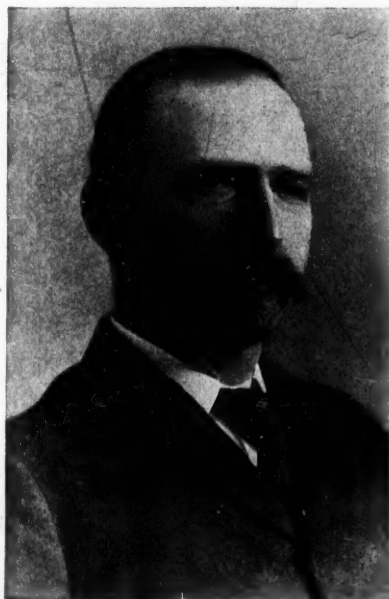
W. WOODVILLE ROCKHILL, FORMERLY UNITED STATES MINISTER AT ATHENS, AND NOW CHIEF OF THE BUREAU OF AMERICAN REPUBLICS.

*From a photograph by Rice, Washington.*



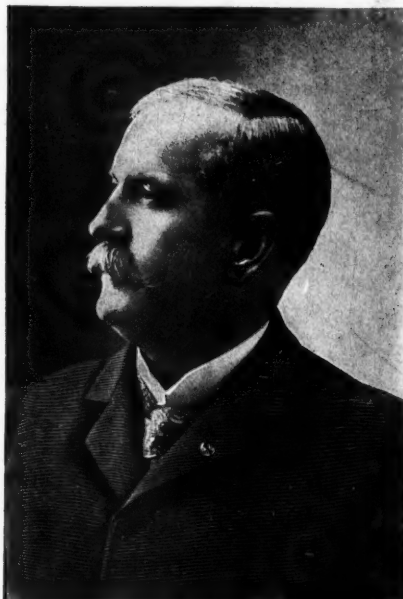
ARTHUR SHERBURNE HARDY, FORMERLY UNITED STATES MINISTER AT TEHERAN, RECENTLY TRANSFERRED TO ATHENS.

*From a photograph by Langill, Hanover.*



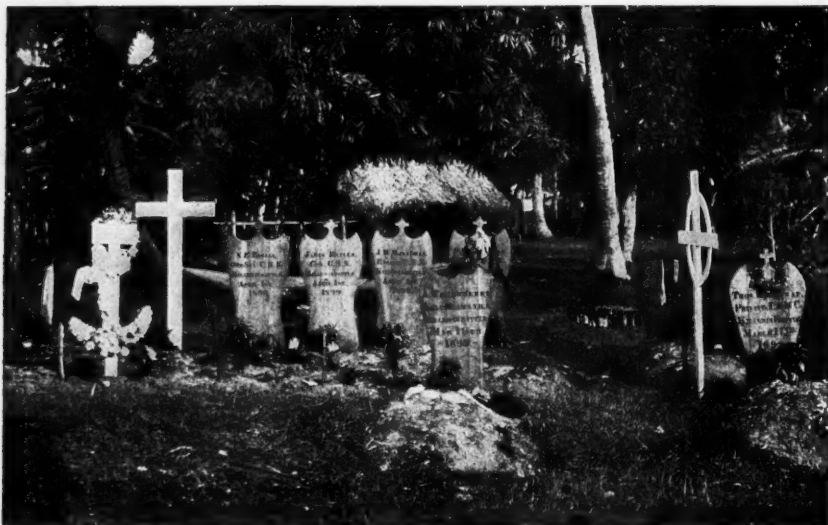
T. G. SHAUGHNESSY, WHO HAS SUCCEEDED SIR WILLIAM VAN HORNE AS PRESIDENT OF THE CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILROAD.

*From a photograph by Notman & Son, Montreal.*



GEORGE W. WILSON, UNITED STATES COMMISSIONER OF INTERNAL REVENUE, PROMOTED FROM DEPUTY COMMISSIONER TO SUCCEED NATHAN B. SCOTT.

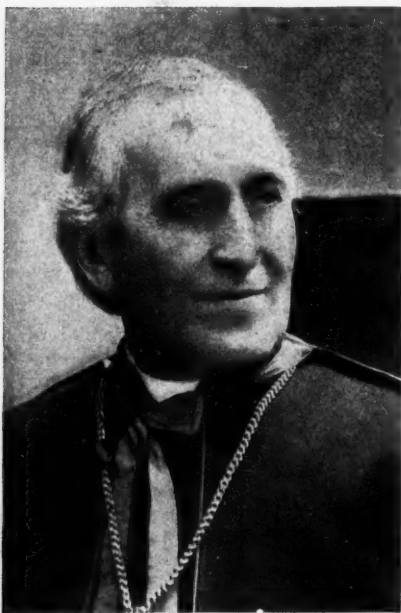
*From a photograph by Smith & Buck, Washington.*



THE GRAVES OF THE AMERICAN SAILORS AND MARINES KILLED IN BATTLE WITH THE REBELS DURING THE CIVIL WAR IN SAMOA, IN MARCH AND APRIL LAST.

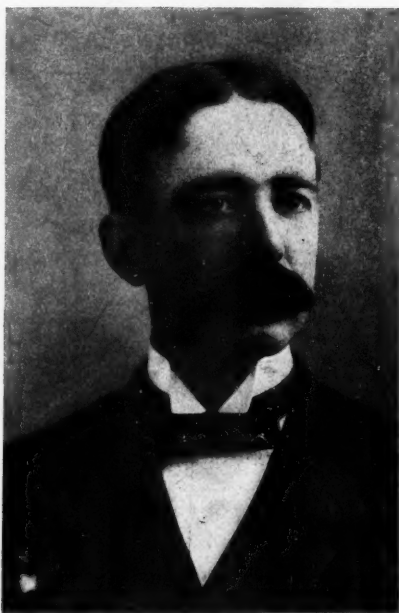
bit of bronze are General Buller, the British commander in chief in South Africa, and General White, his next in command. They share the distinction with Lord

Roberts, General Wood, and several others among the senior officers of Victoria's army. It must not be inferred that men high in military rank are favored



THE MOST REV. JOHN IRELAND, ROMAN CATHOLIC ARCHBISHOP OF ST. PAUL.

*From a photograph by Guigoni & Bossi, Milan.*



BIRD S. COLER, COMPTROLLER OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK.

*From a photograph by Pearsall, Brooklyn.*



in the bestowal of the cross. Each of the soldiers named earned it long before he reached his present position. None of the royal princes in the army possesses it, through natural lack of op-

the disaster of Isandhwana, where a British detachment was annihilated by an overwhelming force of Zulus. Buller, who was commanding a regiment of light horse, was out reconnoitering with a



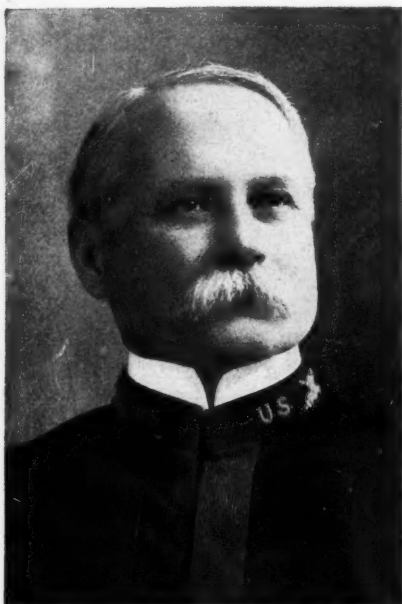
WILLIAM JENNINGS BRYAN, OF NEBRASKA, WHO SEEMS CERTAIN TO BE AGAIN THE DEMOCRATIC CANDIDATE FOR THE PRESIDENCY NEXT YEAR.

*From a recent photograph by Baker, Columbus.*

portunity; nor does Lord Wolseley, the commander in chief, though as a young officer he more than once displayed personal gallantry in the field.

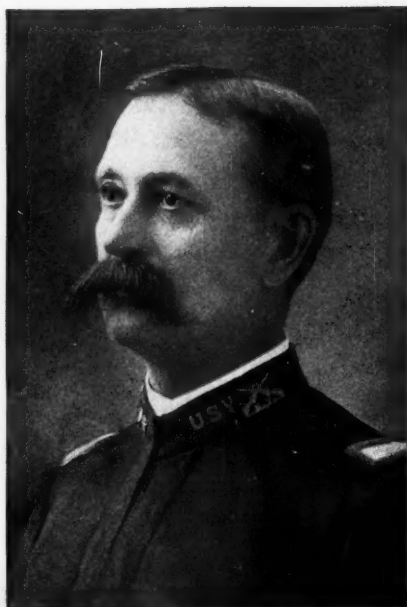
General Buller won his V. C. twenty years ago, by an act of valor which surely few of his comrades have equaled. It was on the frontier of Natal, just after

handful of men, when he was suddenly attacked by a large body of the savages. When one of his soldiers fell under the shower of assegais, Buller dashed forward, took the wounded man upon his own horse, and bore him to the rear. He performed the same feat not once but three times, rescuing two officers and a trooper



COLONEL WALTER HOWE, OF THE FORTY SEVENTH  
VOLUNTEER INFANTRY.

*From a photograph.*



COLONEL EDWARD E. HARDIN, OF THE TWENTY NINTH  
VOLUNTEER INFANTRY.

*From a photograph by Lloyd, Trcy.*



COLONEL LOUIS A. CRAIG, OF THE THIRTY SECOND  
VOLUNTEER INFANTRY.

*From a photograph by Stevenson, Leavenworth.*



COLONEL ROBERT BRUCE WALLACE, OF THE THIRTY  
SEVENTH VOLUNTEER INFANTRY.

*From a photograph.*

FOUR COLONELS OF THE NEW VOLUNTEER REGIMENTS.

when the pursuing horde of Zulus was almost upon them.

#### COMPTROLLER COLER OF NEW YORK.

To few municipal officials does there come such an opportunity for conspicuous public service as came to Mr. Coler, comptroller of New York, when his assent was asked for a contract binding the city to pay two hundred million dollars to a private water company. The proposition, amazing enough when thus baldly stated, was veiled by specious pleas and backed by powerful interests, and it would probably have "gone through" had not the comptroller challenged it, and begun a fight which resulted in its exposure and defeat, at least for the time.

Mr. Coler is a young man who reversed the traditional rule and came East to make his way in the world. Born in Illinois, he was a resident of Brooklyn, a successful business man, and quite un-



COLONEL EDMUND RICE, OF THE TWENTY SIXTH VOLUNTEER INFANTRY.

*From a photograph by Chickering, Boston.*

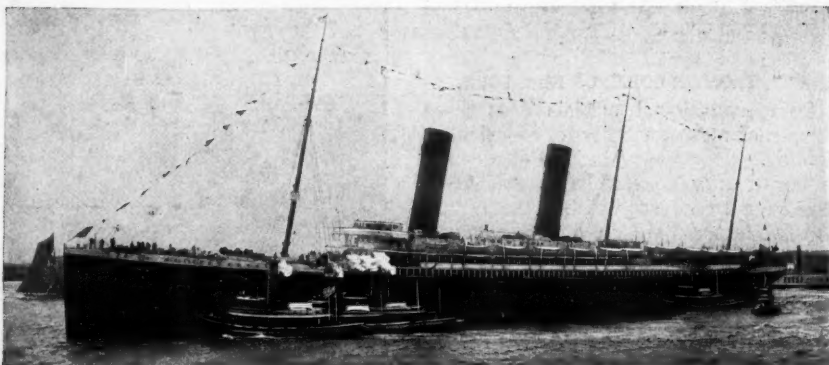


MAJOR GENERAL ARTHUR MACARTHUR, UNITED STATES VOLUNTEERS.

*From a photograph recently taken at Manila.*

known in politics when elected, two years ago, as the first financial officer of Greater New York. His action on the Ramapo water scandal may have made him influential enemies, but it has gained him countless friends, and it is not impossible that he has a career in public life before him.

Good luck does not seem to attend the men whom the Transvaal gold fields have made millionaires. Hated by the Boers, and not blessed by the British, their path to wealth has lain through ground long troubled by bitter racial antagonisms—which they



THE NEW STEAMER OCEANIC, OF THE WHITE STAR LINE, THE LARGEST VESSEL AFLOAT, SEVEN HUNDRED AND FOUR FEET LONG.

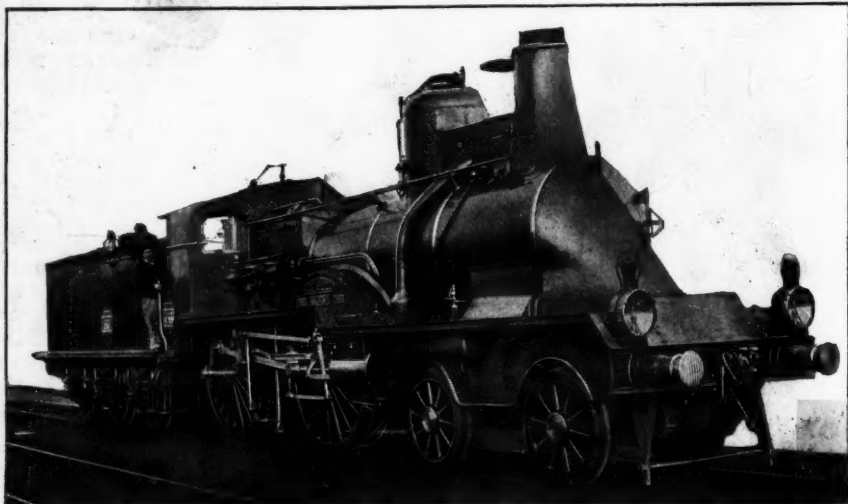
certainly have not helped to heal—and now bathed in blood. The tract that has produced their riches is now in their enemies' hands, and neither its immediate nor even its ultimate future is unclouded.

Three of the most prominent figures of their coterie, all comparatively young men, have died within two years—Barnato, who committed suicide, Woolf Joel, who was murdered, and recently Herbert Davies, chairman of the Consolidated Gold Fields; and with the exception of Joel, none of them left so large a fortune as had been expected.

\* \* \* \*

It was both strange and sad that the

late General Henry's death should take place a few days before the appearance of last month's issue of MUNSEY'S, containing the article in which he summed up his view of the situation in Porto Rico. Both during and since his term of service as military governor at San Juan, General Henry had the welfare of the island and its people very close to his heart; and his unexpected death adds a touch of pathetic interest to his earnest plea, addressed to Congress and to the nation at large, for prompt and just attention to the needs of the West Indian community that has come under the American flag.



A LOCOMOTIVE RECENTLY BUILT FOR THE CHEMIN DE FER DE L'EST (EASTERN RAILROAD OF FRANCE), WITH BEAKED FRONT TO DIMINISH WIND RESISTANCE.



# THE GATE OF THE KLONDIKE.

BY A. A. HILL.

THE ALASKAN DISTRICT THROUGH WHICH PASS THE ONLY AVAILABLE TRAILS TO THE RICHES OF THE YUKON MINES—ITS REMARKABLE SCENERY, ITS POLITICAL AND COMMERCIAL IMPORTANCE, AND THE DISPUTE AS TO ITS TREATY BOUNDARIES.

SEEN from the deck of an ocean steamer, the southeastern coast of Alaska, at the head of Lynn Canal, puts a damper upon the enthusiasm of the average gold seeker. Many a man who started from Seattle full of hope and courage has turned back without even leaving the steamer which took him up there, while still more have become infirm of purpose as soon as they struck the forbidding mountain rampart that looms up a few miles from the shore.

Among the passengers on our steamer was a man from the Pacific Coast. He was a giant in stature, in the prime of life, and a fine specimen of physical manhood. During the voyage up he had been somewhat garrulous as to the plans he intended to pursue to wrest the yellow metal from the frozen ground when he reached the gold fields of the Yukon. He had also expressed his opinion freely as to the lack of judgment shown by so many in attempting to reach a country where only the most robust could hope to be successful.

"According to all accounts," said he, as he strode the deck one day, head thrown back and chest extended, "the Klondike is no place for a tenderfoot. A man needs plenty of bone

and muscle as well as grit to get along there."

The morning of our arrival was a dismal one. The harbor is well protected by the surrounding hills, yet it was bitter cold, the wind blew a hurricane, and for more than four hours we were unable to make fast to the rude pier that runs

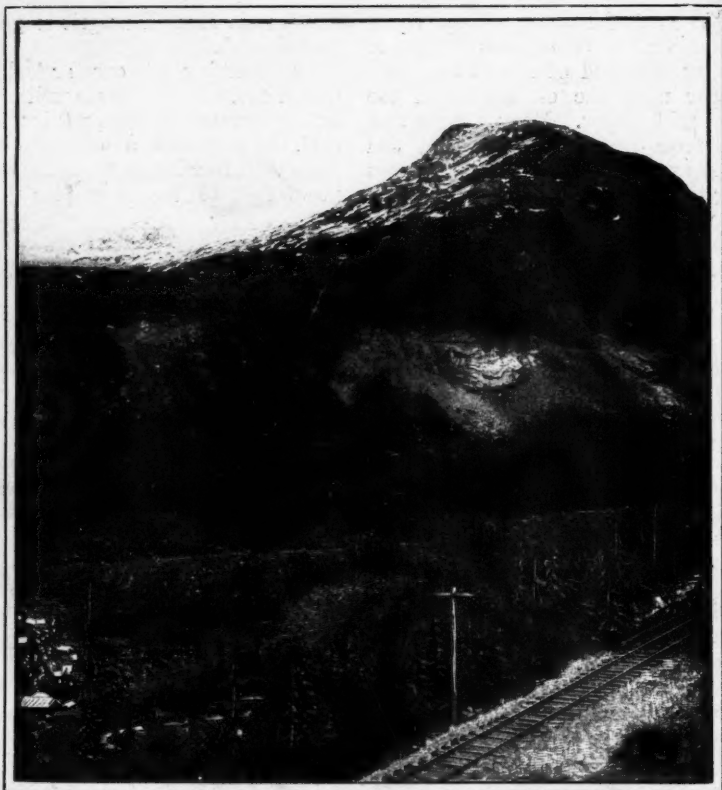


AT THE INTERNATIONAL BOUNDARY LINE—THE UNION JACK AND THE STARS AND STRIPES AT THE WHITE PASS SUMMIT, WITH A DETACHMENT OF THE CANADIAN NORTHWEST MOUNTED POLICE.

*From a photograph by Hegg, Skagway.*

down from the town of Skagway. In the shadows of the dawn, the scene was repellent and gloomy in the extreme. Our friend, the giant Argonaut, came out upon the deck attired in furs, so that nothing could be seen of his face save his eyes peering through the holes in his hood. He had lost his measured stride and his imposing mien.

matter of fact mind to account for its topography and climate except to assume that when the Omnipotent Architect and Builder had finished His superb work of world creation, He had a few odds and ends left—sundry mountains of assorted sizes, a collection of islands, some cataracts and glaciers, an assortment of boulders, large and small, and fragments



SCENERY OF THE WHITE PASS ROUTE, FROM THE LINE OF THE WHITE PASS & YUKON RAILROAD, RECENTLY OPENED FROM SKAGWAY TO LAKE BENNETT.

*From a photograph by Hegg, Skagway.*

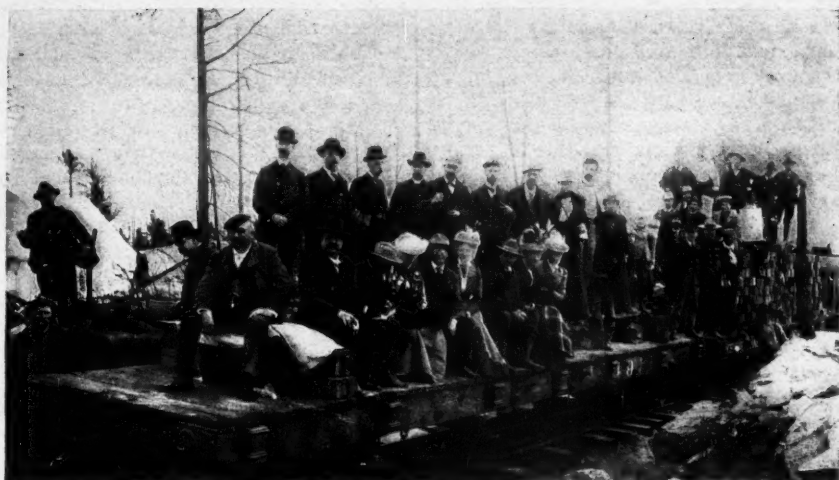
"I tell you," said he, "we had all of us better go back to civilization. This is no place for a white man."

And the man never left the steamer, but returned home with her to the States. His first glimpse of the country had dispelled his courage.

There is little wonder that the locality had not been considered of any consequence until after the gold discovery in the Klondike. There is no way for the

of weather left over from every clime. This material was deposited here because there was no other place where it would be so much out of the way.

In the treaty delimiting Alaska, mention is made of the "range of mountains which extend in a direction parallel to the coast." There is no such range of mountains. The snowy caps of towering peaks pierce the sky everywhere and as far as the eye can reach, but they are as lack-



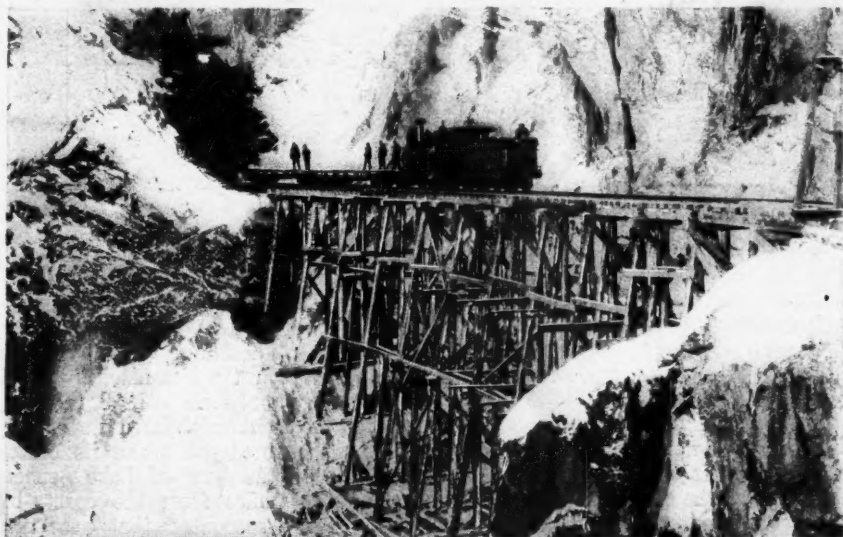
THE FIRST THROUGH PASSENGER TRAIN ON THE WHITE PASS & YUKON RAILROAD, AT LOG CABIN, ON THE CANADIAN SIDE OF THE PASS, JULY 6, 1899.

*From a photograph by Hegg, Skagway.*

ing in uniformity of direction or sequence as the billows of the sea. The climate, the topography, the soil—nature itself—seem “jangled and out of tune.” And yet it has a charm—the charm that Joaquin Miller has expressed so grandly:

The silence, the room!  
The glory of God, the gloom!

Uninviting as is the first aspect of the Lynn Canal country, it is by far the best gateway to the gold region of the interior. Less than two years ago, the Canadian government had hopes of the Edmonton route, that overland way which has since proved a long trail of hardship and death. The Stikine River trail from Fort



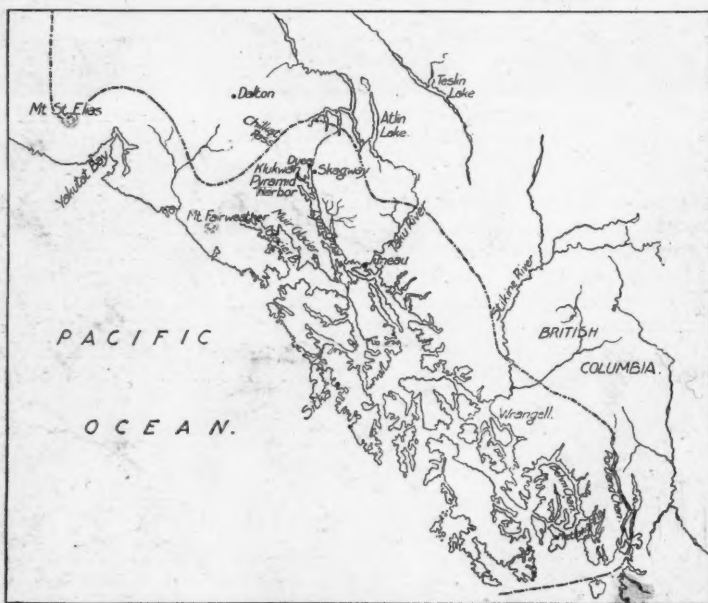
A ROUGH COUNTRY FOR RAILROAD BUILDING—TUNNEL AND VIADUCT ON THE WHITE PASS & YUKON RAILROAD.

*From a photograph by Hegg, Skagway.*

Wrangell was also urged as a good one, and this is likewise practically an all Canadian route. But it has proved a tragic failure. Then the Taku River route from Juneau had its claims, but no one is reported as having reached Dawson by taking it. Over on the American side, the Dalton trail, beginning at Pyramid Harbor and running through the Chilkat Pass—which must not be confused with the better known Chilkoot Pass—requires the fording of almost innumerable streams, besides traversing a rough and hilly country. As for reaching the gold fields by way of St. Michael's and breasting the current of

—in this way, but they had little baggage. Had they attempted to carry the outfit of the average gold seeker, it would have turned them back almost at the outset.

Even by way of Skagway or Dyea, the route to the interior is not easy except under favorable weather conditions. The lives that have been lost on these trails foot up considerably more than a hundred, while the poor dumb beasts of burden that have been sacrificed to man's ignorance and greed number thousands. But this was before the railway had been built from Skagway to Lake Bennett.



SKETCH MAP OF SOUTHEASTERN ALASKA, THROUGH WHICH THE VARIOUS TRAILS TO THE KLONDIKE PASS, WITH THE FRONTIER AS GIVEN IN THE UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT CHARTS.

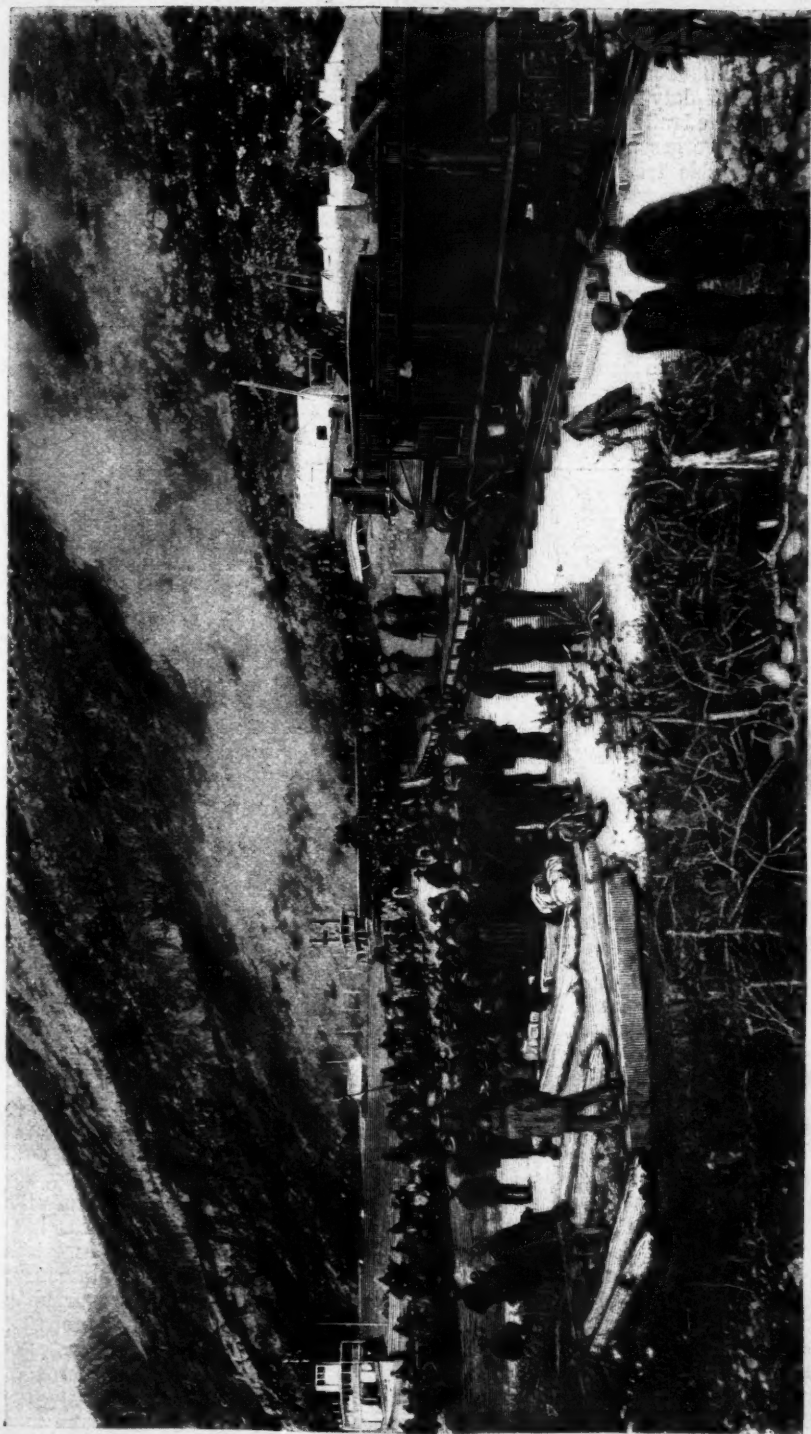
the shallow Yukon, with its continually shifting channel, it can be done only in midsummer and at great expense of time and money, although coming out of the country by this route, traveling with the current, is far easier.

There has also been some talk of getting into the interior by way of Copper River, and this seems easy enough, on the map, but the experience is as withering as Dead Sea fruit. True, two out of a party of twelve government officials are reported to have reached the Tanana River—which flows down to the Yukon

Hereafter probably four fifths of the gold seekers will begin their long journey inland at this point.

With the uncertainty as to the best route to reach the Klondike, it is little wonder that, previous to 1898, the Canadian government established its military post of mounted police and its custom house near the head of Lake Bennett, some forty miles from the coast, but early in the season of that year their headquarters were moved shoreward to the summit of White Pass and the top of Chilkoot Pass. There may have been





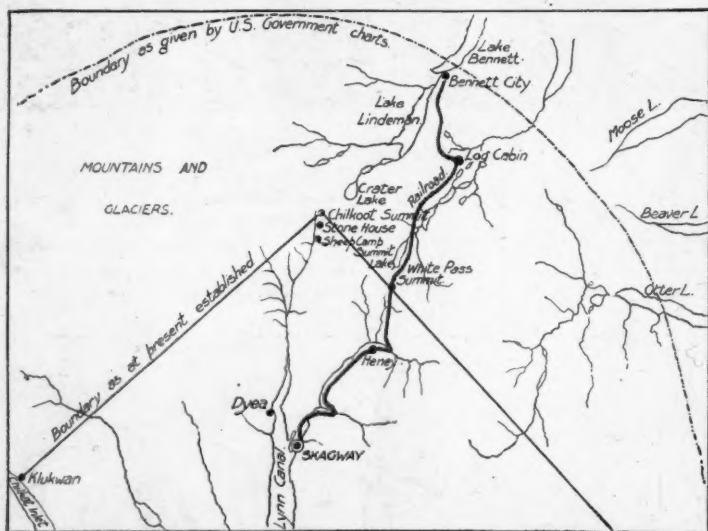
THE NORTHERN TERMINUS OF THE WHITE PASS & YUKON RAILROAD, AT LAKE BENNETT, WHERE GOLD SEEKERS CAN TAKE A STEAMER FOR THE KLONDIKE VIA WHITE HORSE RAPIDS AND FORT SELKIRK.

*From a photograph by Hegg, Skagway.*

more than one reason for this. Here it was impossible for travelers to evade the payment of duty by making a detour and striking the trail further inland, for these narrow gorges at the summit are the only possible trails through which the country can be reached. At Lake Bennett, on the other hand, the trail is not so well defined, and the gold seeker can and perhaps did get past the officials without their knowledge. Moreover, the move was locally regarded by Americans as a step towards the assertion of Canada's claim to the possession of Dyea and Skagway, the two important points on the coast toward which most of

national boundary as shown in the map on this page.

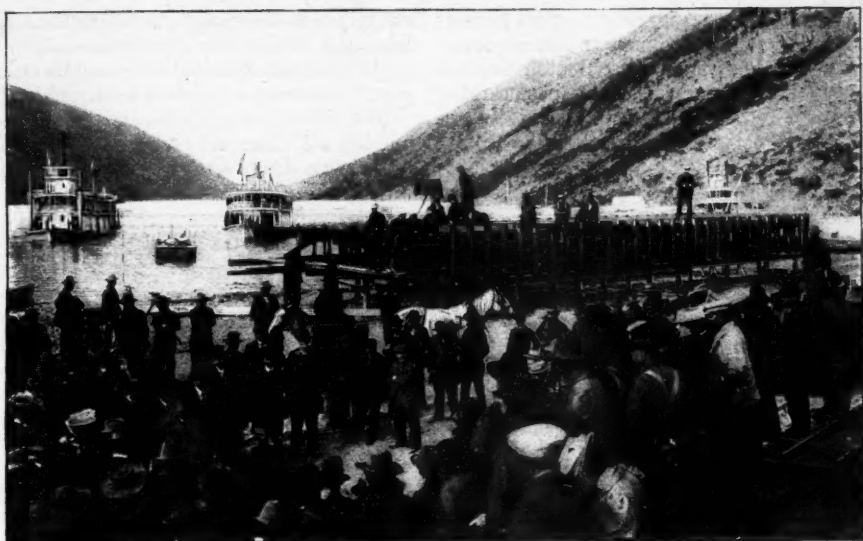
The actual value of the land in dispute, of course, is insignificant compared to the importance of the seaport privileges that Canada would secure by such an accession. It would also give Great Britain an open seacoast for her great northwest territories, and weaken the United States by taking away its exclusive jurisdiction north of the fifty fourth degree of latitude. Through this gateway an immense amount of supplies as well as immigration for the Canadian Northwest Territory now goes through American hands.



SKETCH MAP OF THE LYNN CANAL DISTRICT, SHOWING THE BOUNDARY AS CLAIMED BY THE UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT, AND AS NOW ESTABLISHED BY THE MODUS VIVENDI.

the travel was trending; the claim being based on the fact that though actually lying beside deep salt water, the settlements in question are more than ten marine leagues (the distance named in the old Russian treaty) back from the ocean coast line, neglecting the narrow fiords that cut this region into a maze of islands and peninsulas. To Americans, the Canadian position seems an untenable one, but the question cannot be discussed here, and may safely be left to governmental diplomacy for a settlement—an early one, we hope; an amicable one, we cannot doubt. Meanwhile, a "modus vivendi" has been agreed upon, provisionally delimiting the inter-

Canadian officials have stated that the income of the government from the ten per cent royalty on the gold output, from licenses and the customs receipts, does not balance the outlay necessary for maintaining the various posts of the mounted police and other expenses incidental to preserving order. American miners are incredulous at the statement. They know that less than two hundred men preserved order, protected property, collected duties, issued licenses, and settled disputed mining questions throughout the entire Yukon District during the tremendous rush of sixty thousand men in 1898, at a time when the police had



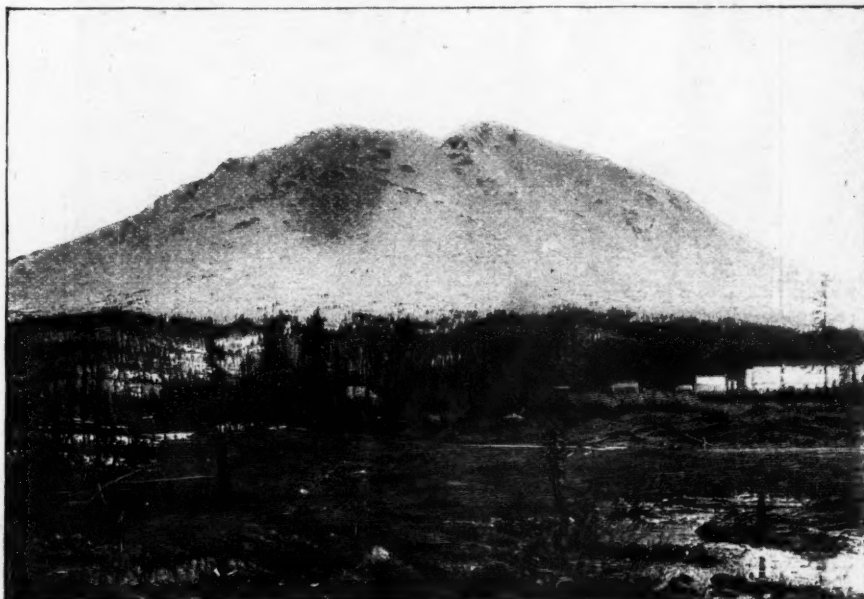
DRIVING THE LAST SPIKE OF THE WHITE PASS & YUKON RAILROAD, AT LAKE BENNETT, JULY 6, 1899.

*From a photograph by Hegg, Skagway.*

to contend against every sort and condition of humanity.

Whatever the American may have to say about the Canadian government in the abstract, he has only praise for the

individual member of the mounted police. The red coated officers are almost invariably courteous, quiet, well educated, and well bred, and the stranger in the country wonders what quality in their



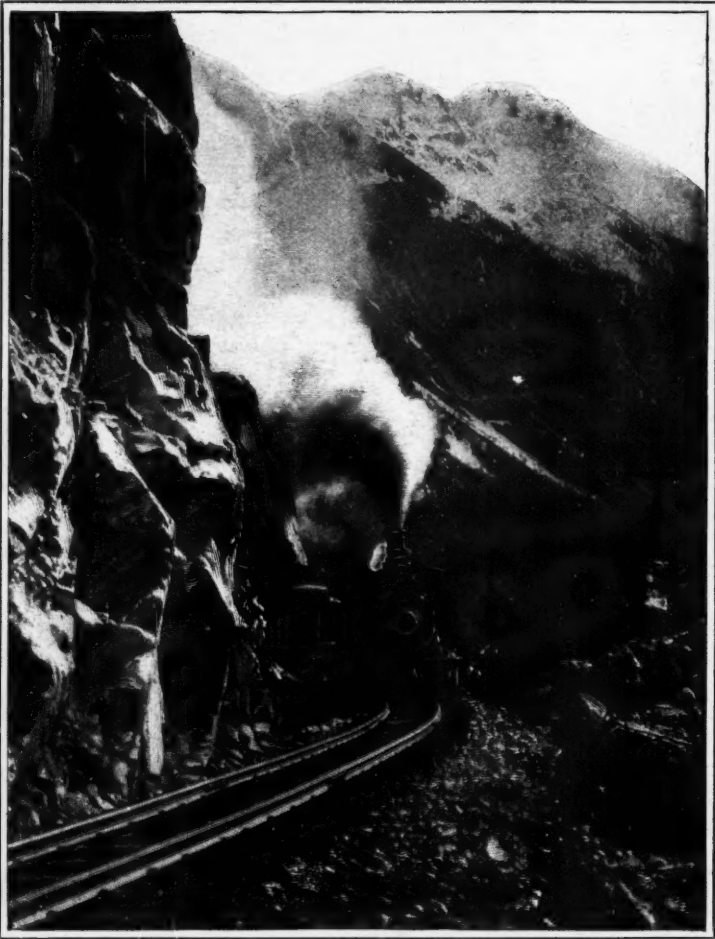
"THE SNOWY CAPS OF TOWERING PEAKS PIERCE THE SKY EVERYWHERE"—MOUNT HALCON, ON THE CANADIAN SIDE OF THE WHITE PASS.

*From a photograph by Hegg, Skagway.*

makeup it is that inspires respect bordering on fear in white man and Indian alike. Two of these men are a match for ten times their number simply because the outlaw knows that in opposing their authority he is waging war on the British government itself. The United States

country will be practically worthless, unless coal and cheap transportation are supplied in order that the comparatively poor claims can be worked with profit.

The Canadian government has pre-empted all veins of coal that have been or may be discovered, rightly concluding



A PASSENGER TRAIN ROUNDING ROCKY POINT, ON THE WHITE PASS & YUKON RAILROAD.

*From a photograph by Hegg, Skagway.*

would require more men, and a much larger outlay, to do the same work.

Cool headed mining experts who look at Alaska and the Yukon District in a dispassionate way, agree that it is the greatest mineral country in the world, but claim that when the placers of the few rich creeks are worked out, the

that this mineral is a most valuable product in a country where there is little wood for fuel to thaw the frozen ground—practically the only method of mining.

The railway from Skagway to Lake Bennett has so reduced freight rates that today the miners in Dawson can order supplies direct from the States at a cost



of from five to seven cents a pound, or about one half what was formerly charged from Skagway to the summit of White Pass. This road has been surveyed as far as Fort Selkirk, but there is little reason why it should be extended beyond its present limit. With the expenditure of a few hundred dollars in improving the channel at Miles Canyon, and at Squaw, White Horse, and Five Finger Rapids, light draft boats will take freight and passengers down through the lakes and rivers to Dawson easily, safely, and speedily.

No one can know better than the Canadian officials the rich possibilities of this rugged country when properly developed. If she should obtain a seaport, Canada will hold the key not only to her own vast mineral country, but to Alaska as well.

She is willing to wait for time and toil to reveal this hidden wealth. If the rich veins of pure copper reported by capable prospectors in the Copper River district are ever worked, the ore will probably have to be taken out some other way, but the great bulk of the Alaskan business will be transacted by way of Skagway.

So this little ambitious city, with its push and enterprise, its fairly good harbor, and its accessibility from other ports, is of more importance to the United States and to Canada than hundreds of square miles of mineral territory yet unexplored and unknown. The day is not remote, but nigh, when Skagway will be the metropolis of Alaska, and the strange country that surrounds her, crowded as it is with wonders of scenery and of nature, will pulse and throb with human activity.

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#### THE MIDNIGHT MINUET.

It is dark and dull and gloomy, with its windows facing north,  
This the old colonial mansion from its ivy peering forth.  
There's a flintlock o'er the mantel, and a flag above the door,  
And a harp with strings that dangle in the dust upon the floor.  
But when falls the purple twilight, then the silver sconces flare,  
Comes a hand upon the knocker, and a step upon the stair,  
And she courtesies from the threshold in her sweet, patrician grace,  
As he grounds his moldy musket by the fireless chimney place.

Here and there the yellow laces from her sleeves have dropped away,  
And her pearls have lost their luster in the darkness and decay;  
Brown and scentless are the roses that are clustered on her breast,  
But her gown is gold embroidered, and her hair with powder dressed.  
He is clad in tattered garments that were once of buff and blue,  
On his temples is a bandage where the blood is oozing through;  
Sash and plume are grimed with battle, spur and saber red with rust—  
But the harp is faintly sounding from its covering of dust.

It is played by unseen fingers that with touches soft and slow  
Gently wake the mournful music of a century ago;  
Quaint old tunes that were in fashion in the days of patch and puff,  
Periwigs and ostrich feathers, lace cravats and perfumed snuff;  
And they walk with prim precision through the stately minuet,  
Though her faded satin slippers with the grave dewes glisten wet,  
And he moves a little stiffly, since beneath the flower and vine  
He has slept a hundred summers on the field of Brandywine.

Hark! The ancient clock is striking in the dim deserted hall,  
Slowly, as with age grown weary, twelve deliberate strokes in all,  
And the tinkling harp is silent, and the lady lifts her train,  
And the soldier takes the musket to his shoulder once again;  
Dies the candle in the socket, loudly creaks the crumbling stair,  
Swings the door on broken hinges with a rush of chilly air.  
But the mouse behind the curtain and the spider in her net  
Still remain to tell the story of the midnight minuet.

*Minna Irving.*



THE GATEWAY OF THE UNITED STATES NAVAL ACADEMY.

## THE NEW ANNAPOLIS.

BY J. W. BARTLETT.

THE MOVEMENT TO CONSTRUCT WORTHY QUARTERS FOR THE SCHOOL IN WHICH AMERICAN NAVAL OFFICERS ARE TRAINED, AND THE MEN WHO HAVE FINALLY CARRIED IT TO APPARENTLY ASSURED SUCCESS.



ON the 24th of April last, ground was broken for the first of the new and spacious buildings which Congress has at last decided to erect for the nation's naval training school. The event marked the beginning of the triumphant ending of a long and earnest struggle waged by the friends of the institution to create a Naval Academy that shall be a credit to the country and worthy to be called the foster mother of the American navy.

The Naval Academy has had a severe experience. Its very birth was attended with great difficulty. While the Military Academy has always been an object of interest and favor in the eyes of Congress, and has been quite liberally provided for, the Naval Academy, for many years after its inception—which may be dated from 1845, and credited mainly to George Bancroft, then Secretary of the Navy—has had to fight for its very existence. Its growth has been by piecemeal and often in a style discouraging to the service, and not particularly creditable to

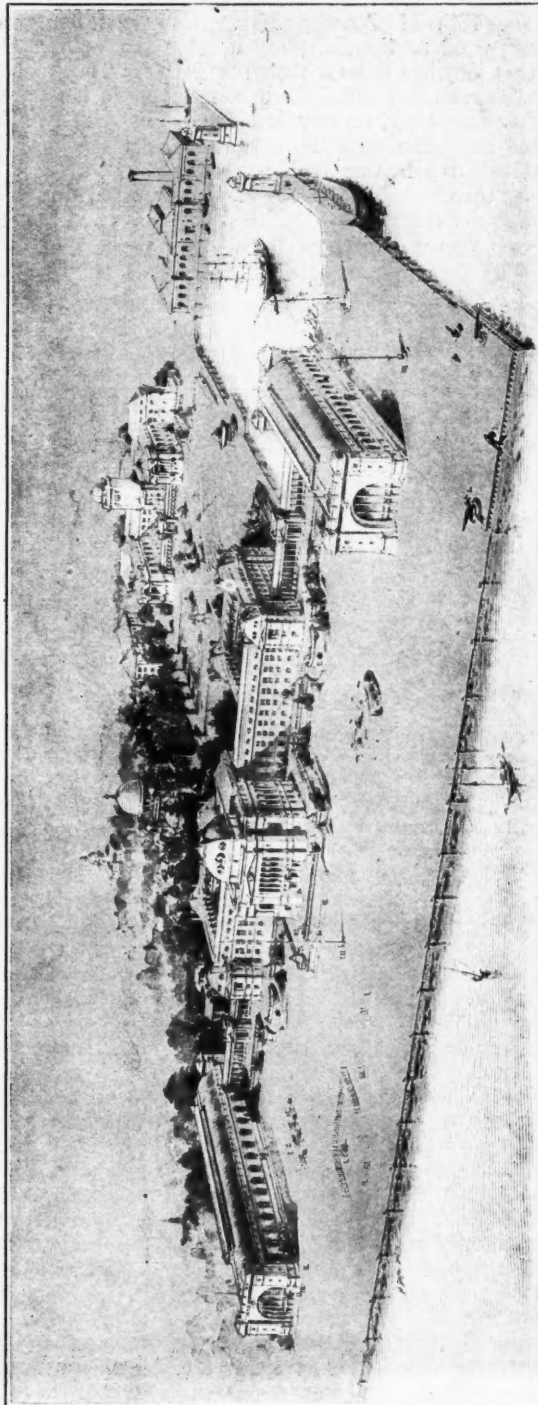
the country. When one considers that the navy has had a very important part in all our wars, and has been our chief reliance in at least two, this fact is astonishing almost beyond belief.

Since the Civil War—during which it was in temporary exile at Fort Adams, Rhode Island—the Naval Academy has made great strides in the work of educating naval officers, so that now it has few or no superiors in its special field. Of that feature of the institution, however, this article is not designed to treat; the purpose being to show the lamentable way in which it has been neglected, and the great importance of the changes which have at last been inaugurated. It may be said in a general way that for twenty five years no permanent valuable additions had been made to the architecture of the Naval Academy until the inception of the scheme now well under way. Almost every year during that time, the officers interested in the academy, and the board of visitors, directed attention to the insufficiency of the accommodations and the rapidly deteriorating condition of many of the buildings in use; but the only response from Congress has been a continuation of the patchwork

policy, through which houses have been "repaired" by shoring up the walls and adding new supports to foundations to prevent actual collapse.

The movement for the entire reconstruction of the academy and the rearrangement of the grounds may be said to have begun about five years ago, when Captain P. H. Cooper, the superintendent, made a vigorous onslaught upon the disgraceful and dangerous condition of the cadets' quarters and other structures, and criticised the inconvenient arrangement, or lack of arrangement, of all the main buildings. He directed attention to the impossibility of perpetually patching structures whose dimensions were far too contracted and whose weakness would not justify enlargement. During the session of the board of visitors in 1895, he made such an earnest appeal for relief that that body was greatly impressed, and in its report embodied a recommendation that a board be appointed by the Secretary of the Navy to examine into the whole subject.

The Secretary of the Navy, Hilary A. Herbert, promptly acted upon the recommendation, and appointed the following officers for the service: Commodore E. O. Matthews, Captain P. H. Cooper, Lieutenant Commander E. H. C. Leutze, Lieutenant Commander A. Ross, Surgeon W. R. Du Bose, and Lieutenant W. P. Potter.



GENERAL VIEW OF THE PROPOSED NEW BUILDINGS OF THE UNITED STATES NAVAL ACADEMY, AS DESIGNED BY MR. ERNEST FLAGG.

Armory.

Officers' Houses.  
Cadets' Quarters.

Physics Building.

Academic Building.  
Boat House.

U. S. S. Santee.  
Power House.

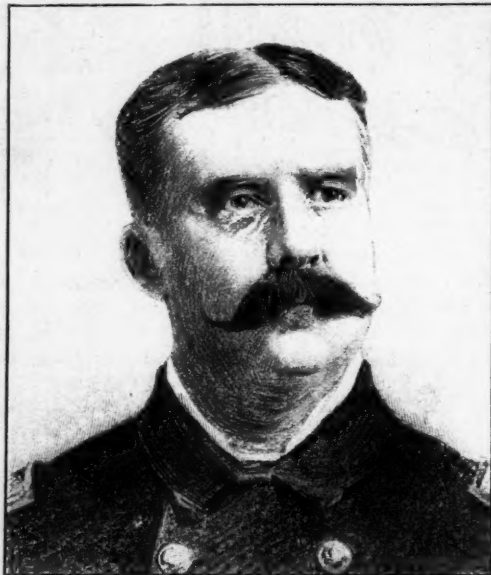
On the 16th of January, 1896, the board reported to the Secretary of the Navy that they had made a thorough investigation, and had found the buildings, with few exceptions, in very bad condition, and not warranting the expense of the extensive repairs that would be needed to render them safe and serviceable. Besides, they took cognizance of the com-

plated improvements, the board estimated that \$375,000 would be required that year, but that at least \$150,000 should be made immediately available for the preliminary work. But when the project came before Congress, and was referred to the House committee on naval affairs, where all needed appropriations had necessarily to originate, there was strong opposition, and the result was a continuation of the old story: the academy must suffer and wait.

But the friends of the academy did not wait for Congress to act. Mr. Thompson, with the sanction of Captain Cooper and others interested, set about procuring a comprehensive plan for rearrangement and reconstruction. Under their patronage, Mr. Ernest Flagg, of New York, presented a plan with the necessary drawings and estimates, contemplating the entire removal of all the principal buildings, and reconstruction upon a more convenient and attractive arrangement. His plan was subsequently approved by Captain Cooper, and later on adopted by the Secretary of the Navy. But, like all the less formal schemes, it has encountered obstructions, and has been obliged to overcome opposition where it should have been encouraged.

Nothing beyond meager repairs was provided for in the naval appropriation bill passed in 1897. Towards the latter part of that year the superintendent of the Naval Academy reported to the Secretary of the Navy that the recitation hall for cadets was in such a bad condition that it was liable to collapse at any time, and desired immediate action to prevent "some terrible catastrophe." Secretary Long immediately interested himself in the matter, and after investigation ordered the building to be abandoned, and subsequently it was torn down. The boat house and the armory were also pronounced unsafe.

In December, 1897, Assistant Secretary Roosevelt made a careful investigation of affairs at the academy, and in a report to the secretary he very clearly set forth the necessity for immediate action for the total renovation of the buildings and grounds. He took up the plan submitted

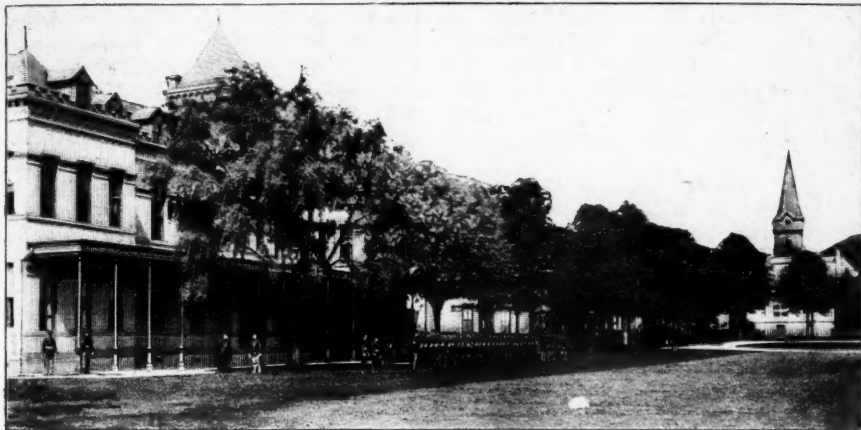


REAR ADMIRAL FREDERICK V. MCNAIR, SUPERINTENDENT OF THE UNITED STATES NAVAL ACADEMY.

plaint already made by Captain Cooper, that the buildings were inconveniently placed, and generally would interfere with any comprehensive plan for the rehabilitation of the school. They therefore advised that a plan for complete reconstruction should be at once entered upon, including the extension of the sea wall so as to reclaim ground along the water front which was exposed at low tide, an improved sewage system, and the construction of fireproof houses conveniently arranged in place of the ill assorted, dangerous, and inconvenient ones now marring the natural beauty of the grounds. For the purpose of a beginning, they urged the immediate appropriation of money sufficient to dredge and prepare the extended ground, for the sea wall, the sewage system, and the preparation of plans for the general reconstruction.

For a proper beginning of the contem-





THE UNITED STATES NAVAL ACADEMY—PORTER ROW AND THE CHAPEL. PORTER ROW HAS RECENTLY BEEN REMOVED TO MAKE ROOM FOR THE NEW ARMORY.

by Mr. Flagg, explained it in detail, and recommended that it be adopted by the department, and that every effort be made to induce Congress to agree upon it as proper for the construction of the new Naval Academy, concluding as follows: "I have been carefully over it with Captain Cooper and the architect. I heartily commend it for its simplicity, dignity, and adaptation to the practical needs of the institution."

Acting promptly upon the suggestions of his assistant secretary, Secretary Long, on the 8th of January, 1898, communicated to the chairmen of the naval

committees of the Senate and House his view of the desirability of immediately beginning the work of reconstructing the academy on the plan approved by the department, and submitting a clause for insertion in the appropriation bill to make a beginning, as follows:

"And the Secretary of the Navy is authorized to contract for the construction at the Naval Academy of a building suitable for use as an armory, at a cost not to exceed \$300,000; a boat house, at a cost not to exceed \$300,000; a power house, at a cost not to exceed \$100,000; four double houses for officers' quarters,



THE GROUNDS OF THE UNITED STATES NAVAL ACADEMY, AND THE MONUMENT TO COMMANDER HERNDON.

at a cost not to exceed \$60,000; and for grading, electric light wiring, removing old buildings, and preparing plans, at a cost not exceeding \$90,000; and the sum of \$500,000 is hereby appropriated toward the construction of the public works herein authorized."

Again there was strong opposition, but Congress voted the half million, and preliminary work was promptly begun. The marine barracks, and the officers' houses known as Porter Row in the southeast corner of the grounds, were removed to make room for the new armory under the

necessarily slow. The trouble of removing old obstructions and preparing the grounds with a view to consistency of arrangement according to the general plan offered some perplexing problems that could not be determined offhand. The Secretary of the Navy, however, did not abate his zeal for the regeneration of the academy, and at the succeeding session of Congress, December, 1898, he coöperated with Admiral McNair in estimating for an appropriation of \$2,120,000 additional to that appropriated at the previous session to prosecute the work.



THE UNITED STATES NAVAL ACADEMY AND RIVER SEVERN, LOOKING NORTHWARD FROM THE TOWER OF THE CADETS' QUARTERS.

plan adopted by the Navy Department. Work upon the officers' houses to take the place of those removed was pushed to completion, and they are now occupied. They are located in the extreme west end of the park, beyond the old armory—a part of the grounds which is to remain devoted to such uses, and is not involved in the general reconstruction plan of the institution buildings proper. The sewage and other work necessary to the permanent improvement of the grounds was also carried forward in accordance with the general design. Rear Admiral Frederick V. McNair succeeded Captain Cooper as superintendent during the year, and the new officer has displayed equal zeal with his predecessor.

The preliminary operations of a work of such tremendous proportions were

Congress did not vote the whole of this great sum, but an appropriation of \$720,000 was made for the completion of the buildings already named, with the provision that the work should be in accordance with "such plans as may be adopted by the Secretary of the Navy."

The authorities at the academy and naval officers generally feel very confident that the entire work of renovation cannot be much if any further delayed. Between now and the beginning of the fiscal year 1901, July 1 of next year, much advancement will be made on the armory, the boat house, and the power house. Next winter, probably, Congress will appropriate money to begin work on the new cadets' quarters. Then year after year, in rapid succession, will follow the great academic building and other neces-

sary adjuncts. Sanguine officers hope to see the new naval academy in all its glory within eight years; they will possibly see it in ten or twelve.

The plan which the Secretary of the Navy has approved for this great work contemplates disturbing the part of the grounds which now forms the campus very little. The important buildings will be at either end instead of being scattered about haphazard on all sides as now. On the north, towards the Severn River, the campus will be slightly invaded by the amphitheater extending down to the shipping basin, and from the whole area there will be an open view of the water.

All of the present buildings will gradually give way to the new, except the old Fort Severn, now used as a gymnasium, and the colonial building now used for the library. It is proposed to restore the fort to its original style and appearance as nearly as possible. The colonial mansion will also be restored, and made the home of the superintendent.

The reclamation of lands on the river and bay sides will materially add to the area of the grounds. It is also proposed that Congress shall soon take, by condemnation or otherwise, the land covering several squares along the southeast of the academy grounds so as to extend the boundary of the whole to conform with the western end of the United States property. This will materially add to the appearance of the buildings.

The first series of buildings to be completed will be the cadets' quarters, facing the parade ground in the central east, with the armory on the south and the boat house on the north of it connected by covered colonnades. It will be seen that the plan gives the cadets the choice situation, the great house for their home having an outlook on the parade ground and the bay to the east, and on the campus to the west. Flanked at either end by the two buildings most in use for their training, the cadets will find this arrangement a vast improvement on their present system of trotting all over the grounds

almost constantly from one place of duty to another.

It is the desire of the Secretary of the Navy and of all who are now directly interested in this great work that all of the buildings shall be of granite, as that material gives the grandest effect and is at



CAPTAIN PHILIP H. COOPER, SUPERINTENDENT OF THE UNITED STATES NAVAL ACADEMY, 1894-1898.

the same time the most durable. The style of architecture will be dignified and simple.

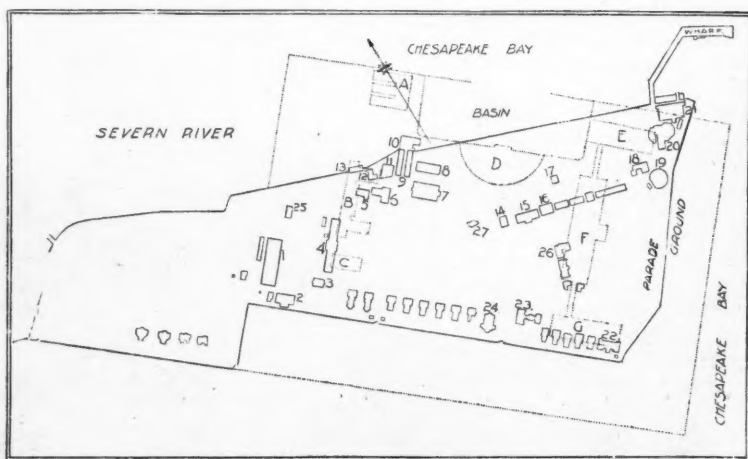
The cadets' quarters will be the largest building, its extreme length being six hundred and thirty five feet, its extreme width in the middle section about four hundred feet. Its cost is estimated to be upwards of three and a half million dollars. Its easterly front will be upon a terrace fifteen feet above the parade ground, which brings the grade up to that of the campus on the westerly side. This will be the first single building to accommodate all the cadets, and it will not only have accommodations for many more than the average attendance, but will be capable of enlargement within its original walls beyond the requirements of a century. Within this great structure will be three courts, the largest of which is to be open towards the campus.

The armory and the boat house, at

either end of the larger building, and running lengthwise at right angles to the other, will have the appearance of two immense wings. These buildings will be alike in outward appearance. The armory will open upon the parade ground at grade. The boat house at its western end will open on the basin, where the boats and shipping will be moored.

The basin will be an attractive and useful feature of the new institution. Its depth will be twenty feet, sufficient for any craft likely to be assigned to duty at the academy, and its partial inclosure

end of the grounds will be the academic building. This will be next in size to the cadets' quarters, which it will face on the opposite side of the campus. It is intended to make this a model for all the purposes an educational edifice has to serve, and its architecture will be monumental to harmonize with the corresponding group on the east end of the grounds. A little to the south of the academic building, and also facing the campus, will be the physics and chemistry building, which will be a plain but handsome structure well adapted to its work.



PLAN OF THE UNITED STATES NAVAL ACADEMY, SHOWING THE PROPOSED NEW BUILDINGS.

The existing buildings are 1, the Armory; 2, Laundry; 3, Sick Quarters; 4, Cadets' Quarters; 5, 6, Chemical and Physical Laboratories; 7, Steam Engineering Building; 8, Boiler House; 9, Boat Sheds; 10, Phlox Wharf; 11, Carpenter Shop; 12, Stable; 13, Boat House; 14, Naval Institute; 15, Seamanship Department; 16, Recitation Hall; 17, Repair Shop; 18, Club House; 19, Gymnasium; 20, Gas Works; 21, Boat House; 22, Marine Barracks; 23, Library; 24, Chapel; 25, Natatorium; 26, Superintendent's Quarters; 27, Observatory.

The new buildings are indicated by dotted lines. A, the Power House; B, Academic Building; C, Physics and Chemistry; D, Amphitheater; E, Boat House; F, Cadets' Quarters; G, Armory.

with substantial walls, crowned at the entrance by ornamental towers, will at all times give the young officers an exclusive home upon the water.

At the western end of the basin will be located the power house, with the store house on the river side and the steam machinery building on the other. These will be almost wholly upon reclaimed land, work upon which was begun some months ago. One of the important attachments of the power house will be a large subway connecting it with all the principal buildings in the grounds, so that repairs and additions to the electric wiring and water piping can be readily done without disturbing the surface of the grounds.

The principal structure on the western

The new chapel will be a domed building, rich and substantial architecturally and in construction. It will stand on the highest point near the center of the south side of the grounds, overlooking the other buildings and the river Severn through the vista of the campus, the amphitheater, and the basin.

All the naval officers who look back with pride upon their early training at the academy anticipate with gladness the completion of this ideal scheme. They are striving also to elevate the instructional merits of our great national school of seamanship, so that it shall be fully abreast of the best modern institutions and justify the structural beauty and grandeur of the new Naval Academy.





### "MISS RUTHERFORD'S WASH."

"MARY ELLEN, I wish you'd carry Miss Rutherford's wash home to her."

Mary Ellen, not one jot or tittle of whose name was ever abated at home although the feather factory and her social circle knew her as Mamie, paused in her occupation of tying a wide white bow beneath her chin. She did not turn from the square little mirror that hung between the two windows of the tenement kitchen, to show her mother, ironing energetically behind her, the mutinous line of her lips at the request.

She was tired of being told to carry Miss Rutherford's clothes home. She could scarcely recall the time when she had not been tired of the command. Back into the remotest, pinafores past, every Saturday had seen her Miss Rutherford's laundry bearer. Lately she occasionally effected a transfer of the task to Tim, but he was generally reserved for longer errands.

"Where's Tim?" she inquired now, shortly.

The habit of obedience was strong, and even a few months of wage earning independence at the factory had not given her the courage to refuse outright the behest of the old woman who with practised arm was sending her iron over a pink shirt waist.

"Tim's at the ball game," replied Mrs. McNulty, oblivious of Mary Ellen's protesting attitude. "He won't be home before supper, an' ye could get these things over to Miss Rutherford an' be back in time to go to the store for me before then."

Mary Ellen looked steadily at some geraniums growing insolently bright in tin cans along the window ledge. They were but a painful blur of scarlet to her, for there was an angry mist before her eyes. She did not speak at once.

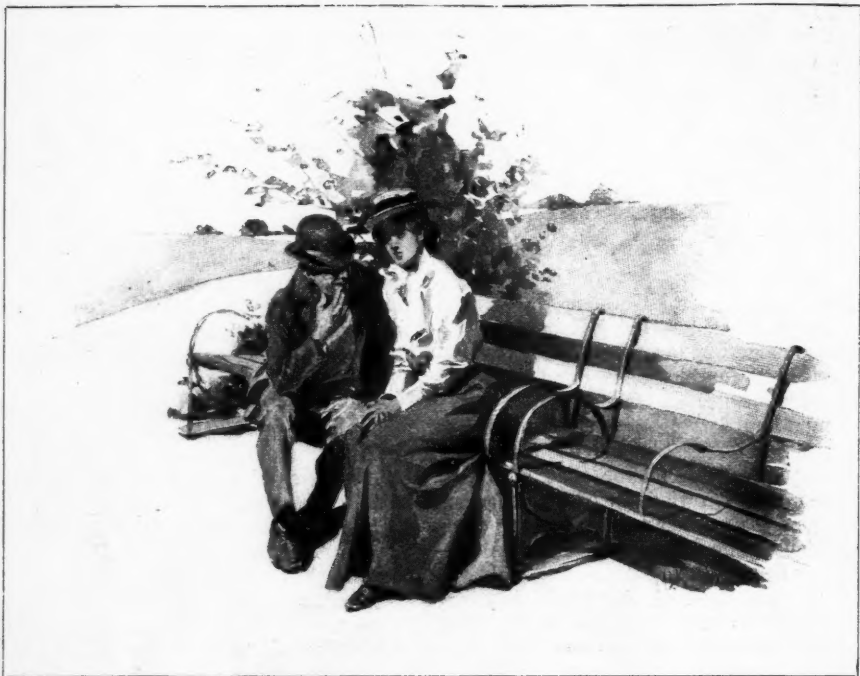
"Well!" cried her mother sharply, as she turned from the board to put a chilling iron on the stove and to test the temperature of a fresh one by trying its hot breath against her cheek. "Well, are ye goin' to stand there all night? Miss Rutherford's wash is all done up there in the basket in the corner."

"I don't want to go," said Mary Ellen sullenly.

"Don't want to go!" cried Mary Ellen's mother, scorching a handkerchief as she held her hot iron still in astonishment.



"OF A SATURDAY, TOO, THE ONLY DAY I HAVE FOR A LITTLE PLEASURE!"



"SAY, MARY ELLEN, I CAN CALL YE MARY ELLEN, CAN'T I?"

"Don't want to go? I didn't ask ye, miss, whether ye wanted to go or not. I'd have known ye didn't want to go. Since ye've been to the factory it's little ye want to do anywhere else. Ye're ashamed, I suppose, to be takin' home the wash ye ain't ashamed to have yer mother doin'. Don't want to go indade, miss——"

Mrs. McNulty's tongue was as tireless as her hard and misshapen hands and as sharp as her keen eyes. Her oration might have continued much longer had not Mary Ellen broken in, with a sudden and unexpected flash of spirit.

"An' I ain't agoin' either," she said, seizing her hat. "Of a Satiddy, too, the only day I have for a little pleasure!"

With which declaration of independence she dashed through the door and was picking her way through the babies in the narrow hall before Mrs. McNulty had recovered speech again. Then she sighed a little and shook her head.

"She might have stayed and helped me," she said. "Jim Dowd wouldn't think less of her for it. I s'pose she imagines I don't know what's the matter with her, with her airs an' her graces an' her new

ties an' her sittin' up till midnight to copy Miss Rutherford's shirt waists an' her askin' me to stop callin' her Mary Ellen."

Again Mrs. McNulty shook her neat gray head, but this time she laughed comfortably to herself, though her laughter ended wearily.

"She might have helped me tonight, for I'm tired."

Meantime Mary Ellen, though she found Jim waiting at the corner and though he told her with flattering promptness that she "looked out er sight," did not experience the delight she had anticipated. Independence, to be enjoyed, should have no intermixture of remorse, and Mary Ellen's cup of freedom was bitterly tinctured with the thought of a stout, tired old woman journeying ceaselessly from an ironing board to the stove and back again. Whenever silences fell between her and Jim—and they were in the state when silences are many and sweet—a picture came before her of her mother, toiling, toiling, toiling. She was a little girl again, waking from sleep and seeing from her cot in the corner the

ceaseless work of the woman. She remembered guiltily how she had been used to say at such drowsy times: "When I'm big you shan't have to work so." She recalled her pride when first she had been allowed to carry Miss Rutherford's clothes home, the boundless dignity she had assumed when she presented the scrawl of a bill, the eagerness with which she had clutched the silver payment and

when he had seated her on a bench opposite a fountain that showered pearls upon a pond of floating lilies, pink and pale and languid, "Mary Ellen——"

"What are you callin' me 'Mary Ellen' for?" inquired Miss McNulty, suddenly ceasing to attend to her two voices and listening to Jim instead. Jim belonged to the "Mamie" set of her acquaintances.

"The old woman calls you that," replied Jim.

"Well, that's no reason why you should," said Mary Ellen smartly.

"Yes, it is," said Jim sturdily, though



"YOU'LL HAVE TO TAKE MISS RUTHERFORD'S WASH HOME AFTER ALL."

had borne it back to her mother. And today——

"No, I don't want to go on a boat," she heard herself saying crossly.

The boat had been the last of Jim's suggestions. He looked at Mary Ellen, pondering deeply.

"Come on over to the park, then," he said, "an' sit down, for I have somethin' to say to yer."

Mary Ellen walked on. Her feet kept dragging time to a dialogue in her mind, in which one voice said: "You might have done that for her; it wasn't much, an' think of all she's done for you," while the other replied: "Any way, she needn't have asked me to lug a basket of clothes home on a Satiddy afternoon."

"Mary Ellen," began Jim solemnly,

he was slowly growing red beneath his tan and freckles. "Yes, it is, Mary Ellen. For I—I like you like the old woman does. An' I want to take care er ye like she always has—and say, Mary Ellen, I can call ye Mary Ellen, can't I?"

In Mary Ellen's breast was a tumult as though a flock of birds fluttered their tiny wings. The spray from the fountain was a shower of gold; the lilies swam in opalescent beauty.

"Say, I can, can't I?" Jim persisted, whispering—"Mary Ellen—Dowd?"

And Mary Ellen shut out the dazzling vision of the enchanted fountain by covering her happy face with her hands and saying tempestuously and irrelevantly:

"Oh, Jim, you'll always be good to mother, won't you?"

It was dark when they walked eastward again through the glittering, busy Saturday night streets. They held fast to each other's hands and trusted the wide folds of Mary Ellen's crash skirt to hide the embrace. They talked and planned, and bubbled with joy, or were silent in swift dreams of happiness. And Mary Ellen's heart yearned toward her mother with a dim understanding of great tenderness and care.

"I wish I'd taken them clothes home," she mourned to Jim, to whom she had told the story of her revolt.

"She ain't going to work so hard any more," Jim replied, and Mary Ellen thrilled to hear his masterful, kind voice.

There was a crowd at a corner as they crossed Second Avenue. A bicyclist was engaged in giving voluble explanations to a policeman who was making notes of his remarks. A wheel with splintered spokes leaned dejectedly against the curb. The proprietor of a drug store at the corner warned the mob away from his door.

"Them bicyclists——" began Jim fiercely. But Mary Ellen uttered a shriek.

"See, see!" she screamed, pointing to a scattering of white garments on the sidewalk and to an overturned basket. "Oh, Jim! It's a judgment on me. It's mother!"

They pushed their way to the officer and begged for details. Then they fought their way to the drug store.

"It's mother. I know it's mother," Mary Ellen moaned.

The druggist made way for her.

"Come in, if you think it's your mother," he said, and added reassuringly, "She isn't much hurt."

On a lounge behind the prescription counter lay the stout figure of Mrs. McNulty. A physician bent over her.

"Stunned by the fall," he said to Mary Ellen. "That is all, I think. She won't

have to go to the hospital, if you don't wish her to. She's comin' around already."

Mrs. McNulty's eyelids wavered a moment, then lifted themselves. She gazed about her blankly. Then memory returned as she saw Mary Ellen, crying at the foot of the lounge. She smiled a little grimly, but when she spoke, celestial voices bidding sinners enter heaven could not have sounded sweeter in Mary Ellen's ears than did her mother's words:

"You'll have to take Miss Rutherford's wash home after all."

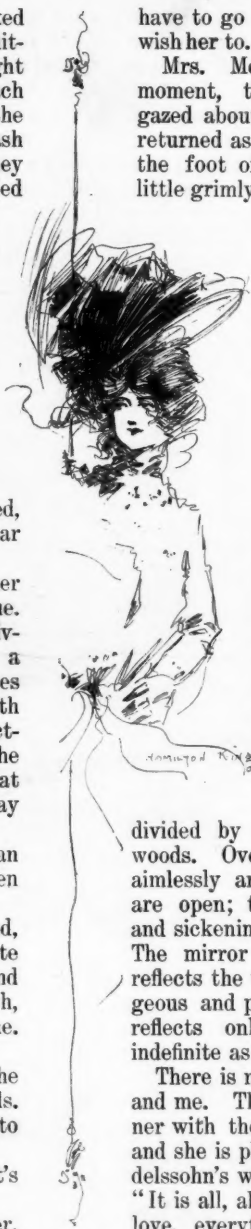
*Anne O'Hagan.*

### TWILIGHT.

NIGHT is coming on; the room is growing dark as with a fast accumulating black mist. Through the east windows I see the foliage of the lawn massed darkly and heavily against the colorless sky, while through the west windows, beyond the open lawn between the snowball hedges, I see the sky and river equally red and calm, and divided by a long black trail of pine woods. Over the open lawn bats whirl aimlessly and tirelessly. The windows are open; the air is warm and damp, and sickening sweet with locust blossoms. The mirror between the east windows reflects the west, which is at once gorgeous and peaceful; the opposite mirror reflects only shades of darkness, as indefinite as a dream.

There is no one in the room but Ruth and me. The piano stands across a corner with the keyboard towards the walls, and she is playing that old thing of Mendelssohn's which says plainer than words: "It is all, all gone—my happiness, youth, love, everything." It does not say so much to her, and yet she is very sad. Her black dress blends with the shadows, but her profile, like a cameo, lies pale against them. Softly, softly, she plays on. I sit with my forehead in my palm.

The piano is old—it has been here since many years before the war. Its notes are thin and tinkling, but she makes them





speak her sadness. It was this piano that betrayed her to me; without it I might never have read her soul. Music has always been her one means of expression. But you—you were different. You expressed yourself by everything you did, every action, every gesture. Your laughter told of the lightness of your heart, your tears of its tenderness; your smiles and frowns, your attitudes, betrayed your humors always.

No one would have guessed that you were sisters. She has always been so calm and constant, while you, though true in the depths of your nature—those depths which in youth are half asleep—were vulnerable through the lighter qualities which were keenly awake—vanity, imagination, love of luxury and pleasure. You were like a plant whose roots are firm in the ground, but whose leaves and branches are moved by every breeze. She was never pretty; you were beautiful. Your hair was red like the marsh out there in winter; your skin had the tint and texture of a blush rose; and your eyes were the color of sea water in the shadow of a boat.

Those blots on the sky out there are the snowball hedges. . . . Do you remember how we used to throw the white balls at each other, and how the tiny blossoms, just like snow crystals, would stick to your hair and shoulders? And on the river over there we used to drift on summer evenings. Do you remember? And there is your rose garden, where we used to pot the cuttings; and here, by the fire on winter nights, we told stories, or you sang to the guitar accompaniment. It was not so much the sweetness of your voice to which I listened as the expression of your soul, rich in promises of love. . . . Tell me, do you, also, remember? Ruth was pale and silent in those days. Sometimes she would play, as she is playing now, in the twilight, while we held each other's hands, half listening, whispering to each other, and laughing softly. Oh, the past, how sweet it was! Strange, that afterwards it should be the sweet,

more than the bitter, that hurts one so much!

Then *he* came, with his wealth and his name, and I watched you as you listened with eyes like stars to his stories of the



"IT IS ALL, ALL GONE—MY HAPPINESS, YOUTH, LOVE, EVERYTHING."

world of pleasure which had always seemed as far away and inaccessible to you as fairyland.

The west has grown brick red and dingy; a breeze shakes the curtains; outside the tree toads are droning their dull harmonies. The room is dark; it is large and has many corners, and the furniture is indicated merely by increased depths of shadow. Ruth is no longer playing. She sits with her arms folded on the music rack, her head bowed between them. Now she rises and lights the lamps on the pier tables under the mirrors and closes the shutters softly. The mellow light dispels the shadows. Dreaming in the dark, I had half imagined that you were

here. But there is only your new portrait, which we hung this morning over the piano. Ruth leans on the piano and looks up at it.

Such an elegant new thing is out of

Let me study it. I rise and lean on the piano by Ruth's side.

So this is how you looked last winter when all Paris was on its knees adoring you for your wealth and beauty—pale

and broken hearted! Was it so unsatisfying after all? I, who have given some thought to art, recognize this painting as a masterpiece. How the eyes and hair blend and contrast with the pale green of the dress!

I have read many things in your mobile face, dear: love and pride, the agony of hopeless pleading, and the grief for having wounded without the strength to retrieve; but never, never this profound and hopeless sorrow—not the sorrow of the strong,

which stimulates, but that of the weak, which kills.

But you are beautiful! These ancient beauties of your family smile indeed, but their smiles seem forced—those of women who feel themselves to be eclipsed. You do not smile. You bend your head and languidly play with the white roses on your knees. How transparent and thin your hands are! And that is his ring! And those jewels—did he give them to you?

He sent it here, this portrait. He could not bear it, not yet while his grief was so new. He could not bear it, so he sent it here! What mockery! I understand: that face will always be a silent reproach to him, although, God knows, he tried to make you happy. Well, now I know how one looks when one is dying of such poisons as remorse and an unforgiven sin! Ruth is crying.

There is a patter of small feet on the bare floor of the hall. The little girls come in; one is a hand's breadth taller than the other, and they wear white dresses with black ribbons. Old Violet, in her purple dress and red and yellow head handkerchief, waits in the doorway with the nursery lamp. The little girls are quiet and tired from their play tonight. Ruth turns and smiles on them. She



YOU SANG TO THE GUITAR ACCOMPANIMENT.

place in this old room with its old furniture. Here is a mantelpiece, intricately carved, once white and gold, now dingy white—the gold has long since worn away; and a fireplace with brass andirons reflected in the waxed floor, and decoration of wild asparagus; and rickety, spindle legged chairs and sofas, once covered with satin damask, now covered with cretonne; and inlaid tables and cabinets, and mantel ornaments of gilt and glass, all broken and defaced; and portraits of gentlemen in wigs and velvet coats, and of ladies with powdered hair who smile and hold baskets of roses in their hands. Your portrait is the false note in the symphony.



ON THE RIVER WE USED TO DRIFT ON SUMMER EVENINGS.

kisses them and says, "Good night, my little daughters."

I, also, kiss them and say, "Good night, my little daughters." And a tear falls on the fair hair of the one who is named for you.

*Nannie Cox.*

#### CHRISTMAS MORNING.

"CHRISTMAS morning—so it is. Dear me, I wish I could get one more nap. Bother that sun. Christmas—well, I suppose I'm to get a watch, father has made such fun of my little old turnip lately; and mother will probably give me a chain to go with it. And then I'll get a fur thing for my neck, probably, and a purse or two, and some little silver truck, and flowers, perhaps, and a lot of things that other girls want. And all the time there is just one thing on earth that I want, and I won't get it.

"It's funny; broken hearts are very much overrated. They aren't half so bad as people think. I'm a very happy, contented sort of a person, thoroughly interested in my life. Holidays and Sunday afternoons are the only times that it's really uncomfortable. And yet it must

be the real thing. There hasn't been a moment in the last two years when I wouldn't have done anything, given up anything, in the world for him. If I were to meet him this morning and he were to say, 'Suppose we go and get married'—well, if you turn a dark corner and find the gates of paradise open in front of you, I don't much believe you go back to tell your family and write polite notes to your friends. There's a time for ceremony, and a time to just bolt.

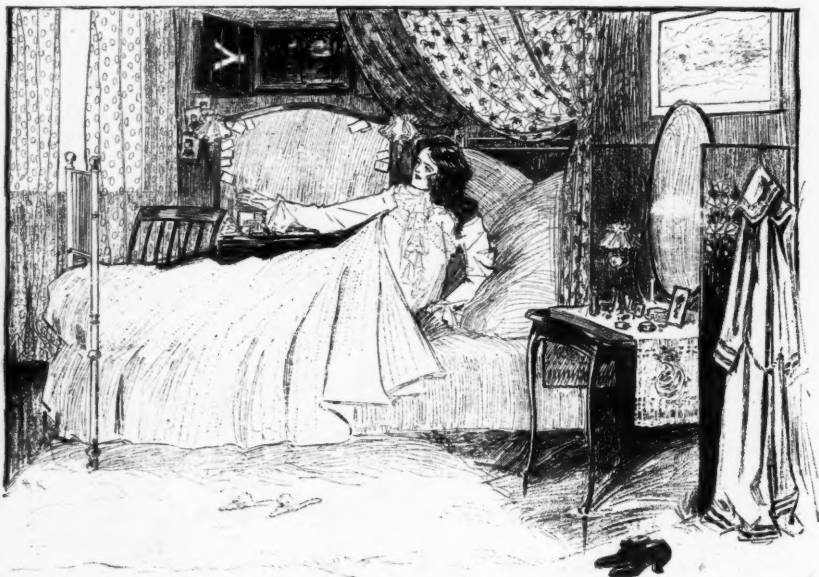
"Well, it won't happen, and I dare say I shall go on very cheerfully without it. I wonder if I'm different from other girls, or if the novels exaggerate dreadfully? I sleep well, and eat—rather!—and I sing about the house, and I have fun with other men, and life seems decidedly worth while to me. The really bad moments are very few. Some day I shall marry some one and be very fond of him. It will be the commonplace love of the commonplace woman, more or less selfish, perhaps, and quite practical—yet,



really, we'll be very happy. I shall be quite satisfied.

"I suppose the truth is, the opportunity for the *grande passion*, the love that's absolutely big, absolutely selfless, absolutely uncritical, doesn't come more than once in a life. And loads of women aren't

stupid, do you think any other woman can care for you as I could and understand you as deeply? But perhaps you'd rather do the caring and understanding yourself. So be it. Life is very decent without you. I never really opened the package, you know. Oh, but I could have!



"OH, COME, COME! WHAT IS IT? OH, WAS THAT YOU, MOTHER?"

capable of it, even once. I'm glad I proved I had it in me to care in the grand style, even though I never really let it up to the surface. It's as though a package containing a wonderful thing had been put in my hands, and I were told, 'This is yours by right, and it's greater than anything on earth. Yet, if you open it, you will have infinite suffering and nothing to look forward to.' And I knew exactly what I held, and the value of it, and the warmth, and the power, but, being a philosopher, I thanked heaven I was big enough to be trusted with it—and put it down unopened. And the hurt was in knowing what I would have had to give, if he had only wanted it.

"Dear me, prudence is an ugly sort of a quality. I suppose I'd have been a higher type if I had flung it open and let it hurt all it could without regard to consequences; and made everybody around me perfectly miserable. Oh, I'm sleepy. I wish it weren't Christmas. I could almost doze off, if that sun—— Dear

"When this Christmas is over—when this—when—I do believe I'm beginning to doze off. Christmas only lasts—one day. Around a dark corner—yes, that's the gate. And it's opening. Why, dear, I thought you didn't—and you want—— Oh, come, come! What is it?"

"Oh, was that you, mother? You startled me. I must have been half asleep. For me, from father? Oh, what a beauty—how perfectly dear of him! And the chain is from you? Dear me, what a nice Christmas!"

*Juliet Wilbor Tompkins.*

#### AN ELYSIAN HOUR.

As the door closed gently behind him, Weston's heart throbbed bitterly in unison with its final click. A great wind swept up the city street, driving a dizzy herd of snowflakes before it. There was the jangle of sleigh bells in the air, and the excited toot of Christmas horns from somewhere in the distance, but Weston





LOLLING IN THE BIG CHAIR BY THE PIANO IN THE FAMILIAR, BROTHERLY WAY THAT WAS HIS CUSTOM.

only shivered and drew on his big, ill fitting gloves slowly.

He could hear the notes of the piano tinkling still in the room he had left, and, for a moment, the profile of Elizabeth's face silhouetted against the curtain passed before his wistful eyes.

He bent his head against the wind and walked slowly down the avenue. What a fool he was! What right had the assistant tutor in mathematics at the Howard School for Girls to lift his eyes to a beautiful, gracious, gifted being and obey the overwhelming impulse that had sent him

this first day of the Christmas vacation philandering to New York instead of to the Connecticut farm house where, by all right, he should be this instant? A farm house! That was where he belonged, he reflected bitterly, where an uncouth, bashful creature should hide and not inflict himself upon a gentler race of men. How he had stammered and flushed when Elizabeth had spoken to him tonight! How huge and red his hand had looked when it held for a brief moment her white one!

How could it be expected that a man who drops his eyes and flushes to the



WESTON STOOD AND STARED AT THE THING IN  
HIS HAND.

roots of his stubby black hair before a tittering schoolgirl, could be composed before a goddess? Why had Buckley, his classmate—Buckley, who claimed a remote cousinship and was an intimate of her home—introduced them in a moment of lordly condescension, that delicious, tormenting day at the intercollegiate games? He had left Buckley with her now, lolling in the big chair by the piano in the familiar, brotherly way that was his custom. She was singing to him, no doubt, her lovely face transfigured in the red glow of the lamp. Oh, Elizabeth, Elizabeth! Her voice seemed always cadenced to a tune, the sweetest tune in the world.

A sudden whine came apparently from beneath his elbow. "A merry Christmas

to the good gentleman, and would he be kind enough to give a poor woman who has buried her husband and three children the sight of a nickel?"

A bleared and wrinkled face appealed to him in the electric light. The assistant tutor had a heart not yet dulled by an appreciation of his minute salary. He was walking back to the hotel, and he drew from the pocket of his great coat the nickel he had dropped there for car fare. Something else came with it—a little white box tied with a slip of blue ribbon. The coin dropped noiselessly in the snow. The woman fell upon it and disappeared in the night with a brief and eloquent blessing.

Weston stood and stared at the thing in his hand, wondering. How had this come in his pocket? Some joke, perhaps, perpetrated by the humorous young woman who led the giggles in his mathematical class!

He opened the box clumsily and lifted the layer of blue cotton that hid the contents. A silver heart glittered in the light like a diamond. He drew it out, sadly puzzled, turning it in the palm of his gloved hand, and then, suddenly, the snowy street seemed to rise to the level of his eyes and drop again, for smiling up at him, from its tiny frame, with her sweetest smile, her kindest eyes, was no other's face but Elizabeth's.

He held the locket close to his eyes and stared again. No, there was no mistake, no heart-breaking illusion. He leaned against the electric light post bewildered with a dozen confused thoughts, and dizzied with the one that, rising paramount, swallowed the others like the prophet's rod of old. Could it be, was it possible, that *she* had seen what his bashfulness and adoration and humility would not permit him to say, and had done this beautiful thing to show that she understood; that she, too—

A great lump rose in Weston's throat, and in his heart a vast, overwhelming joy that made him tremble. Tomorrow, he thought, tomorrow he would see her again, and his lips would be loosened and he could tell her all he had longed to since their first hour of meeting.

The long walk to the hotel seemed the merest step. He passed over the threshold lightly. It would be good to be alone and think. The thought of Elizabeth

would transfigure and glorify his stuffy back room. Reaching it, he lighted the gas hurriedly, and placing the little locket on the table sat down before it as reverently as one might in some holy place.

His confused thoughts gradually began to take a more systematic form. Of course, his salary was small—he blushed as he realized its pitifulness—but in three years, two years, it would be enough. And the little house the professor of mathematics lived in on the shady common at Howard—it would be his by that time, and when his classes were over and he walked home in the late afternoon, *she* would be waiting for him on the porch. And the happy evenings when she would sing to him in the little library—to him alone! There was a blur of happy tears in Weston's eyes. Some day he would take her to the old home, he thought. She might be pleased at the ruggedness and primeval simplicity that reigned there—and his mother? Why, she would look upon Elizabeth as a princess and love her as an angel. He saw them together, the stately brown head bent before the humble white one.

He brushed the tears from his eyes with his awkward hand. "Oh, bless her, bless her forever!" he thought.

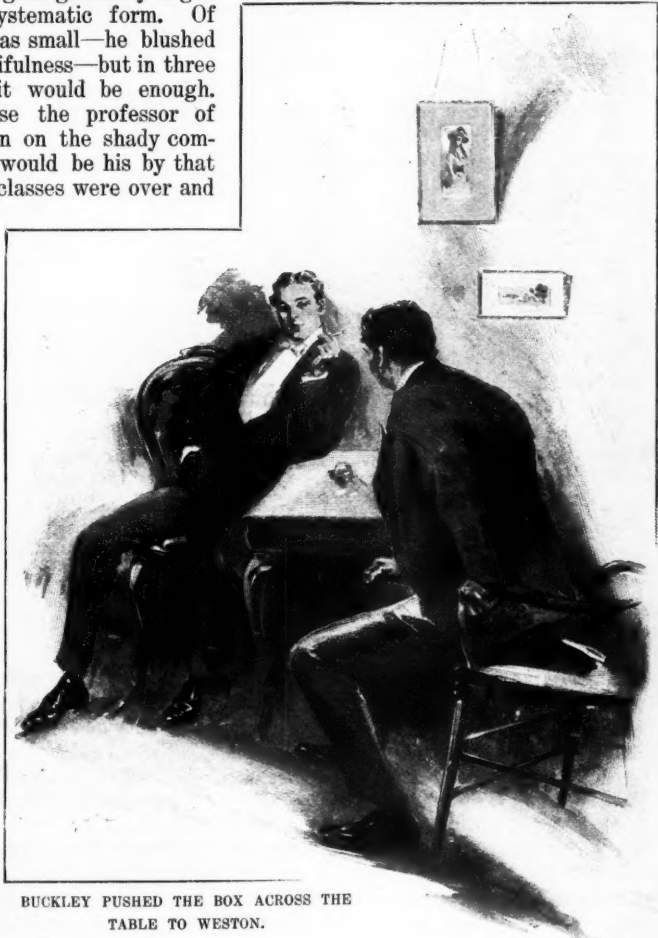
There came a sudden knock at the door, and a card was thrust through the opening. "Gentleman for you, sir," said the bell boy.

Weston took the card astonished, only half awake from his blissful dream. Buckley's name stared up at him from its white surface.

"Shall I show him up?" said the boy.

"Certainly," said Weston.

He stood in the doorway, fumbling the card in his hand. What could Buckley want with him at such a time—Buckley, who had never bestowed more than an accidental bit of courtesy upon him at the



BUCKLEY PUSHED THE BOX ACROSS THE TABLE TO WESTON.

best? A terrible thought made his heart stand still. Could anything be wrong with Elizabeth?

It seemed an eternity before he heard Buckley's heavy foot on the stairs. He replaced the locket and slipped the little box into his pocket hurriedly.

Buckley entered the room with a good natured nod. "Hello, Weston," he said. "Don't suppose you usually receive at this hour, but I knew you were leaving in the morning and I've spent half the night call-

ing up every hotel in town to find out where you were registered."

"Elizabeth—Miss Carston!" Weston gasped. "Is anything the matter?"

Buckley surveyed the tutor curiously, with an air of distinct amusement. "She's all right," he answered carelessly. "Only a bit rattled, naturally. You see—"

Weston pushed one of the two chairs the room contained toward him nervously. "Sit down," he said.

Buckley stretched his carefully groomed form opposite the assistant tutor. His handsome, dissipated face looked strangely out of place in the bare little room. He lighted a cigarette leisurely and pushed the box across the table to Weston. "Smoke?" he asked.

The tutor shook his head. He felt that if Buckley did not speak soon he must fall upon him and tear his news from him bodily.

Buckley blew a ring of smoke toward the ceiling. "The fact is," he said, "a deucedly funny thing has happened. When I left to go home after you went tonight, Elizabeth came out in the hall with me, and when I took my coat she looked very queer and said, 'Is that your coat?' and when I said 'Certainly,' she began to laugh and yaup the way women do when they're rattled. It turned out that, when she came down stairs tonight, she had a little Christmas present for me with her, and it struck her that it would be a very cute thing to drop it in the pocket of my coat and have me find it afterward. Women are always doing such fool things, you know, and it happened"—he laughed enjoyingly—"that she dropped it into the pocket of the wrong coat, and—"

He stopped abruptly and threw a startled look at Weston. "What's the matter? Are you sick?" he said.

The tutor groped his way through the blackness that seemed to envelop his brain, and took possession of his senses with a mighty effort. "Thank you, I am quite well," he said slowly. "You were saying—"

Buckley flicked the ashes from his cigarette. "Only that you ran away with my Christmas present," he laughed, "and I've come to relieve you of it. I told Elizabeth that, ten chances to one, you wouldn't discover it, but she wouldn't be content till I promised to chase over the city and find you. *Did you discover it?*" he asked.

Weston pushed the hair back from his damp forehead. His fingers closed about the little box in his pocket. It seemed almost a physical impossibility to draw it out and surrender it. "This must be it, I think," he said. He made a fine effort to bend his lips into a smile.

"Thanks, old man," said Buckley. He dropped the box into his pocket carelessly. "Well, I won't keep you up any longer," he added. "By the way, you might be interested to know that Elizabeth and I have decided to hit it off together. The old people have been working it for some time—adjoining properties and all that, you know. A man's got to settle down sooner or later, and Elizabeth's a sensible girl who isn't bothered with romantic ideas."

The assistant tutor dug his nails into the palms of his hands and braced himself against the table.

"Great heavens, man, you are ill!" cried Buckley. "You look like a ghost. Come down stairs and have a drink, won't you, or let me send up something?"

Weston shook his head. "It is nothing," he said brokenly. "If you will excuse me—I am very sorry."

"Not at all—not at all," said Buckley. "Well, good night. Hope to see you at the wedding."

As he started away a sudden tumult rose from the city without—the blare of horns, the boom of a distant cannon, and the happy jangle of bells meeting in a glorious blur of sound.

"Christmas Day," laughed Buckley from the stairs. "A merry Christmas, Weston. Be all right in the morning, old man."

The assistant tutor closed the door gently and stood a moment with his hand on the knob. Then he made his way to the little table and, dropping into a chair, bowed his head upon his clumsy hands.

*Theodosia Garrison.*

#### THE PASSING OF THE PRINCESS.

THEY were moving her from the maternity ward to a private room. Some one had been in the office talking to the superintendent that morning, and the new arrangement was the result of the conversation. She lay very white and still on the stretcher and asked no questions. The ebb of her life had been long, and it



could not be expected that high tide would return at once. The baby wailed feebly in the nurse's arms. The woman opened her eyes and, looking toward it, smiled, then wearily closed them again. When Gordon Phelps went into the superintendent's office the next morning to make inquiries, they told him that the baby was dead. Nobody knew why, exactly. Perhaps the little soul had not taken a strong enough grip upon its new tenement. The matron, who knew life, said that it was better so. But the mother was deaf to philosophy and unreasonable, as mothers frequently are in such cases, and dug her slender white fingers rebelliously into the pillows, and moaned within her heart, the moan being the keener for the lack of utterance. It was then that Phelps asked to be allowed to see her.

An hour later he emerged from the hospital and with rapid step turned into Prairie Avenue. Ascending the steps of one of the handsomest residences in that street, he rang the bell and inquired of the portly butler for Mrs. Whiting. Fortunately, that lady was at home. She came down to the drawingroom almost immediately. Her trim walking suit set off to perfection her lithe figure, and the jaunty little toque, holding in restraint the rebellious masses of her bright hair, was admirably chosen. Her face glowed with smiles as she held out her hand to Phelps.

"What is it this time? A new girl to chaperon, a coaching party to one of the country clubs, or some delightful Bohemian scheme?"

Phelps shook his head gravely. "It is none of those, Mrs. Jack. I have come



PHELPS RANG THE BELL AND INQUIRED FOR MRS. WHITING.

to ask a favor. If you are not needing it for this afternoon, will you lend me one of your carriages? It is rather an unusual request, isn't it?"

She laughed, but did not contradict him.

He continued: "And may it be the one done in light fawn, please? The one with the crest embroidered in gold. That carriage is fit for a princess."

"Oh, a princess this time, is it?" she asked gaily. "Of course you may have the carriage, but am I not to be presented at court?"

Phelps smiled slightly and shook his head. "I am afraid not," he said. "This is only a little bud of a princess, who will never attain the full blown state nor hold court. Circumstances have acted as a usurper and taken away the crown. I see you are dressed to go out. I won't detain you any longer. I thank you very much, Mrs. Jack, for the loan of the carriage."



COMING QUICKLY TO HIS SIDE, SHE LAID A DETAINING HAND ON HIS ARM.

He rose to go. She rose also, and, coming quickly to his side, laid a detaining hand on his arm. Her straight dark brows were drawn together slightly, as though in perplexity, and the smile had gone from her lips.

"You are more than welcome," she said quickly. "Is there nothing else I might do for the princess?"

Phelps steadied himself against the table and looked intently into the face of the woman before him. Could this be Mrs. Jack Whiting, the frivolous young married belle of the season, the gayest, brightest, most fun loving of all the women he knew? He had always given her credit for being good hearted, but the tender tone in her voice was an unsuspected quality. Her face stood his scrutiny well, and he felt tempted to confide in her. Womanlike, seeing in his eyes the desire for sympathy, she sank into a big chair and pointed to another close by.

"Sit down," she begged, "and tell me if there isn't something I can do for your princess."

Phelps hesitated no longer. "You are the only woman I could tell it to," he said, without heed of the compliment he was paying her. "It may be a foolish idea, but I fancy you will sympathize with me. The princess is a tiny morsel of a baby only a few days old. She died last night at St. John's, where her mother is, and I have asked leave to bury her. There are no friends, you know, except me."

"No friends?" echoed Mrs. Jack inquiringly. "Isn't the father——"

"The father was killed a couple of months ago, in some sort of a brawl, I imagine. He didn't amount to much, except in Millie's eyes. A few years ago she made a runaway marriage. Her family never forgave her. Their place adjoins my old home in Virginia. She and I played and quarreled together almost since babyhood. They are awfully aristocratic peo-

ple, and Millie was the only child, the prettiest girl for miles around. A regular little queen she was, too, that you couldn't duplicate this side of Mason and Dixon's line. If she had any defect, it was wilfulness, but that never ran in unpleasant channels until this elopement

first letter, begging forgiveness, by sending her trunks after her. She was too proud and bitter from the struggle to write again. She was trying to eke out the little money she had by selling her last ring when they found her in a collapsed condition in the street. Some one had sense enough to ring for an ambulance and have her taken to St. John's. It was there I found her, by accident, and through the superintendent did what little I could for her. It wasn't much, you know. I didn't see her until this morning, after the baby died."

Phelps stopped abruptly.

"Yes?" said Mrs. Jack eagerly, leaning across the arm of her chair in schoolgirl fashion. Her heart was shining through her eyes.

Phelps cleared his throat with unnecessary fierceness and continued:

"You would have thought I was her brother. She put her arm around my neck and cried when she opened her eyes and saw me. The nurse had taken me into the room and up to the bedside, and there she lay, the merest white shadow of the Millie we had known at home. As I spoke to her, she opened her eyes in stu-

pid wonder, and then with a little cry held up her arms. She cried then, and the nurse said to let her. Poor little girl! She was taking things pretty hard. It comforted her to know I was going to look after the baby. She had some horrible potter's field idea whirling around in her head. So I've come to you, Mrs. Jack. I would like to dispense with the undertaker's wagon, and take the little casket out to Graceland in the finest, most aristocratic carriage in town. If you had known Millie in those old queenly days, you would understand why."

Mrs. Jack had risen with a smothered sob in her throat. Her limpid eyes were on fire.

"Yes, yes," she said quickly; "I do understand. What time do you want the



"GRATEFULLY YOURS, GORDON PHELPS."

affair. The family made her angry by abusing the man, I reckon. They might have known that was the very way to keep a high spirited girl like Millie loyal to him. Those things are not entirely one sided."

Phelps glanced at Mrs. Jack for confirmation. She nodded emphatically.

"The fellow drank, and led Millie a life, to judge from what I could ferret out. She is too proud to tell much. Things went from bad to worse. They tried two or three other towns, and at last ended up here in Chicago."

"Why didn't she write to her mother at once and go home after her husband's death?" interrupted Mrs. Jack.

"Oh, you don't know Millie, or you wouldn't ask. They had responded to her

carriage? Two o'clock? All right. It shall be there promptly. Do you want me, too? No? Well, just as you say. Wait a minute."

She ran from the room, returning almost immediately with a shimmering, fleecy white thing in her hand. It was the sheerest and softest of India silk shawls, its edges heavy with embroidery.

She drew the cover compactly about it and handed it to Phelps.

"Wrap her in that," she said softly. "I only wish I had something finer."

"Thank you," said Phelps, bowing over her hand. "I thought you were the one woman in a thousand who would understand."

At two o'clock the handsomest crested carriage in Chicago stood before the door of St. John's. The tiny casket was borne down by the undertaker's man, who attempted to place it in the forward seat.

"No, on the other side," said Phelps quickly.

So in the place of honor the little casket rested, and the great bunch of roses Mrs. Jack had sent were heaped upon it, hiding from view the wee silk draped figure within, and drooping caressingly over the sides. Phelps, stepping in, let the footman close the door, and drew down the curtains. The man scrambled to the box, the coachman quietly started the spirited horses, and the long drive had begun.

"Poor little princess," murmured Phelps softly, "I hope you will wake up in a very bright world. This isn't just what they would do for you in old Virginia, but it is the best I can manage, little girl."

In Phelps' mail next morning he found a note from Mrs. Jack. It ran:

MY DEAR MR. PHELPS:

I want to thank you for telling me that little story this morning. A man never paid me a more beautiful compliment. And now I have a favor to ask. Will you have the baby's mother brought here the first minute she can be moved? You say she is without friends. I am standing ready. Being a man, you cannot do for her what a woman can. I have pictured the brightest future for her. Eventually her mother will come and take her back to the beautiful home in Virginia, where such happiness will surround her that the pain of today will grow dim. You notice I say *dim*, not *forgotten*, for, being a woman, she will never forget. But now she needs perfect care for mind and body. We must bring back her beauty, and make her young again. Trust me, and help me to carry out these plans.

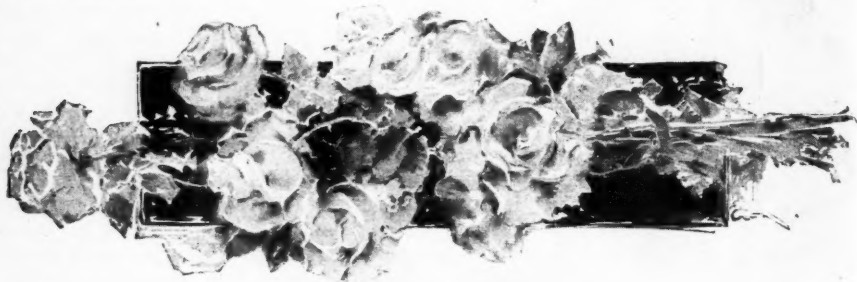
Sincerely your friend,  
VIOLET WHITING.

In answer, Phelps wrote:

MY DEAR MRS. JACK:

Your letter proved my faith in you, but your plan cannot be carried out. On returning from Graceland to the hospital, I learned that my little Southern friend had gone to a home which, by God's help, we shall find even more beautiful than old Virginia. She will be laid beside the little one this afternoon.

Gratefully yours,  
GORDON PHELPS.  
Marcia Duncan Speirs.



#### A WINTER DAWN.

ABOVE the marge of night a star still shines,  
And on the frost rimmed hills the somber pines  
Harbor a chilly wind that crooneth low  
Over the glimmering wastes of virgin snow.

Thro' the dim arch of orient the morn  
Comes in a milk white splendor, newly born;  
A sword of crimson cuts in twain the gray  
Banners of shadow hosts, and lo, the day!

L. M. Montgomery.



# SOPHIA.\*

BY STANLEY J. WEYMAN.

SYNOPSIS OF CHAPTERS ALREADY PUBLISHED.

SIR HERVEY COKE seeks Sophia Maitland's hand in marriage, but his dispassionate style of wooing proves distasteful to the young girl, who has bestowed her affections on an Irish adventurer named Hawkesworth. The latter worthy, who is seeking to win Sophia for her fortune, has also plotted to bring about the marriage of her twin brother, Tom, to a woman of doubtful character known as Oriana Clark, who is really the daughter of a clockmaker named Grocott; for Hawkesworth has ascertained that if the young fellow marries without the consent of his guardians, he will forfeit a large part of his inheritance, half of which will become Sophia's, and incidentally Hawkesworth's, if he can win her. Sophia's guardians, Mr. Northey and his wife, who is the girl's elder sister, try to coerce her into marrying Sir Hervey, foreseeing advantages to themselves in such an alliance. Finally, in sheer desperation, Sophia consents to an elopement which Hawkesworth has planned; but, owing to a misunderstanding, he is not at the rendezvous. While waiting for him, she finds damning evidence of his perfidy, and after denouncing him to her brother, whom she finds with Hawkesworth, she takes refuge with Tom, at his lodgings. Despite the recent revelations, young Maitland insists on marrying the Clark woman, but he is finally made aware of her true character by the intervention of Sir Hervey Coke, who has heard of Sophia's flight and come to look for her. Tom thereupon flees, leaving word that he intends to enlist. On learning that the Northeys have disowned her, Sophia consents to marry Sir Hervey, who still loves her, though he shows but little sign of it in his proposal. After the ceremony, he takes his bride to her sister's home. Mrs. Northey is furious at Sophia's conduct, but Sir Hervey's explanation is so plausible that it is finally accepted. He now returns to Coke Hall to make arrangements for his bride's reception, and Lady Betty's mother, the duchess, who is calling at the Northeys', takes charge of the young wife until, a week later, he sends for her. Sophia sets out for Coke Hall, accompanied by Lady Betty, and taking with her some valuable jewels which belonged to Sir Hervey's mother. The two girls are greatly alarmed when, on the road, a mysterious horseman surprises them while they are looking at the jewels, but when they reach East Grinstead, where they are to stay overnight, the stranger reappears, and proves to be the son of Lane, a mercer, masquerading as a fine gentleman under the name of Fanshaw. He is enamored of Lady Betty, but Sophia dismisses him in a most contemptuous manner, and, frantic with rage and shame, he takes refuge in another inn, where one of the girls' servants spies him talking to two strange men. When they resume their journey, the girls' carriage is delayed by a heavy downpour of rain, and on the road Mr. Fanshaw passes them, going in the same direction. A moment later, Pettitt, the maid, gives a cry of alarm.

## XVI (Continued).

PETTITT squealed and the two ladies clutched each other as the carriage lurched heavily to one side; it jolted forward a yard or two at a dangerous slant, and came to a stand. The road, undermined by the heavy rain, had given way at that point, and the near wheels had sunk into the hole, while those on the other side stood on solid ground a foot higher. A little more and the carriage must have been upset. Watkyns climbed down in haste, the grooms dismounted, the three inside skipped out, and found themselves standing in the rain, in a little valley between two softly rounded hills that sloped upwards until they were lost in the fog. Here they had to wait with what patience they might, while the three servants, with a couple of bars, which travelers in those days carried for the purpose, lifted the vehicle by sheer strength from the pit

into which it had settled. The word was given to the horses, the postboys cracked their whips and urged them forward, and with a bound the carriage stood again on firm ground.

But in surmounting the difficulty half an hour had been wasted. It was nearly two o'clock; they were barely half way. The patient Watkyns, holding the door for them to enter, advised that they would not now be in before four. "If then," he added ominously. "I fear, my lady, the ford on this side of Chayley is like to be deep. I don't know how 'twill be, my lady, but we will do our best."

"You must not drown us!" Lady Betty said gaily; but had better have held her tongue, for her woman, between damp and fright, began to cry, and was with difficulty scolded into silence.

In the result, half past two, which should have seen them at Lewes, found them plowing through heavy mud at a

\*Copyright, 1899, by Stanley J. Weyman.—This story began in the June number of MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE.

foot's pace behind sobbing horses; the rain, the roads, and the desolate landscape, all combining to bear out the evil repute of Sussex highways. Abreast of the windmill at Plumpton byroad they found dry going, which lasted for half a mile, and the increase of speed cheered even the despairing Pettitt. But at the foot of the descent they stuck fast once more, in a hole ill mended with faggots; and for a fair hundred yards the men had to push and pull. They lost another half hour here; and it wanted little of half past three when they came weary and despondent to the ford below Chayley, six miles and a half short of Lewes. The grooms were soaked to the knees, Watkyns was little better, all were in a poor humor, and inclined to make the worst of things. Lady Betty's woman clung and screeched on the least alarm; and on all the steady drizzle and the lowering clouds had wrought depressingly.

"Shall we have much difficulty in crossing?" Sophia asked nervously, as they drew heavily towards the ford, and saw a brown line of water swirling athwart the road. A horseman and two or three country folk stood on the bank, gaging the stream with their eyes.

Watkyns shook his head. "I doubt it's not to be done at all, my lady," he said. "Here's one stopped already, unless I am mistaken."

"But we can't stay here," Sophia protested, looking with longing at the roofs and spire that rose above the trees on the farther side of the stream. On the bank on which they stood was a single hovel of mud, fast melting under the steady down-pour.

"I'll see what they say, my lady," Watkyns answered, and, leaving the carriage at a stand thirty paces from the water, he went forward and joined the little group that conferred on the edge. The grooms went forward also, and the leading post-boy, standing up in his stirrups, scanned the current with evident misgiving.

"The rider is Fanshaw," Sophia said in a low tone.

"So it is!" Lady Betty answered. "He's afraid to cross! I do believe we shall have to spend the night here."

The horses hanging their heads in the rain, the dripping postboys, the splashed carriage, the three faces peering anxiously from the windows at the flood,

through which they must pass to gain shelter—a more desolate group it were hard to conceive; unless it was that which talked and argued on the bank; and from which Watkyns presently detached himself. He came back to the carriage.

"It's not to be done, my lady," he said, his face troubled. "There's but one opinion of that. It's a mud bottom, they tell me, and if the horses dragged the carriage in, they could never drag it through. Most likely they wouldn't face the water. It must fall a foot, they tell me, before it would be safe to try it."

The maid shrieked. Even Sophia looked scared. "But what are we to do?" she said. "We cannot spend the night here."

"Well, my lady, the gentleman says if we keep the lane this side, there's a paved ford a mile lower down that should be passable. It's not far from Fletching, and we could very likely cross there, or get shelter in Fletching, if your ladyship should not choose to risk it."

"But how does the gentleman know?" Sophia asked.

"He's of this country," Watkyns answered. "Leastwise, bred here, my lady, this side of Lewes, and says he knows the roads. It's what he's going to do himself. And I don't know what else we can do, if your ladyship pleases."

"Well," Sophia said doubtfully, "if you think so."

"Oh, yes," Lady Betty cried. "Let us go! We can't sit here all night. It must be nearly four now."

"It's all that, my lady."

"And we shall have it dark, if we stay here. And shall really have to lie under a haystack. Besides, you may be sure *he'll* not lead us into danger!" she continued, with a contemptuous look at Mr. Fanshaw. "If we take care to go only where he goes, we shall not run much risk."

At that moment, as if he heard what she was saying, Mr. Fanshaw turned his horse and passed the carriage, his head averted; he was on his way to take the lane that ran down stream. A countryman plodded at his stirrup, and Sir Herve's two grooms followed. After them came a second countryman, with a sack drawn over his shoulders. As this man passed the carriage, Sophia leaned from the window and called him to her.

"Does this lane lead to a better ford, my man?" she asked.

The fellow stared at Lady Betty's pretty face and eager eyes. "Aye, there's a ford," he answered, the rain dripping off his nose.

"A better ford than this?"

"Aye, 'tis paved."

"And how far from here is it?"

"A mile, or maybe a mile and a bit."

Sophia gave him a shilling. "Yes," she said to Watkyns, "I think we had better go. But I hope it may not be a long round," she added, with a sort of foreboding. "I shall be glad when we are in the main road again."

The horses once turned, however, which was not accomplished without difficulty, things seemed to go better. The sky grew lighter, the rain presently ceased, the lane, willow lined, and in places invaded by the swollen stream that ran beside it, proved to be passable. Even the mile and a bit turned out to be no more than two miles, and in half an hour the cavalcade, to which Mr. Fanshaw, moving in front, had the air of belonging, reached the ford.

The stream was wide there, but had risen so high that the brown water swept swiftly and silently over the shallows. Nevertheless, it was evident that Lane knew his ground, for, to Lady Betty's astonishment, he rode in gallantly, and spurred his horse to the other side, the water barely reaching its knees. Encouraged by this, the postboys cracked their whips and followed; the carriage swayed, Pettitt screamed—for a moment the water seemed rising all round them, the next they were across and jolting up the farther bank.

"There!" Lady Betty cried, with a laugh of triumph. "I'd have bet that would be all right! When I saw him go through I knew that there was not much danger. Six miles more and we shall be in Lewes."

Suddenly, on the bank they had left, a man appeared, waving his arms to them across the water. The carriage had turned to the left after crossing, and this movement brought the man full into the view from the window. "What is it? What is he shouting?" Sophia asked anxiously; and she called to Watkyns to learn what it was.

"I think he wants help to come across, my lady," Watkyns answered. "But I'll ask, if your ladyship pleases." And he

went back and for a moment exchanged shouts with the stranger, while the carriage plodded slowly up the ascent. By and by Watkyns overtook them. "It was only to tell me that there was a second ford we should have to pass, my lady," he explained.

"A second ford?"

"Yes, but the gentleman in front had told me that already, and that it was not worse than this, my lady, or not much; and a farm close to it, with men and a team of oxen, if we had any difficulty. I told him that, my lady, and all he answered was, that they had only one small ox at the farm, and he kept shouting that and nothing else. But I could not make much of him. And, any way, we must go on now," Watkyns continued, with just so much sullenness as showed he had his doubts. "We came through that grandly; and with luck, my lady, we'll be in Lewes before dark."

"At any rate, let us go as fast as we can," Sophia answered. This late mention of a second ford disturbed her. She looked ahead with increasing anxiety.

It was soon clear that to travel quickly with tired horses, in the country in which they now found themselves, was impossible. The road followed a shallow valley which wound among low hills, crowned here and there with trees. Now the carriage climbed slowly over a shoulder, now it plunged into a roughly wooded bottom, now it dragged painfully up the other side, the ladies walking. In places the road was so narrow that the wheels barely passed. It was in vain Sophia fretted, that Lady Betty ceased to jest, that Pettitt cast eyes to heaven in token of speechless misery, that Watkyns swore softly and sweated to think what Sir Hervey would say of it. There was no place where the carriage could be safely turned; and if there had been, to go back seemed as bad as to go forward.

By way of compensation, the sky had grown clear; a flood of pale evening sunshine gilded the western slopes of the hills. The clumps that here and there crowned the summits rose black against an evening sky, calm and serene. But far as the eye could reach scarce a sign of life appeared; the country seemed without population. Once indeed, through an opening on the left, they caught sight of a village spire peeping above a shoulder;

but it was two miles away, and far from their direction. The road, at the moment the sun disappeared, wound round a hill and began to descend along the bottom of a valley. By and by they saw before them a row of trees running athwart the way, and marking water. Here, then, was the second ford.

The two grooms had been riding for a time with Lane—to give Fanshaw his proper name—a couple of hundred yards ahead of the carriage. The countrymen had dropped off by tracks invisible to the strange eye, and gone to homes as invisible. Watkyns alone was beside the carriage, which was still more than a hundred yards short of the crossing, when one of the grooms was seen riding back to it.

He waved his hands with a sort of wildness as he reined up. "It won't do!" he cried loudly. "We can never get over. You can see for yourself, Mr. Watkyns."

"I can see a fool for myself!" the valet answered sharply. "What do you mean by frightening the ladies?"

The groom—Sophia noticed that his face was flushed—fell sullenly in behind the carriage without saying more; but the mischief was done. Pettitt was in tears; Sophia and Lady Betty insisted on alighting. A moment later they joined Lane and the other groom, who stood reduced to silence by the prospect.

The stream that barred the way was fifteen yards wide from bank to bank, and looked far from inviting; over the ford, the water ran strong and turbid with ugly eddies and a greedy swirl. Nor was this the worst. The road and bank on the side on which they stood sloped gently into the stream. But on the farther side, the bank was high and precipitous, the road rising so steeply out of the water that the little hamlet which crowned the ridge, a hundred paces beyond, hung high above their heads. It needed no experience to see that tired horses, fagged by the day's journey and by the exertion of wading through the mud of the ford, would never drag the carriage up so steep a pitch.

Sophia took it all in, and turning, took in also the late evening light, and the desolate valley, strewn with sparse thorn trees, down which they had come—and from which this was their exit; and her eyes flashed with anger. Hitherto, in her de-

sire to have no dealings with Lane, but to ignore, if she must bear, his company, she had refrained from questioning him; though with each mile of the lengthening distance the temptation had grown. Now she turned to him.

"What do you mean, sir," she cried sharply, "by bringing us to such a place as this? Is this your good ford?"

He did not look at her, but continued to stare at the water. "It's generally low enough," he muttered sulkily.

"Did you expect to find it low today? After the rain?"

He did not answer. Watkyns took the word. "If we had oxen and some ropes, or even half a dozen men," he said, "we could get the carriage across."

"Then where is the farm? And the team of oxen of which you told us?" Sophia cried, addressing Lane again. "Explain, sir, explain! Why have you brought us to this place? For you must have had some motive."

"The farm is there," he answered sulkily, pointing to the buildings on the ridge across the water. "And it would be all right, but—but it has changed hands since I was here, I'm told. And the people are—they tell me that the place has a bad name."

She fancied that he exchanged a look with the groom who stood nearest; at any rate, the man hastened to corroborate him. "That's true enough!" he cried with a hiccup. "It's dangerous, my lady, so they tell me."

Sophia stared. The servant's manner was odd and free. "Who told you?" she asked sharply.

"The men who came part of the way with us, my lady."

Sophia turned to Watkyns. "It's a pity you did not learn this before," she said severely. "You should not have allowed this person to decoy us from the highroad. For you, sir," she continued, addressing Lane, "I cannot conceive why you have done this, or why you have brought us here, but of one thing you may be sure: if there be roguery in this, you will pay a sharp reckoning for it."

He stood by his horse's head, looking doggedly at the stream, and avoiding their eyes. In the silence Lady Betty's woman began to sob, till her mistress bade her be quiet for a fool. Yet there was excuse for her. With the fading of



the light the valley behind them had taken on a sinister look. The gnarled thorn trees of the upper part, the coarse marsh grass of the lower, through which a small stream trickled, forming sullen pools among stunted alders, spoke of desolation and the coming of night. On the steep slopes above them no life moved; from the silent hamlet beyond the water came no sound or shout of challenge.

Suddenly one of the postboys found a voice. "We could get the horses through, without the carriage," he said. "And fetch help from Lewes. The town cannot be more than four miles or so from here, and we could get a fresh team there, and with ropes and half a dozen men to help, we should do it."

Sophia turned to him with approval. "You are a man," she said. "A guinea apiece, my men, if you are back with fresh horses in two hours."

"We'll do our best, my lady," the lad answered, touching his cap. "Twill be no fault of ours if we are not back. We'll try the house the other side first. We're six men," he continued, looking round, "and need not be afraid of one or two, even if——"

His voice dropped on the last word; he listened with lowered head to something which the nearest groom whispered in his ear. When he looked up again, his face had fallen, he did not continue. Instead, his eyes traveled to the little cluster of buildings that crowned the opposite ridge. On the left hand of the steep road stood two cottages; on the right the gable end of a larger house rose heavily from the hillside, and from the sparse gorse bushes that bestrewed it.

None of the chimneys emitted smoke; but Sophia, following the man's eyes, saw that, early as it was, and barely inclining to dusk, a small window in the gable end showed a faint light. "Why," she exclaimed, "what is that? There are people there. Let us all shout, and they must hear. Why should we be afraid? Shout!" she continued, turning to Watkyns. "Do you hear, man? What are you afraid of?"

"Nothing, my lady," Watkyns stammered; and he hastened to shout, "Halloa! Halloa there! House!" But his pale face and the quaver in his voice betrayed that he was afraid, in spite of his boast; while the faces of the men beside him, as they stood waiting for an answer, their eyes

riveted on the house, seemed to show that the feeling was not confined to him.

Sophia noticed this and was puzzled, not understanding it. But the next moment the postboys began to free the leaders from their harness, and to be about to ride them into the water; and in the excitement of the scene she forgot her suspicions. One of the horses refused to cross, and, wheeling round in the stream, came near to unseating its rider. But the postboy persisted with voice and hand, the beast was driven in again, and after hesitating a while, snorting and terrified in the shallows, it went through with a rush, and plunging up the bank, amid an avalanche of mud and stones, rejoined its fellow. The summit of the ridge gained, the postboys rose in their stirrups and looked back, waving a farewell. The next moment they passed between the cottages and the house and were gone from sight.

The group left below strained their eyes after them. But nothing rewarded their expectations. No cry came back, no hurrying band appeared, laden with help and shouting encouragement. From the buildings, that each moment loomed darker and darker, came no sign of life; only, as the dusk grew, and minute by minute night fell in the valley, the light in the window of the gable end waxed brighter and brighter, until it shone a single mysterious spark in a wall of blackness.

## XVII.

WHEN Sophia at last lowered her eyes, and with a sigh of disappointment turned to her companions, when she awoke with a start and saw how fast the dusk had gathered around them, and what strides towards shutting them in night had made in those few minutes, she had much ado to maintain her composure. Lady Betty, little more than a child, and but one remove from a child's fear of the dark, clung to her, fairly daunted by the gloom and loneliness of the scene; though a natural high spirit forbade her to expose her fears. Pettitt, seated on a step of the carriage, weeping at a word and shrieking on the least alarm, was worse than useless; while the men, now reduced to four, had withdrawn to a distance, whence their voices, subdued in earnest colloquy, came at intervals to her ears.

What was to be done? Surely something. Surely they were not going to sit there, perhaps through the whole night, doing nothing to help themselves, wholly depending on the success of the postboys? That could not be; and impatiently Sophia summoned Watkyns. "Are we going to do nothing," she asked sharply, "until they come back? Cannot one of the grooms return the way we came? There was the man at the mill—who warned us—he may know what to do. Send one of the servants to him."

"I did ask the gentleman to go," Watkyns answered, with a sniff of contempt; "or else to go on with the postboys and guide them. He's got us into the scrape, begging your ladyship's pardon, and he ought to get us out. But he's all for not separating; says that it isn't safe, and he won't leave the ladies. And will do nothing. He's turned kind of stupid-like," the valet added, with a snort of temper.

Sophia's lip curled. "Then let one of the grooms go," she said, "if he's afraid."

Watkyns hesitated. "Well, the truth is, my lady," he said, speaking low and with a glance behind him, "they are a bit fuddled with drink, and that's all about it. Where they got the stuff I don't know, but I have my suspicions."

Sophia stared.

"I think I can guess what is in the gentleman's holsters," Watkyns continued, "and I've a notion they had a share of it, when my back was turned. But why or wherefore, I cannot say. Any way, they are not to be trusted. I'd go back myself, for it is well to have two strings, I know that; and I could take one of their horses. But I don't like to leave you with him, my lady."

"With the gentleman?"

"Yes, my lady. Seeing he has given the men drink."

Sophia laughed scornfully. "You need not trouble yourself about him," she said. "We are not afraid of him. Besides, it is not as if I were alone. There are three of us. If the house opposite has a bad name, however, that's another matter."

He was off his guard for the moment. "Oh, there's no fear of that!" he cried.

"No? But I thought you said there was," she said sharply.

"This side of the water, my lady, I mean," he answered hurriedly. "There are stepping stones, you see, a little above

here; but they are covered, and the people can't come over. So it is all right."

"You are sure of that?"

"Quite sure, my lady."

"Then you had better go," Sophia said, with decision. "We've had nothing to eat since midday, and we are half famished. We can't stay here all night."

Watkyns looked doubtful. "Your ladyship is right," he said; "it is not as if you were alone. And the moon will be up in an hour. Still, my lady, I don't know as Sir Hervey would like me to leave you?" But in the end he obeyed and went, and was scarcely out of hearing before she was sorry she had sent him, and would fain, had it been possible, have recalled him.

Still, even in the valley, the darkness was not yet Egyptian; she could see the figures of Lane and the two servants, seated a score of paces away on a fallen thorn tree, to which they had tethered their horses. She could dimly see Lady Betty's face, as the girl sat beside her in the carriage, getting what comfort she could from squeezing her hand; and Pettitt's, who sat with them, for it would have been cruel to exclude her in her state of terror. But the knowledge that by and by she would lose even this, since they had no candles; the knowledge that by and by they must sit in that gloomy hollow, ignorant of what was passing near them, and at the mercy of the first comer, began to fill Sophia with dread, even of Lane. She remembered that he had cause to dislike her; that he might well harbor thoughts of revenge. If it were true that he had made the men drink——

"It's absurd," Lady Betty whispered in her ear. "He would not dare! He's just a clothes peg! You're not afraid of him?"

"No," Sophia answered bravely; "I don't know that I am afraid of any one. Only——"

"Only you wish you had not let Watkyns go?"

"Yes."

"So do I," Lady Betty whispered eagerly. "But I did not like to say so. I was afraid you would think me afraid. What I can't make out is, why some of the men don't go over and get help where the light is, instead of riding miles and miles for it."

"They seem to think that the people are—that they are not to be trusted."

"But why? What do they think they are? Highwaymen?" Lady Betty asked nervously.

"I don't know! Watkyns said something of smugglers from Goudhurst."

"And how does he know?"

"From Lane, I suppose."

"Who brought us here, the little wretch! There!" Betty continued, clinging to her companion, "what is that? Oh, they have got a candle!"

Lane had produced one from his holsters, and the men had just lighted it. By and by, when it was alight, he brought it to the carriage, shading it with his hat; with a sheepish air he prayed the ladies to make use of it. Sophia, who added distrust to her former contempt of him, would have declined the gift; but Lady Betty's trembling hand prayed mutely for the indulgence, and she let him place it in the lanthorn in the carriage. It conferred a kind of protection; at least, they could now see each other's faces.

She soon regretted her easiness, however, for instead of withdrawing when he had performed his office, Lane lingered beside the door of the carriage. He asked Lady Betty the time, he went away a little and restlessly returned, a flitting shadow on the fringe of light; finally he stood watching them irresolutely at a distance of a couple of yards. Sophia bore this as long as she could, then, out of patience, she asked him coldly if he had not another candle. By this time it was quite dark.

"No, my lady," he said humbly; "I've no other."

She wished then that she had bitten her tongue off before she put the question, for now it appeared barbarous to send him into the darkness. He seemed, too, to see the advantage he had gained, and by and by he ventured to take his seat on a log beside the carriage. He cast a timid look at Lady Betty. He heaved an audible sigh.

If he hoped to move that hard little heart by sighing, however, he was thoroughly mistaken. Cheered by the light, Lady Betty was herself again. Sophia felt her begin to shake, but knew that it was not with fear—knew that in a moment the laugh, half hysterical, half mirthful, would break all bounds; she sought to save the situation. "Where are the men?" she said hurriedly. "Will you be

good enough to ask one of them to come to me?"

Lane rose and went reluctantly; soon he came stumbling back into the circle of light.

"I cannot find them," he stammered, standing by the carriage.

"Not find them?" Sophia answered, staring at him. "Are they not there?"

"No, my lady," he answered, looking nervously over his shoulder and back again. "At least, I—I can't find them. It is very dark. You don't think," he continued—and for the first time she discerned by the poor light of their one candle that he was trembling—"that—that they can have fallen into the river?"

His tone alarmed her, even while she thought his fears for the men preposterous. "Fallen into the river?" she exclaimed contemptuously. "Nonsense, sir! Are you trying to frighten us?" And without waiting for an answer, she raised her voice and called one of the men: "George! George!"

No answer. She stepped quickly out of the carriage. "Take me," she said, "to where you left them."

Lady Betty protested; Pettitt clutched wildly at her habit, begging her to stay. But Sophia persisted, and groped her way after Lane until he came to a stand, his hand on the bark of the fallen blackthorn, beside which she had last seen the men. "They were here," he said in a tone of one half dazed. "They were just here."

"Yes, I remember," she answered. "They were." And undeterred by Pettitt's frantic appeals to her to return, she called the men again and again; still she got no answer.

At length, fearing she knew not what, her courage shaken by the silence of the valley, through which her feeble voice rang mournfully, she hurried back to the carriage, and sprang into it in something like a panic; the man Lane following close at her elbow. It was only when she had taken her seat, and found him clutching the door of the carriage, and pressing as near as he could come, that she saw he was ashake with fear, his eyes staring, his hair almost on end.

"They have fallen into the river," he cried, his teeth chattering. "My God! I never thought of that! They have fallen in, and are drowned!"

"We should have heard something,"

Sophia answered. She was striving to keep fear at bay, while Lady Betty, awe-stricken, clung to her arm. "A cry or something. Don't be a fool, man!"

"They were—drunk," he whispered. "They were drunk, and now they are dead! My God, they are dead! Dead!"

Pettitt shrieked at the word; and Sophia, between fear and rage, uncertain whether he was really frightened or was trying to frighten them, bade him be silent. "If you can do nothing, at least be still," she cried wrathfully. "You are worse than a woman. And do you, Pettitt, behave yourself. You should be taking care of your mistress, instead of scaring her."

The man so far obeyed that he sank on the step of the carriage and was silent. But she heard him moan; and despite her courage she shuddered. Fear is infectious; it was in vain she strove against the uneasy feelings communicated by his alarm. She caught herself looking over her shoulder, starting at a sound; trembling when the candle flickered in the lantern, or the feeble ring of light in which they sat, in that hollow of blackness, wavered or varied. By and by the candle would go out; there was but an inch of it now. Then they would be in the dark; three women and this craven, with the hidden river running silent, bank full, beside them, and she knew not what prowling, hovering, groping, at their backs.

On a sudden Lane sprang up with a shriek. "What is that?" he cried, cowering against the door, and clutching it as if he would drag it open and force himself in among them. "See, what is it? What is it?"

But it was only the first shaft of light shot by the rising moon through a notch in the hills that had scared him. It fell on the thorn tree where the men had sat, and slowly the slender shaft widened and grew until all the upper valley through which they had come lay bathed in the solemn light. Gradually it flooded the bottom, and dimmed the yellow, ineffectual light of their taper, until only the ridge beyond the water remained dark and forbidding, pierced by the one brooding spark that seemed to keep grave vigil in the hill of shadow.

The women breathed more freely; even Pettitt ceased to bewail herself. "They

may be back soon with the horses," Sophia said, gazing with hopeful eyes into the darkness beyond the ford. "They must have left us an hour and more."

"An hour?" Lady Betty answered, with a shiver. "Three, I vow! But what is the man doing?" she continued, directing Sophia's attention to Lane. "I declare, he's a greater coward than any of us!"

He was, if the fact that the light which relieved their fears had not removed his, stood for anything. He seemed unable to move a yard from them; yet he seldom looked at them, save when a gust of terror shook him, and he turned as if to grip at their garments. His hand grasping the door of the carriage, he gazed now along the valley down which they had come, now towards the solitary light beyond the stream; and it was impossible to say which prospect alarmed him the more. Sophia, whom his restlessness filled with apprehension, noticed that he listened; and that more than once, when Lady Betty spoke or Pettitt complained, he raised his hand, as if impatient of the interruption. And the longer she watched him, the more she was infected with his uneasiness.

On a sudden he turned to her. "Do you hear anything?" he asked.

She listened. "No," she said, "I hear nothing but the wind passing through the trees."

"Not horses?"

She listened again, inclining her head to catch a sound from the other side of the stream. "No," she replied, "I don't."

He touched her shoulder, almost rudely. "Not that way! Not that way!" he exclaimed. "Behind us!"

Lady Betty cried out, "I do! But they are a long way off. It's Watkyns coming back. He must have found horses, for I hear more than one!"

"It's not Watkyns!" Lane answered; and he took two steps from the carriage, then came back. "Get out!" he cried hoarsely. "Do you hear? Get out! Get out! Or don't say I didn't warn you. Do you hear?" he repeated, when no one stirred; for Sophia, her worst suspicions confirmed, was speechless, and the others only cowered in their places, thinking him gone mad. "Get out, get out, and hide, if you can. They are coming," he continued wildly. "I tell you they are coming. And it is off my shoulders. In ten



minutes they'll be here, and if you're not hidden, it'll be the worse for you. I've told you!"

"Who are coming?" Sophia said, forming her words with difficulty.

"Hawkesworth!" he answered. "He and two more, as big devils as himself. If you don't want to be robbed and worse, hide, hide! Do you hear me? I've told you!" he continued, pulling frantically at Sophia's habit. "I've done all I can! It's not on my head!"

For an instant she sat turned to stone; deaf to the cries, to the prayers, to the lamentations, of the others. Hawkesworth! The mere name of him, with whom she had once fancied herself in love, whom now she feared and loathed as she feared and loathed no other man, stopped the current of her blood. "Hawkesworth!" she whispered. "Hawkesworth? Here? Following us? Do you mean it?"

"Haven't I told you so?" Lane answered, with angry energy. "He was at Grinstead, at the White Lion, last night. I saw him and—and the woman. You'd made me mad, you know, and—and they tempted me. They tempted me! And they're coming. Can't you hear them now? They are coming!"

Yes, she could hear them now. In the far distance, up the valley, the steady fall of horses' hoofs broke the silence of the night. Steadily, steadily, the hoof beats drew nearer and nearer. A moment they were hushed; the riders were crossing a spongy bit, where a spring soaked the road—Sophia could remember the very place. The next minute the sounds rose louder, nearer, more fateful. Trot trot, trot trot, trot trot! Yes, they were coming. They were coming! In five minutes, in ten minutes at most, they would be here!

It was a crisis to try the bravest. Round them, in the low wide mouth of the valley, the moonlight flooded all. As far as the eye could reach, all was bare and shelterless. A few scattered thorn trees, standing singly and apart, mocked the eye with a promise of safety, which a second glance showed to be futile. The carriage alone, stranded beside the ford, carried a huge dark blot, betraying their presence to eyes half a mile away. Yet if they left it, whither were they to turn, where to hide themselves? Sophia, her

heart beating as if it would suffocate her, tried to think, tried to remember; while Lady Betty clung convulsively to her, asking what they were to do, and Pettitt, utterly overcome, sobbed at the bottom of the carriage, as if she were safer there.

And all the time the tramp of the approaching horses, borne on the night breeze, came clearer and sharper to the ear. Clearer and sharper, clearer and sharper, until she could almost hear the ring of bit and bridle as the men descended the valley. She looked at Lane. He was panic stricken, caught hither and thither by gusts of cowardice; there was no help there. From him her eye passed to the river, and her heart leaped, for in the shadowed bank on the other side she read hope and a chance. There in the darkness they could hide; there—if only they could find the stepping stones, which Watkyns had said were up stream.

Quick as thought she had Lady Betty out, and, seizing her woman by the shoulder, shook her impatiently. "Come," she cried, "come, we must run. We must run! Come, or we shall leave you."

But Pettitt only groveled lower on the floor of the carriage, deaf to prayers, orders, threats. At last, "We must leave her," Sophia cried, when she had wasted a precious minute in vain appeals. "Come, we must find the stepping stones. It is our one chance."

"But is the danger so great?" the child panted.

"It's—oh, come! Come!" Sophia groaned. "You don't understand." And seizing Lady Betty by the hand, she ran with her to the water's edge, and in breathless haste turned up the stream. They had gone twenty yards along the bank, the elder's eyes searching the dark full current almost hopelessly, when Sophia stopped as if she had been shot. "The jewels!" she gasped.

"The jewels?"

"Yes, I've left them."

"Oh, never mind them now!" Betty wailed; and caught at her to stay her, but in vain. Already Sophia was half way back to the carriage. She vanished inside it; in an incredibly short space of time—though it seemed long to Betty, trembling with impatience and searching the valley with eyes of dread—she was out again with the jewel case in her hand, and

flying back to her companion. "They are his!" she muttered, as she urged her on again. "I couldn't leave them. Now the stones! The stones! Oh, child, use your eyes and find them, or we are lost!"

The fear of Hawkesworth lay heavily on her; she felt that she should die if his hand touched her. It was unfortunate for them that all the bank on which they stood was as light as in the day; it was in their favor that the moon had now risen high enough to shine on the stream. They ran fifty yards without seeing a sign of what they sought. Then—at the very moment when the pursuers' voices broke on their ears, and they realized that in a minute or two they must be espied—they came to a couple of thorn trees, standing not far apart, that afforded a momentary shelter. A yard farther, and Lady Betty stumbled over something that lay in the shadow of the trees. She recoiled with a cry. "It's a man!" she murmured.

"The grooms!" Sophia answered, her wits sharpened by necessity; and she felt for and shook one of the sleepers, tugged at his clothes, even buffeted him in a frenzy of impatience. "George! George!" she cried; and again she shook him. But in vain; and as quickly as she had knelt, she was on foot again, and had drawn the child on. "Drugged!" she muttered. "We must cross! We must cross! It's our one chance!"

They hurried on, bending low; for beyond the two thorn trees all lay bare and open. Suddenly a cry of surprise rent the night; an oath, a woman's scream followed, and told them that their flight was known. Their hands clasped, their knees shaking under them, they pressed on, reckless now, expecting every moment to hear footsteps behind them. And joy! Sophia nearly swooned as she saw not five yards ahead of them a ripple of broken water that ran slantwise across the silver; and in a line with it, a foot above the surface, a rope stretched taut from bank to bank.

The stones were covered, all save one; but the rope promised an easy passage, more easy than she had dared to expect. "Will you go first or shall I?" was on the tip of her tongue; but Lady Betty, wasting no time on words, was already in the water and wading across, her hands sliding along the rope, her petticoats floating out on the surface of the current.

The water was cold, and though it rose no higher than her knees, ran with a force that, but for the rope, must have swept her off her feet. She reached the middle in safety, however, and Sophia, who dared not throw the weight of two on the rope, was tingling with impatience to follow, when the dreaded sound of feet on the bank warned her of danger. She turned her head sharply. A man stood within five paces of her.

One pace nearer, and Sophia would have flung herself into the stream; heedless of the rope, heedless of all but the necessity of escape. In the nick of time, however, she saw that it was not Hawkesworth who had found her, but Lane, the poor fool who had ruined them. In a low, harsh voice she bade him keep his distance.

"I don't know what to do!" he stammered, wringing his hands and looking back in terror. "They'll murder me! I know they'll murder me! But there's smallpox the other side! You're going into it! There are three dead in the house, and everybody's fled. I don't know what to do," he whined.

Sophia answered nothing, but slid into the stream and waded across. As she drew her wet skirts out of the water, and was helped up the bank by Lady Betty, she heard the chase come down the side she had left; and, thankful for the deep shadow in which they stood, she pressed the girl's hand to enjoin silence, and step by step they groped their way from the place. To go as far as possible from the crossing was her object; her fear that a stumble or a rolling stone—for the side of the ridge below the houses was steep and rough—should discover their position. Fortunately, the darkness which lay there was deepened by contrast with the moonlit country on the farther side; and they crept some forty yards along the hill before they were brought up short by a wattled fence. They would have climbed this, but as they laid their hands on it they heard men shouting to one another, and saw two figures hurry along the opposite bank, and come to a stand, at the point where they had crossed. A moment Sophia hung in suspense; then Hawkesworth's voice, thrilling her with terror, cried, "Over! Over, fool, and watch the top!" And she heard the splashing of a horse as it crossed the ford

on the road, and the thudding of its hoofs as it scrambled up the ridge.

The two fugitives had turned instinctively down the stream, in the direction of the road and the houses. The rider's movement therefore tended to cut off their further retreat; while the distance they had been able to put between themselves and the stepping stones was so short that they dared not move again, much less make the attempt to repass their landing place, and go up stream. For the moment, close as they were to their enemies, the darkness shielded them; but Sophia's heart beat thickly, and she crouched lower against the wattle as she heard Hawkesworth step into the current and splash his way across, swearing at the coldness of the water.

He climbed out on their side and shook himself; and then for a time they might have thought that the earth had swallowed him, so still was he. But Sophia knew that he was listening, standing in the dark a few paces from them, in the shrewd hope of hearing the rustle of their skirts or their footsteps as they stole away. Disappointed in this, he began to move to and fro, beating the bushes this way and that; now threatening them with horrible fates if they did not show themselves, now asserting that he saw them, and now calling to his fellow who kept guard on the farther bank to know if he heard them. It was clear that he knew, probably from Pettitt, that they had not had time to go far from the carriage.

Fortunately, the trend of his search was from them, and as he gradually receded up stream they breathed more freely. But when he had followed the bank so far that the sound of his movements was beginning to grow faint, and Sophia to think of continuing their flight, he turned, and she heard him come slowly back on his tracks. This time, if the ear could be trusted, he was making directly for the place where they cowered beside the wattled fence.

He was drawing nearer—and nearer; now a stick snapped under his foot, now he stumbled and swore, as he recovered himself. Sophia felt the younger girl shake under her hand, and instinctively drew her face against her shoulder that she might not see. Presently she could make

out his head and shoulders dark against the sky; and still she watched him, fascinated. Three more steps and he would be on them! Two more—the impulse to shriek, to spring up and fly at all risks, was scarcely to be controlled. One more—there was a sudden rustle, a yard or two below them, he sprang that way, something whisked from a gorse bush, and he stood.

"What was that?" the man on the other side asked.

"A rabbit!" he answered with a savage oath. "That shows they're not this way. I don't believe they crossed the stream. Are you sure they're not in that thorn tree behind you? One of them might hide in it."

Apparently the man went to see, for half a minute later a shriek, followed by a thud, as of a heavy body brought hurriedly to the earth, proved the success of his search. Hawkesworth sprang toward the stepping stones. "Which is it?" he cried.

"Neither of them," the fellow answered. "It's the whipper snapper you sent for a decoy."

"Damn!" Hawkesworth exclaimed, and he came to a stand. "But if you've got him, they are not far off! We'll wring his neck if he does not say where they are! Prick him, man, prick him with your knife!"

But the poor fop's squeals showed that little cruelty would be needed to draw from him all he knew. "Don't! Don't!" he screamed. "Don't murder me! They're on the other side of the stream! I swear they are!"

"None of your lies now, or I'll slit your throat!" the ruffian growled. He appeared to be kneeling on the wretched fellow's breast.

"It's the truth! I swear it is! They were just across when you came!" Lane gasped. "They can't be fifty yards from the bank! If they had moved, I should have heard them. Let me up, and I'll help you to find them."

"Tie him up," Hawkesworth cried. "And if he has lied to us, we shall soon know. If we don't find them, we'll drop him in the water. Tell him that, and ask him again."

"They're just by you!" Lane cried. "I swear they are!"

*(To be continued.)*

# LITERARY CHAT

## A PLEA FOR SIMPLICITY.

It's oh, for a careless rhyme,  
Sung for joy of the song,  
A lilting thing, a laughing thing,  
Made in an idle hour!

We are crushed by the sonnet's might;  
A ballad is overlong;  
Give us a rhyme an elf could write  
On a leaf o' the pink tipped flower.

We are weary of lines that march  
Like men to a stately measure,  
Of words that the writer's will  
Pushes in place like pawns.

We tire of din and strife—  
Sing us a song of pleasure  
Fresh as the note of the wakened birds  
In the cool of the swift, sweet dawns.

Oh, poet of mine, who walks  
In the trim, neat garden of rhyme,  
Where the blossoms are trained and  
turned,  
Come out to the open wild  
Where the riotous roses toss  
In the arms of the unbound vine,  
And the songs of the gods are free  
As the lilted laugh of a child!

## "NO. 5 JOHN STREET."

Sometimes a novel is the subtlest medium of public education. You can't get most men to come to a lecture, you can't reach them with a treatise, but you can appeal to them through a good piece of fiction that points a moral without preaching it. Such a time worn problem as that of the London poor is all the harder to deal with on account of its triteness, and at first thought "No. 5 John Street" may seem merely to revive old sorrows without even offering a solution. Revive the distressing picture of slum misery it does with a vengeance, without offering a definite solution, for it is nothing but a story to the end. But "No. 5" is a subtle and suggestive book. It is with true literary art that Mr. Whiteing first shows us the seemingly hopeless condition of the uneducated and unappreciative poor in colors so vivid that they point their own moral, and then ends with *Tilda's* significant query, "Oh, why didn't yer ketch me when I was a kid?" and her plea for the children she loved, and for whom she saw the only hope—"Give the young 'uns a chance."

It would be easy to enlarge *ad libitum* on the complex conditions that make it impossible, seemingly, to raise the present genera-

tion from its narrow minded hostility to improvement, from its state of mental and social squalor, and to point out the supreme importance of educating the coming generation; but with a hundred times more force has Mr. Whiteing suggested this by following his description with *Tilda's* simple lament.

Perhaps the deepest idea of the book is given in the writer's report to the colonial governor when he summarizes the discontent of the laboring men, their inability to see their own responsibility, and their lack of a steady principle, in their need of a religion—of the religion of democracy.

Economists and socialists have analyzed the problem of the London poor in all the depth of their science, but they have scarcely gone beyond the external conditions of things. It is our novel writer who shows us, what we cannot help but believe, that the largest cause of the inert condition of the slum folk is the absence of self help, the lack of a spirit, a principle, to give them initiative. They have forgotten "the iron law of brotherhood," the religion of democracy, and each strives for himself, despising his fellow. Here is Mr. Whiteing's keynote: "Democracy must get rid of the natural man of each for himself, and have a new birth into the spiritual man, the ideal self of each for all."

How and why "No. 5" was written is most interestingly told in Mr. Whiteing's own words, quoted from *Book News*:

"I wrote 'No. 5 John Street' to atone to myself, after a fashion, for a lost hope. When, years ago, I returned to my native London, after a long residence abroad, and particularly in France, it was with a fixed resolve to settle in one of our poorest quarters, and to live its life—just to learn how it felt. I had always thought that the man who could do this might in time attain to something of the poise of Browning's *Lazarus*, after he had seen death. I had, however, no sense of the affronting of heroic hardship in the venture, but only, or chiefly, that stimulus of keen social curiosity which led to Haroun's occasional nights off in Bagdad. I wanted to know—that is all. But circumstances prevented the full realization of the plan. The next best thing was to see what I could of this nether world, as I could. This I did; and, finally, I sought compensation for the forfeiture of the larger scheme of continuous residence by still enjoying it as an imaginative experience on the real basis of my furtive and fragmentary, yet actual, studies from the life. My hero, at least, could do what I had been balked of doing.



Hence 'No. 5 John Street,' which may be described as a statement, in the form of art, of the problem of the palace and the slum."

#### GEORGE MEREDITH AT HOME.

A correspondent sends us the following account of a recent visit to the author of "Richard Feverel":

"George Meredith lives in one of the prettiest spots in England—Box Hill, Surrey. My invitation had been a special one, and I walked over from the old Burford Bridge Inn. It was a sunny day in summer, and I went along the highway, in the shadow of the big box trees. A coach and four came dashing by, with a blare of trumpets and a glimpse of pretty women in summer dresses and lace parasols, and men in light clothes and straw hats. A party of London picnickers came trooping along with lunch baskets, singing loudly "Our Lodger's Such a Nice Young Man." Whirling past was a never ending procession of bicyclists. In the shadow of the hedge I came upon a sentimental couple resting, their wheels propped against a tree while they reclined upon the green grass and plucked daisies, talking in whispers. I asked them the way to Mr. Meredith's house, and was told to follow a little lane that branched off from the main road, and I should find it—it was the second house to the left. I stopped before a little gate under a green arch. The house, which is of red brick, stands somewhat back from the road. Roses and creepers climb over the doorway, while in every window a box garden blooms in gay colors. The little garden is laid out as a lawn, with a formal bed of flowers in the middle and a circling gravel path. It is all fresh and vividly colored and picturesque like a water color painting by Walter Crane.

"George Meredith is the handsomest man of modern literature. The lines of his face are those of dignity and power. His large eyes have still the fire of youth and enthusiasm; his thick white hair and the upward turn of his white mustache give him a certain dashing air, like some old Indian fighter or hero of romance. Though almost a cripple from rheumatism, and very deaf, he does not in any way suggest infirmity. His shoulders are broad, and the fine, large hands that he clasps upon the desk before him as he talks seem more fitted for the sword than for the pen. Indeed, he looks like a man who has lived romances rather than one who writes them.

"My feeling of mingled awe, admiration, and alarm at finding myself alone with one of my literary heroes was speedily dissipated by his personal charm and his exquisite tact in putting me at my ease. He talked lightly upon frivolous topics, turned a pretty compliment, and was evidently not a little enter-

tained by my undisguised admiration of his good looks. Then, as I regained my ease, he talked more seriously of mutual friends, of books, and I shall not forget the charming way in which he spoke of a young writer, well known to both of us, taking his little literary attempts seriously and wishing him success.

"All the time, while he talked, I could not keep from looking at him admiringly. I had expected to find an old and feeble man, and was warned in advance to make my visit short, and, above all, to try and slip away without putting him to the pain of rising to see me out. But he does not look old at all. His eyes are bold and clear, and he has the voice and the laugh of youth. 'No wonder,' I thought to myself—indeed, I may have said it—'no wonder that he can tell a love story better than any living author.' I fell to speculating upon his history—a very strange and romantic one it must be, judging from the little that is known. You do not think of his books when the man himself is talking to you; he is so glorious, like some grand old lion; but instead of roaring to frighten a timid woman, he purrs gently, and the compliment is almost greater than you can bear.

"I tried to slip away quietly, but like the king in 'Colinette' his native courtesy was stronger than his infirmity. With the aid of a cane which he drew from behind his chair, slowly, but with hardly a perceptible effort, he rose and walked with me to the door. I turned at the gate, exchanging pleasant sallies, and looked back at him, and the picture remains in my memory of the broad shouldered, ruddy faced, white haired man standing bareheaded in the rose embowered doorway waiting to give me a smile and a wave of the hand as I closed the gate behind me."

#### AN AMERICAN ESSAYIST.

In "Worldly Ways and Byways," a collection of essays originally printed in the New York *Evening Post* over the signature of "The Idler," Mr. Eliot Gregory shows us what the man with a single talent might have done if he had not hid it in a napkin. Instead of hiding his, Mr. Gregory has beaten it out as thin as gold leaf and spread it over a great many pages of very fine writing. The result is a book which is sure to please shallow minded and commonplace people, and which is likely to make many believe that it contains something worth reading. It is well written and its tone is distinctly well bred, but its chief chance of success does not rest on these qualities. It is certain to be liked by people who imagine that they are thinkers—and that means nine tenths of the entire reading population—for a reason that very few of those philosophers will discover. It will be liked because it does not tell us anything that we

did not know before, and at every one of its platitudes we are sure to look up and exclaim, "That man is clever, that man is really a thinker. He has said just what I've always thought myself."

Particularly good in this respect is the chapter in which the author gravely points out to us the high value set upon genius and talent in London society, compared to the indifference with which those qualities are regarded in even the most brilliant circles of New York. Here is a theme that is older than the obelisk in Central Park, and that has engrossed the attention of every man, woman, or child who ever found it necessary to write for a living. Even Ward McAllister alluded to it in one of his literary moments. In "Worldly Ways and Byways" it is dragged out into the light and spread out upon the grass, where it lies before us, a mass of threadbare respectability.

We have very much the same respect for the man who does this in all seriousness and sincerity that we have for the poor but honest one who makes his old coat last two winters longer than it should because he will not run in debt for another.

#### RICHARD HARDING DAVIS' SECRET.

Two young New York writers, who are by no means to be reckoned as personal admirers of Richard Harding Davis, were recently discussing the undeniable charm that Mr. Davis' work possesses.

"I think," one said, "that it's his skill in selection. He picks out the things for description that the other fellows would never think of using, and makes a series of vivid pictures with them. That is why people like to read him."

"All you say may be true," his friend replied. "But I believe that Davis' secret lies in the spirit of health and energy that he puts into his work. It's the most unliterary writing that I know. He has a style that is absolutely his own. I wonder if he reads much; probably not. They used to say he wasn't a very well informed man, and he has certainly made some highly inaccurate statements."

"Well, he is certainly well informed about military matters and sports and outdoor life," the first speaker said. "As for his reading much, I doubt that, and that very fact may partly explain his success. If his mind were full of other men's thoughts, he'd be another type of man, and not nearly so sensitive to impressions as he is now. I happen to know that he used to be a great admirer of Stevenson; but Stevenson has certainly not influenced his style. When Davis was a reporter on a Philadelphia paper, he wrote to Stevenson, telling the author of 'Treasure Island' how much he and his fellow reporters

admired his work, and saying that they had taken his style as a model. Stevenson replied in a friendly letter in which he warned Davis against the 'brilliantly clever' work of the American newspaper man."

"'Brilliantly clever'! That's just the expression that describes Davis' work. If it had very great depth it probably wouldn't be so popular."

#### SUGGESTIVENESS IN LITERATURE.

"Ah, go on, Tommy, dat story ain't no good for a goody goody book. It don't end up no-how," and Johnny handed back to his pal a gentle tale that had been given him as "big folks' reading." "I used to have Sunday school books what wuz better'n dat. Dey ended wid a moral so's ye could tell what dey was drivin' at."

"Marjory," said Mrs. Van Rensselaer, "don't give me a book like that again for light summer reading. It has no motto, and the heroine makes no soliloquy at the end, and it's altogether too much work. Why, I had to keep thinking all the time to understand it, and I hardly could then." Neither could she, poor thing.

Now, Johnny and Mrs. Van Rensselaer together form a large part of the reading public. Johnny's fraternity, though the more numerous, does not affect the author very much by its criticisms, for the gentle tale was not written for it. If the author is not to mind what Mrs. Van Rensselaer says, it must be because he ranks Mrs. Van Rensselaer with Johnny—a classification which Mrs. Van Rensselaer would not like. Yet, unfortunately for her, it is true that she is not of those for whom good books are written. The reader who can enjoy a worthy novel on a hot day as well as on a cool day looks for just the literary qualities that Mrs. Van Rensselaer dislikes—the highest qualities belonging to the art of writing.

Not only does literature have to grow through crude forms of realistic demonstration to the finer forms of suggestive treatment, but the reader has to grow through the stages of appreciating first the spectacular performance and then the true drama. The advancement of literature by the clever minded, and the education of the less clever by literature, have kept side by side a maturing body of books and readers worthy of each other; and at the same time they have left too many books and readers in the old school.

The keenest pleasure of the most intelligent reader today is in finding a book which, like a painting of the impressionist school, like the music of the modern masters, and like the ideal of our playwrights and actors, describes only a bit of the foreground, but suggests a world in the background; a book that does not draw its moral for Johnny, who

has none of his own, or for Mrs. Van Rensselaer, whose exhausted stock of morals suffers from *ennui*, but that strikes some true chord in life and leaves the tune to the reader who thinks.

"For the education of the poor?" says Mrs. Van Rensselaer, when the cool weather gives her renewed energy. "Yes, I want to do something for the education of the poor, and I think they should be helped in their reading;" whereat Johnny, the messenger boy, is loaded with novels which Mrs. Van Rensselaer has finished, and which she would rather not have lying about the house.

We should educate the poor with reading that will give them mental stimulus, not with books that simply satisfy their craving for excitement and scandal. The more Mrs. Van Rensselaer turns her attention towards such philanthropic work the better, but teachers must take care that they themselves have been taught.

It is a pity that Mrs. Van Rensselaer does not appreciate the best books; for the author whose ideals are true and high is sorely handicapped by the prevalence of ignorant criticism and by the continued demand for sensational stories that too largely replace real literature.

#### AN INVESTIGATION OF CHRISTIAN SCIENCE.

Between Dr. John B. Huber and Mark Twain, Christian Science had an uncomfortable time of it during the month of October. Both of these came out with magazine articles that left the reader wondering how Mrs. Eddy and her million followers could ever face one another again. To Mark Twain, of course, the subject was largely an excuse for absurdity; but Dr. Huber has gone at it patiently and open mindedly, questioning its leaders, investigating its cures, reading its literature; and he has met at every turn evasion, duplicity, and ignorance.

The Christian Scientists have announced positive cures of cancer, consumption, broken bones, locomotor ataxia, etc. "Who are these people that have thus been cured?" Dr. Huber demands, after a patient search. "Where do they live? How can they be found? Will Mrs. Eddy and her followers submit these cases for scientific examination? I and other investigators are asking, and have for years been asking, these questions, and we are all of us still waiting for answers."

Though this is an age of religious freedom, the "live and let live" principle cannot be granted to Christian Science followers, since they, through their "healers," assume the right to deal with human life. When a child suffering with diphtheria is allowed to choke to death with no alleviation beyond remarks on the goodness of God and the non existence of matter, the practical mind considers it

time to interfere. If the "healers" have the right on their side, then let them come forward with courage and logic and prove it in terms that the intelligent can understand. The world is only too ready to listen.

#### TWO LAUREATES IN THE FIELD.

Not long ago the New York *Sun* printed specimens of the poetical work of Colonel William M. Molen, of Charleston, and hailed the author as the poet laureate of South Carolina. We must protest against this as a palpable infringement upon the rights of J. Gordon Coogler, the gifted son of the Palmetto State to whose matchless verse MUNSEY's first called attention some three years ago.

We do not deny that Colonel Molen's poems are spirited and striking. It is impossible to read a line of them, or half a line, without recognizing that they are of no common order. Witness his great descriptive ode on "The Rough Riders," which begins thus:

Hark. Hear the blast of the bugle, of warlike steed,  
Saber, bright and true, rider of his path, first in  
the lead.

Prairie spur, starry night, ring bit, adorned in the  
blue,

In column, marching by fours, under an ethereal  
hue—

and ends thus:

Deployer, flanker, skirmisher, soldier of the time,  
From camp to camp, station to station, line to line,  
Glorious peace, America's pride, tocsin of war,  
Anger, rage, love, hate, bloodshed and horror.

Colonel Molen, who won his military title under the Stars and Bars, says that his fellow veterans objected to this noble poem as being "too much of the Yankity Yank"—a criticism which, though perhaps well founded, shows that they failed to rise to the heights of patriotic inspiration where the colonel habitually soars.

The muse of J. Gordon Coogler is less militant and fiery than Colonel Molen's, but she is equally untrammelled by the technical conventions which have shackled our ordinary poets too long, and she has charms that are all her own. She is pastoral, naïve, didactic:

On thy fair finger, lovely maiden,  
Let there no jewel ever be  
If character be put at stake  
For the diamond ring he givest thee.

She is tinged with a graceful and pleasing  
melancholy:

From early youth to the frost of age  
Man's days have been a mixture  
Of all that constitutes in life  
A dark and gloomy picture.

If these extracts are not enough to clinch Mr. Coogler's title to the laureateship, we refer the reader to his famous erotic poem "To Miss Mattie Sue"—a lyric whose impassioned

tenderness would fire the coldest heart. There is only one Coogler, and treacherous indeed would be the hand that sought to snatch the laurel from his unsullied brow. Fine as Colonel Molen's verses are, he must be content with second honors.

#### FRIENDSHIP'S TRIBUTE.

"Ah," said an author who had just read the dedication of "Janice Meredith," "I'm afraid there are very few of us who can dedicate their books to a member of the Vanderbilt family and address him in so familiar a style as 'My dear George.'"

"Oh, I don't know," replied the friend to whom he was talking, and who claims to be something of a humorist. "It's easy, after all. Let me show you the dedication that I'm thinking of pasting in front of the next volume of my collected works. Here it is:

"TO THE PRINCE OF WALES:

"DEAR OLD BERTIE,

"I think so often and so fondly of the turrets and battlements of Sandringham, where you and I have had so many good times together, don't you know, that I'm sure, old chap, you won't mind my putting you here in front of my book in capital letters. I want to show that I am a person of social consequence and on speaking terms with royalty—a fact that may impress the average reader, who, after all, is something of a chump and a bit of a snob."

"Are there any turrets and battlements at Sandringham?" inquired the first speaker.

"How should I know?" answered the other.

#### "MR. DOOLEY" DUNNE AND HIS FATHER.

Mr. Peter Dunne, Sr., was of that sturdy, old fashioned Irish stock of which, today, one finds so few representatives. Of young Peter, who seems not to have been in all respects the proverbial wise son that maketh a glad father, he demanded unquestioning obedience, nor did he run the risk of spoiling the child by sparing the rod.

On one occasion, when Peter had been forbidden to go out, he nevertheless went. The next morning, when the boy was busy in the garden, he was joined by his irate sire.

"You were out last night, my son?"

"Yes, sir."

"Didn't I say you were not to go?"

"Yes, sir."

"Yet you went?"

"Yes, sir."

With that Mr. Dunne struck out from his shoulder and landed his fist in the culprit's eye. It sent him reeling, and he bore the mark for days; but he declares it to have been the proudest and happiest day of his life, for in the blow, delivered as it was, his father had recognized his manhood.

One notices with a catching of the breath an announcement of the publication of a new

edition of "Alice in Wonderland" and "Through the Looking Glass," with "an entirely new series of drawings by Blanche McManus."

Think of it, with John Tenniel and thousands of the generation to whom his drawings and Carroll's text were meat and drink still alive! It is now in order for some enterprising publisher to announce Tenniel's original drawings for the two famous books with entirely new text by—let us say Richard Le Gallienne.

It is safe to say that while the curious may buy this new edition to see what Miss McManus—a lady whom we do not know—has done with the *White Queen* and *Tweedledum* and *Tweedledee* and the *Dormouse* and the *March Hare* and the *Hatter*, no one who was brought up on Tenniel's unapproachable conceits will ever admit that any one else can touch him. It is too much like revising the classics—or the Bible.

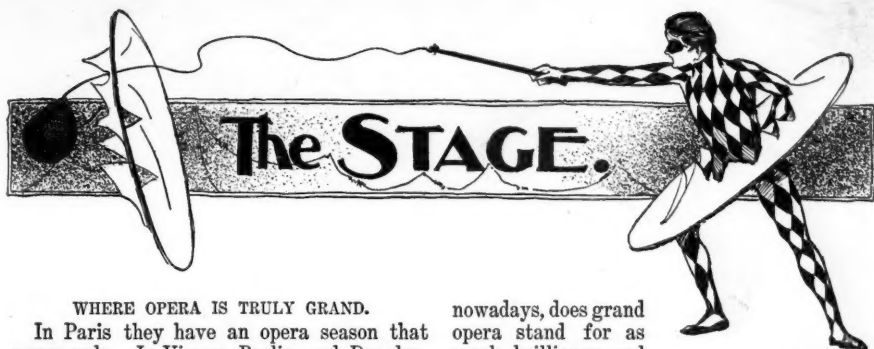
If Edwin Markham values his reputation for good sense, he should see to it that his "Man with the Hoe" is kept coupled with the picture that gave it force. Lacking Millet's portrait of a clod, it is hard to convince the average New England farmer, or even his hired man, that the lines are anything more than insulting blankety blank verse. To approach the typical Yankee farmer, a descendant of the Puritans, with family traditions dating back two hundred and fifty years, and ask him, as he handles the hoe with a dexterity born of a lifetime of experience, "Whose was the hand that slanted back that brow?" and "Who loosened and let down that brutal jaw?" is to lay yourself open to feeling "stolid and stunned, a brother to the ox," before he gets through with you.

As a commentary upon the picture, the poem is true and touching; but Edwin Markham has inadvertently stirred up hornets' nests all over this broad land because his readers have made a personal application of the lines.

Kipling has been the recipient of much adverse criticism for the same reason. His "Vampire" verses have been printed without the Burne-Jones picture that gave them force. He has been accused of lacking respect for womankind in general, and of likening all women to vampires, largely because his "Vampire" poem has reached a wider circle than the picture did.

He and Markham should stipulate that whenever any one recites or reads the "Vampire" or "The Man with the Hoe," he should have the respective pictures thrown upon a sheet, or as the months go on each will suffer damage to his reputation for chivalry or good sense.





WHERE OPERA IS TRULY GRAND.

In Paris they have an opera season that never ends. In Vienna, Berlin, and Dresden, fine all round performances of immortal works are given year in and year out. In London the Grau forces, partially disin-

nowadays, does grand opera stand for as much brilliancy and real worth as in the four months under Grau at the Metropolitan in New York. The season opens this year on the 18th of December,



GERTRUDE BENNETT, APPEARING AS "CONSTANCE" WITH JAMES O'NEILL IN "THE MUSKETEERS."

*From her latest photograph by Schloss, New York.*

tegrated after the long American term, coruscate with a certain luster for a brief period in late spring; but nowhere in the world,

with Calvé and Salêza in "Faust," and continues for fifteen weeks, and Mr. Grau announces a novelty in the shape of a Mozart



HELEN REDMOND, LEADING WOMAN WITH FRANK DANIELS, APPEARING AS "CONSTANCE" IN HIS NEW OPERA, "THE AMEER."

*From her latest photograph by Busknehl, San Francisco.*

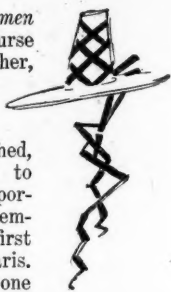
cycle, so the Wagnerites will have to step down from their pinnacle of being the only cult thought worthy of a lunch basket series.

This is Calvé's fourth visit to America. She came over first with Melba in 1893, and her *Carmen*, as will be remembered, was the hit of hits that season at the Metropolitan. In the light of history it is interesting to read how she came to have the rôle assigned her.

She was singing at Covent Garden, London, the previous summer, making her début there as *Santuzza* in "Cavalleria Rusticana." Henry E. Abbey, then at the head of opera in New York, heard her, and wrote to his partner, Mr. Grau: "Calvé is

just the person to sing *Carmen* for us. The music will of course have to be transposed to suit her, though she can now sing mezzo soprano better than half the contralti on the stage." The contract being signed, Mme. Calvé went to Spain to study at first hand the life portrayed by the piece, and in December she sang the rôle for the first time at the Opéra Comique in Paris. But Calvé is by no means a one part artist. She is great in all the characters she undertakes, and it is no disparagement to her associates to say that if a manager could have but one star on his roster, she would be his first choice.

But even one who has attained the heights, like Calvé, cannot rest quietly and enjoy the



SELMA KRONOLD, A NEW PRIMA DONNA OF THE CASTLE SQUARE OPERA COMPANY, AS "AIDA."

*From a photograph by Pach, New York.*





EMMA CALVÉ, OF THE GRAU GRAND OPERA COMPANY, AS "CARMEN."  
*From her latest photograph—Copyright, 1899, by Aimé Dupont, New York.*

fruits of victory. On her arrival in America this autumn she told of the ceaseless walks she had taken, of the unremitting fatigue she had undergone, in order to ward off that stoutness of figure which would make her, to her own mind at least, ridiculous in a rôle

variety of coin. Jean de Reszke's mother in law dreads the sea, her daughter does not wish to come without her, and Jean naturally does not like to leave his wife at home. No sooner, however, is it announced that the great tenor will not be a member of the com-



ANNIE RUSSELL, STARRING IN ONE OF THE SEASON'S SUCCESSES, "MISS HOBBS."

*From her latest photograph by Fowler, Evanston, Illinois.*

like *Marguerite* or *Ophelia*. And then we read that she is having her tomb designed. Can a woman be perfectly happy who occupies her mind with the decorating of her own grave?

But the price of prominence is paid in a

pany this season than the rumor flies of Jean being in a jealous huff because Alvarez received so much applause last spring. So, it may be that we shall get the great Polish singer after all, in pure self defense, before the final nights are announced. Verily, those who oc-







SUZANNE ADAMS, THE NEW AMERICAN PRIMA DONNA.

*From her latest photograph—Copyright, 1899, by Aimé Dupont, New York.*



MARCELLA SEMBRICH, LEADING EXPONENT OF COLORATURE SINGING.

*From her latest photograph—Copyright, 1899, by Aimé Dupont, New York.*



ALBERT SALÊZA, IN "L'AFRICAINÉ."

*From his latest photograph—Copyright, 1899, by Dupont.*



ALBERT ALVAREZ, IN "ROMEO AND JULIET."

*From a photograph by Bary, Paris.*

A QUARTET OF ARTISTS IN THE GRAU GRAND OPERA COMPANY.



ARTHUR HOOPS, APPEARING WITH JAMES K. HACKETT IN THE NAME PART OF "RUPERT OF HENTZAU."

*From a photograph by Morrison, Chicago.*



CHARLES MAITLAND HALLARD, AN ENGLISH PLAYER WHO APPEARED AS "GEORGE LANGTON" AT THE HAYMARKET IN "THE MANEUVERS OF JANE."

*From a photograph by Ellis, London.*

cupy the seats of the mighty find many thorns in the cushions.

As to Alvarez, America may consider herself lucky to get him at all. Good tenors are the scarcest articles in the operatic market, and Alvarez, preëmpted by the Paris Opéra, was able to obtain leave for but twelve ap-

pearances when he was here last. Like Calvé, he was born in France close to the Spanish border, and he sings only in French. Salêza, the other French tenor, who made so decided a hit last season, is also here to sing leading rôles. His *Matho* in "Salambo" was acclaimed with great enthusiasm at the Paris



DOROTHY USNER, APPEARING AS "JULIA," THE "TOUCHINGLY CLEVER" MAID IN "WHY SMITH LEFT HOME."

*From a photograph by Barnett, London.*



LUCILLE WYMAN (FORMERLY LUCY SPINNEY) APPEARING AS "PARSONS," THE MAID, IN "THE GREAT RUBY."

*From a photograph by Schloss, New York.*



EMMA EAMES, OF THE GRAU GRAND OPERA COMPANY, AS "ELSA" IN "LOHENGRIN."  
*From her latest photograph—Copyright, 1899, by Aimé Dupont, New York.*



LILY HANBURY, AN ENGLISH ACTRESS, WHO APPEARS WITH MRS. LANGTRY IN "THE DEGENERATES."

*From her latest photograph by Lafayette, London.*

Opéra. Two of the older favorites among the men who return are Édouard de Reszke and Plançon, the foremost bassos of the day.

All important to the Mozart series is Marcella Sembrich. Last winter she proved to be one of the most alluring song birds in the



WALTER HULL CROSBY, APPEARING IN THE MELODRAMA, "THE WHITE HEATHER."

*From a photograph by Schloss, New York.*



RALPH YOERG, WHO MADE HIS DÉBUT IN "THE GIRL FROM MAXIM'S."

*From a photograph by Robinson & Roe, New York.*



THURLOW BERGEN, WITH SOL SMITH RUSSELL IN "HON. JOHN GRIGSBY."

*From a photograph by Chickering, Boston.*





ERNESTINE SCHUMANN-HEINK, PRIMA DONNA CONTRALTO, AND FAMOUS FOR HER "ORTEUD."

*From a photograph—Copyright, 1899, by Aimé Dufont, New York.*



ERNST VAN DYCK, BELGIAN TENOR, POSSESSING STRONG DRAMATIC INSTINCTS.

*From his latest photograph—Copyright, 1899, by Aimé Dufont, New York.*



SIGNOR CAMPANARI, WHO WILL BE THE "FIGARO" IN THE MOZART CYCLE.

*From a photograph—Copyright, 1899, by Aimé Dufont, New York.*



ZÉLIE DE LUSSAN, THE AMERICAN PRIMA DONNA WHO HAS WON LAURELS IN "CARMEN."

*From her latest photograph—Copyright, 1899, by Aimé Dufont, New York.*

FOUR SINGERS IN THE GRAU GRAND OPERA COMPANY.

Grau aviary, and to behold her trilling her way, all smiles and good nature, through one of the *Figaro* operas, makes it difficult to believe what she once said last spring—that a day on which she is to sing is one of torture for her, and also, honesty compelled her to add, for those about her. She tries her

over." Small wonder that few grand opera singers care to appear two nights in succession. Although special attention has been paid to Mozart this year, Wagner is still in the ring, and doubtless this latter word will again be spelled with a capital "R." As an earnest of this, Frau Schumann-Heink has



META MAYNARD, WHO CREATED THE PART OF "AMY FALCONER" IN "THE CHOIR INVISIBLE."

*From a photograph by Hoyt.*

voice immediately after breakfast, endeavors, with but ill success, to keep quiet for the rest of the day, goes to the hated dressing room about six, and endures the agony of "making up." After it is all over, she is too excited to sleep, and keeps her husband up until three or four o'clock in the morning to "talk it

been reëngaged. Her *Ortrud* in "*Lohengrin*" was one of the sensations of last season. She was born near Prague, in 1861, and in the Ursuline Convent in that city, where she received her education, she used to sing tenor in concerted music. At seventeen she went to Dresden, and secured an engagement at the





PHYLLIS RANKIN, APPEARING AS "FIFI FRICOT" IN THE LONDON PRODUCTION OF "THE BELLE OF NEW YORK."

*From a photograph by Downey, London.*



DOROTHY SHERROD, DAUGHTER OF TIM MURPHY, AND APPEARING WITH HIM IN HIS PLAY, "THE CARPETBAGGER."

*From her latest photograph by Windeatt, Chicago.*



LAURA BURT, WHO MADE A HIT IN LONDON AS "JUNE" IN "BLUE JEANS."

*From her latest photograph by Morrison, Chicago.*



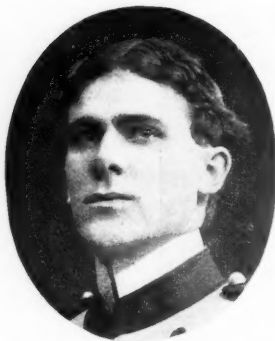
EDNA MAY, WHO HAS BECOME A GREAT FAVORITE IN LONDON, WHERE SHE IS STILL PLAYING THE TITLE RÔLE IN "THE BELLE OF NEW YORK."

*From her latest photograph by Elliott & Fry, London.*



ALFRED HICKMAN, WHO ORIGINATED  
"LITTLE BILLY" IN "TRILBY,"  
NOW WITH JOHN BLAIR'S  
COMPANY.

*From a photograph by Falk,  
New York.*



CARL EKSTROM, WHO MADE HIS  
DÉBUT AS "CHAMEROT" IN  
"THE GIRL FROM  
MAXIM'S."

*From a photograph by Robinson &  
Roe, New York.*



MACE GREENLEAF, WHO APPEARS  
AS "HERBERT," THE KING'S  
FORESTER, IN "RUPERT OF  
HENTZAU."

*From a photograph by Baker,  
Columbus.*

Court Opera as principal contralto, making her début as *Azucena* in "*Trovatore*." On her marriage to Herr Heink, three years later, she left the stage, but soon returned to it again, this time in Hamburg, where she met her second husband, Paul Schumann. She continued to sing in various German cities; Frau Wagner heard of her, invited her to appear at Bayreuth, and after that she had crossed the line dividing workers who receive only salary for their efforts from those who receive both salary and fame.

Of the American contingent prepared to entertain us again this season, there are Emma Eames, who vacillated long before finally consenting to come; Zélie de Lussan, who will this year be released from the ungrateful task of replacing Calvé in "*Carmen*"; and Suzanne Adams, who, without having set the Hudson afire on her début last winter,



JAMES K. HACKETT, AS "MERCUTIO" IN MAUDE  
ADAMS' PRODUCTION OF "ROMEO  
AND JULIET."

*From his latest photograph by Sarony, New York.*

is advancing steadily in the regard of opera goers. Of the rest, baritone Campanari, the *Figaro* of the "*Barber*" and the *Valentine* of "*Faust*," and "*little Bauermeister*," without whom it would seem the opera company must disintegrate, will again be in evidence, as will also tenor Van Dyck, whose record is very like that of Miss Adams.

The opera season in America this year opened with a series of "one night stands," starting with Calvé in "*Faust*" at New Haven, on October 10, followed by Sembrich in the "*Barber*" at Springfield on the 11th. Philadelphia is to have a season of twenty performances, on Tuesday and Thursday nights, beginning in January, from all of which it will be apparent that although Mr. Grau's song birds may live in elaborately gilded cages of the Waldorf-Astoria pattern, they will be obliged to hop about





Mlle. MEDAL, OF THE VAUDEVILLE THEATER,  
PARIS.

*From a photograph by Reutlinger, Paris.*



YVONNE DE TREVILLE, A PRIMA DONNA SOPRANO  
OF THE CASTLE SQUARE OPERA COMPANY,  
AS "JULIET."

*From her latest photograph by Schloss, New York.*



BARRON BERTHOLD, A TENOR OF THE CASTLE  
SQUARE OPERA COMPANY, AS "WALTHER" IN  
"DIE MEISTERSINGER," AND WHO WAS  
SELECTED BY WALTER DAMROSCH TO  
CREATE "ARTHUR DIMMESDALE"  
IN "THE SCARLET LETTER."

*From a photograph by Strauss, St. Louis.*



LAURA ALMOsnino, APPEARING AS "MILLY PHILLIPS"  
IN THE ZANGWILL PLAY, "THE CHILDREN OF  
THE GHETTO," WHICH CAUSED SO MUCH  
DISSENSION BETWEEN PLAYWRIGHT  
AND CRITICS.

*From a photograph by Miner, New York.*



VIOLA ALLEN AS "GLORY QUAYLE" IN THE MUSIC HALL ACT OF "THE CHRISTIAN."

*From her latest photograph by Miner, New York.*

in an unusually lively fashion.

#### A COMPARISON OF AGES.

Not long since, the writer was chatting

with James K. Hackett, and the talk turned on London plays and players.

"Did you ever realize," remarked Mr. Hackett, "how few young men there are among the leading English players? No new people seem to be coming up, and those now in the front ranks are all well along in life."

The writer had thought of it in at least one instance, as a recent comparison of Charles Wyndham and John Drew in these pages will bear witness, but a little investigation will show many more examples. Take the names of the West End actors who are what we should call "stars" here: Beerbohm Tree, George Alexander, Cyril Maude, Martin Harvey, John Hare—they are all, without their make up, close on fifty, some of them beyond it. Henry Irving is purposely left out of the count, as, since Booth's death, we have none with whom to compare him.

To offset the foregoing there are on our side Sothorn, Henry Miller, Hackett, Faversham, E. J. Morgan, Charles Richman—some of them British born, to be sure, but all of them earning their reputation here. How is it done, it may be asked? How do young and inexperienced men obtain the openings which hold for them such great possibilities?

Of those who have recently "arrived" it may be answered that amateur acting set the ball rolling for them. Something like half a dozen years ago Hackett



VIRGINIA HARNED AS "MULADI" IN "THE KING'S MUSKETEER."

*From her latest photograph by Schloss, New York.*

was playing star parts with the dramatic society of the College of the City of New York, of which he is an alumnus; Richman received his training in the Carleton Club of Chicago—which also turned out Arthur Hoops, who created *Rupert of Hentzau* in the Hackett company. In this number we also give

the students were asked to present themselves before Joseph Humphreys, general stage manager for Charles Frohman, in whose Empire Theater the public performances of the school are held. Ekstrom and Yoerg were assigned to "The Girl from Maxim's," Ekstrom to the part of a French officer, and Yoerg, who is



JOSEPHINE HALL, APPEARING IN THE TITLE RÔLE OF "THE GIRL FROM MAXIM'S."

*From her latest photograph by Sarony, New York.*

portraits of two players whose story will show another way of beginning in America.

They are Carl Ekstrom and Ralph Yoerg, and they entered as students at one of the New York schools of acting in the autumn of 1898. The school has a two years' course, and in August of the present year several of

just twenty, to double that of a street sweeper and a butler. Of course, both young men are obliged to attend the sessions of the school; and when the piece in which they are playing is sent on the road they are transferred to the next suitable opening in one of the Frohman plays coming to town.

